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DECEMBER 2, 1959 Vol. 27, No. 26

Our cover

● The gay little reindeer and the beribboned holly and bells on our cover introduce a special nine-page Christmas section. For a host of ideas for colorful Christmas decorations and delicious sweets and cookies, turn to pages 35 to 50.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Two Australian women among the guests invited to watch Princess Alexandra launch the Oriana (opposite page) have themselves launched Orient Line ships.

THEY are Lady Anderson, wife of Sir Colin Anderson, a director of the Orient Line and a descendant of one of its founders, and Mrs. Ford Geddes, whose husband is the line secretary and a director.

Lady Anderson, formerly Morna MacCormick, of Point Piper, N.S.W., launched the liner Orsova in 1953.

Mrs. Geddes is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Parry-Okeden, of Redcliffe, Queensland.

Five months ago Mrs. Geddes launched the Garonne, the Orient Line's only tanker.

★ ★ ★

BETTY BEST, of our London staff, told us that the big team of Britain's leading architects and designers at work on the Oriana's main rooms and cabins expect to complete their task by September, 1960.

A key woman in the preparations is Miss Dorothy Goslett, business manager of the design research unit that is co-ordinating the work of all the designers engaged on the ship.

Miss Goslett, an alert grey-haired woman, has worked with the unit for nearly 20 years.

The unit—one of the biggest in Europe—also designs for stores, houses, and public buildings.

Several of its 10 women designers are working on the Oriana.

Tall, dark June Lyon has an appealing plan for the children's playrooms she is planning. Each room will be divided into a quiet and a rowdy section.

★ ★ ★

THE directions for making gay, inexpensive Christmas-party favors (pages 49, 50) were an entry in our Mink Coat Economy Hint Contest.

They were submitted by Mrs. R. C. Pike, of Forestville, N.S.W. We liked them so much we asked Mrs. Pike to allow us to feature them in the big Christmas section in this issue.

NEXT WEEK

● "Desserts Made In No Time"—featured in a three-page color-illustrated section in our next issue — have been selected to help the housewife busy with Christmas preparations and shopping. Whether you have five or 25 minutes in which to prepare a dessert, there is a recipe to suit your time limit.

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BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA

Any step that brought Australia closer was a good step, Princess Alexandra said when she launched the £12-million Orient liner Oriana. Largest ship built in Britain since the Queen Elizabeth 20 years ago, she will carry 1950 passengers from England to Australia in 21 days. Her name is a poetic term that was often used for Queen Elizabeth I—"peerless Oriana."





THE 40,000-ton liner slid easily down the slipway at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, after Princess Alexandra (above) had broken Australian, American, and English wines across the bow. The liner is expected to go into service late next year.

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The ways they stay so young

● *Loretta Young remains a perpetual ingenue. Jack Benny, Rosalind Russell, and dozens of other stars look decades younger than they are. Here are some screwball ways they keep their figures—from fertilised eggs and protein powder to rhythmic breathing and the "sleeping cure."*

By **ELIZABETH HONOR**

● **From the audience, thousands of pairs of critical eyes examine the star's waistline, ankle, neck, forehead, and anything else that could reveal ageing.**

AND what do they find? Sixty - five - year - old Jack Benny really does look about 39. Or, at the most, says one loving fan, "Thirty-nine and a half."

Cary Grant, in Hitchcock's *North by Northwest*, puts his physically perfect body through paces so gruelling they make all-in wrestling look like a girls' game.

Maurice Chevalier, now seventy-one, plays in *Gigi* and appears barely a handful of years older than when he sang "Louise" in *Innocents of Paris* in 1930. And in the night spots of Las Vegas and Rio de Janeiro, a lithe-limbed actress named Dietrich, aged fifty-five, pulls down 25,000 dollars a week for packing them in to see her unfading beauty.

Nearly every star in Hollywood, on Broadway, and on TV has his secret fountain of youth, guaranteed to keep him young and blooming just about three times as long as any other star.

These range from eating fertilised eggs to practising yoga, from taking the "sleeping cure" to doing exercises so strenuous that one Hollywoodite once likened Clark Gable's behaviour to that of "a teenager whose mother was frightened by a physical-culture fiend."

Gable chops wood before breakfast, plays golf daily, fishes and hunts (duck, quail, pheasant) on weekends. "I found out long ago I had to stay in shape in this business," Gable has said bluntly, "and I have no intention of getting out of it."

Though some stars go for wacky-sounding fads, there is a surprising amount of commonsense behind a number of odd diet-and-exercise kicks.

Currently multiplying faster than rabbits are the devourers of a "body-builder," a food supplement that consists of such assets as desiccated liver, brewer's yeast, whey, wheat-germ oil, bone meal and kelp.

The number of health food stores clustered in and around Hollywood has swelled to almost 200—one-fifth of those in the entire country.

In New York one such store pridefully claims as customers Roz Russell, Greta Garbo, Fred Astaire, Walter Pidgeon, and any other star in town.

The biggest drum-beater for eating right is Gloria Swanson, a hot movie property in 1926 and a hot movie property for 1960.

Glosia eats organically grown food, believes that "practically everything we eat today is either bleached, embalmed, gassed, preserved, polished, sprayed with insecticides, or dyed."

Brings her own

Miss Swanson has even been known to bring her own food to dinner parties. Invited for a weekend, she arrives with her own frozen meat and vegetables.

She also points out that a person ages when he gets tired —and "you get tired because you are bored. And I never get bored." How come? Says Miss Swanson, "A dullard never crosses my path more than once."

Whatever their ages, most stars depend on a diet to keep them young.

Almost all have gradually developed personal "right for me" diets.

Audrey Hepburn, a girl with a will of iron, diets every day of her life. Breakfast is two boiled eggs, one piece of whole-wheat toast, coffee with plenty of hot milk. Lunch is yoghurt or cottage cheese, fruit, or raw vegetables. Dinner is meat and cooked vegetables.

Audrey's between - meals drink is fresh orange juice.

In the early post-Nazi days, Audrey was a puffed-up fat girl, eating ravenously after the long starvation; only superhuman determination keeps her dieting today.

For exercise she swims or imitates the muscle-stretching postures of animals — the lynx, the tiger, the deer.

Among the sparing eaters

***YOGA DEVOTEE** Cary Grant, at 55, can dance a reel, scale a roof, or run a smart sprint. Cary follows a gruelling routine of physical exercise. Hypnosis helped him to give up smoking and drinking.*



***UNLIKE CARY GRANT**, the volatile Zsa Zsa Gabor (here seen in a fond moment with pianist-entertainer Oscar Levant) does not believe in exercise. She eats and drinks what she likes—and still stays young. "Who wants muscles?" says Zsa Zsa.*



***UNASHAMEDLY** a grandmother, Marlene Dietrich, who admits to 55, is still one of the screen's great beauties. She takes no beauty treatments, eats what she likes—but whenever she can snatch the time she relaxes at her husband's chicken farm.*

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SKIN-DIVING Gary Cooper, one of Hollywood's really senior veterans, indulges his fondness for good food, but feels that regular exercise helps him to get away with it.

is forever-young Don Ameche. Two meals a day — breakfast and dinner — are enough for any grown man, says Ameche.

For lunch, he drinks a glass of tomato juice, sometimes spikes it with vodka. To keep lean, he walks for three hours each day, figures he covers about seven miles each time.

When his weight climbs a few pounds over its normal one hundred and sixty-six, Ameche sadly cuts out the drinks. He claims, "The pounds vanish right away." When he *does* drink, he skimps on bread, butter, potatoes.

A man who eats anything—but who believes in eating it slowly — is Perry Como.

"This is one man you can't rush," Como's agent, a watch-watcher and arranger of the Como appointments, once sighed while watching his client placidly munching his hour-long way through a turkey sandwich.

Stay placid

Another proponent of the placid, sensible approach to health is Joan Crawford.

What makes a woman look older? she was asked. "Worrying about it," was her answer. "Women who worry about ageing even worry in their *sleep*."

Crawford, who is 51, diets only when her clothes get too tight. "I can lose five pounds in a week — and often do." The diet: "Steak — three times a day. A *little* butter on the steak. And a little salt."

She takes one high-potency vitamin pill every day, eats lightly and, whether they do her any good or not, devours hot red peppers at lunch and dinner.

Believing that two of a woman's basic assets are good posture and firm muscles, Crawford shucks her shoes the moment she gets inside her front door.

She never holds on to a banister when walking up or down stairs. She finds her correct posture by walking *backwards* across a room, then maintains the same posture in her forward walk.

She keeps her stomach flat by lying on her back, throwing her feet over her head to touch the floor, then lowering them *almost* to the ground in front of her.

She repeats this ten times without once touching her feet to the floor, a feat that makes the average adult wince just thinking about it. Is it tiresome? Says Crawford, airily, "I take great pride in my body. Nothing that perfects it can be boring."

Marlene Dietrich doesn't seem to do much of anything to make all those Argentinians throw themselves, instead of flowers, at her.

She has not, she claims, weighed herself since she was forty-one, at which time she may have wasted a penny; for the past twenty years she has weighed about one hundred and six pounds.

She doesn't bother with all those massages, facials, steam baths, diets, or anything else, says Dietrich.

She smokes. She drinks. She enjoys eating.

But the fact is that, though Dietrich appears to be in the public eye for twelve months of the year, this is merely an illusion.

Actually, she retires to her husband's chicken farm in California for four months each year.

In New York, Dietrich has the ability to drop all tensions when she is not working.

Gary Cooper escapes, too, but seldom alone.

With his wife and daughter he takes off for Aspen, Colorado, for ski-ing.

Cooper is a food lover who goes delirious at the sight of mouth-watering dishes. He packs the food away in quantities, but feels that exercise lets him get away with it.

Dick Powell, in 1934 a soft young man who sang in musicals, is now a hard, older man who swings a tough fist; he keeps steel-muscled by doing manual labor on his ranch.

Skin-diver

Among the fit, the variety of methods for keeping that way is enormous—Alan Ladd farms, Dana Andrews sails, John Wayne skin-dives. Burt Lancaster, who looks as though he works out for six hours a day at California's Muscle Beach, actually goes in for a dozen sports; he also shies away from starches and sweets, goes in heavily for meat.

Lancaster seriously advises would-be body-beautifuls to keep their *minds* active, on the theory that "mental exercise helps you relax."



A GIRL with a will of iron, Audrey Hepburn diets rigorously every day to keep at bay a tendency to plumpness that plagued her early years.

Rumors are always rife in Hollywood about how some stars "stay that way."

Mexico-living Dolores Del Rio — who may be in her fifties, or maybe sixties — visited Hollywood recently after an absence of 12 years.

Spaghetti diet

She looked so uncannily young because, according to the gossip, she dines on gardenia leaves. Not so, insisted Dolores, smiling the smile that dazzled the audiences of *What Price Glory* in 1926. Neither is it true that she sleeps 18 hours a day, or fourteen hours, or twenty-two.

"I never diet," says Dolores. "I never drink." She stays so svelte and young, announced Miss Del Rio, by "eating spaghetti and loving life." Despite this insistence, Mexican observers note that Dolores emerges from her villa for only two or three hours a day. They insist that sleeping, not spaghetti, must be her secret.

Maurice Chevalier has no secrets. How he keeps his verve is right out there in the open.

Like Ameche, Chevalier goes for walks, usually for two hours a day. He never overeats, never allows himself to get physically stiff from overactivity, and wouldn't recognise a hangover if it hit him on the head.

Chevalier is probably the happiest example of how to get everything out of life without being greedy.

Downing vitamins and unwillingly touching her toes 20 times each morning is routine for singer Hildegarde.

"Mother Nature will dominate you unless you dominate her," is Hildegarde's explanation for her health habits.

Discussing beautiful women she insists that "the original material means nothing. It's what you do with it that counts."

She goes in for 50-minute complexion treatments, to pep up circulation, and for body massage and swimming.

She also says, "I'm a bit of a fanatic on food." By "fanatic" Hildegarde means that she scorns any food that has been "tampered with" chemically. She goes even further — her vitamins are specially made for her "by a woman in Milwaukee."

Cary Grant, born in Bristol, England, in 1904, claims that the trick to staying young is *thinking* young.

As the cat burglar, leaping over the roofs of Monaco in 1955's *To Catch a Thief*, Grant made audiences acutely aware of his physical assets.

Yet he shuns strenuous exercise. Grant is a sun-worshipper, keeps a year-round tan (he uses an aluminium reflector), insists that he has weighed his ideal since he was 12st. 6lb., only because he "thinks thin."

Milk drinkers

Grant sleeps seven to eight hours a night, stays away from starches because "they don't appeal to me." Once a nervous smoker and drinker, he quit both habits when his wife hypnotised him, told him that when he came out of hypnosis, he would dislike them.

Loretta Young stubbornly eats as slowly as Perry Como, turning dinner, eaten by candlelight, into a quiet oasis in her busy day.

In her dressing-room she keeps a bottle of milk, drinks it with all meals, and often during the day. Ginger Rogers, another girl who disdains highballs in favor of milk, not long ago challenged a fairly athletic newspaper columnist to a tennis match: she hadn't exactly liked his journalistic comments about her.

A dynamo on the courts, Ginger began smashing her way to victory so furiously (meanwhile verbally roasting the columnist) that he quickly cried uncle. Rogers has a fresher face than when she danced the carioca with Fred Astaire in 1936, and her shapely legs and supple body still bring masculine applause.

Zsa Zsa Gabor, the luscious Hungarian, claims she is ignorant of all such problems.

She dines in Hungarian, Greek, Swedish, Dutch, French, and any other language, with accompanying wines of the country.

And her solution to exercise reveals the kind of thinking that helps keep people young. Says Zsa Zsa, "I never do any exercise. Who wants to have muscles?"



GRANDMOTHERS can recall seeing the first Joan Crawford films, but Joan, at 51, seems ageless. Her recipe: "Don't worry and diet occasionally."



MILK is the fountain of youth for Ginger Rogers, who has a fresher face than when she danced the carioca with Fred Astaire in 1934. Ginger's shapely legs and supple body still draw masculine eyes.

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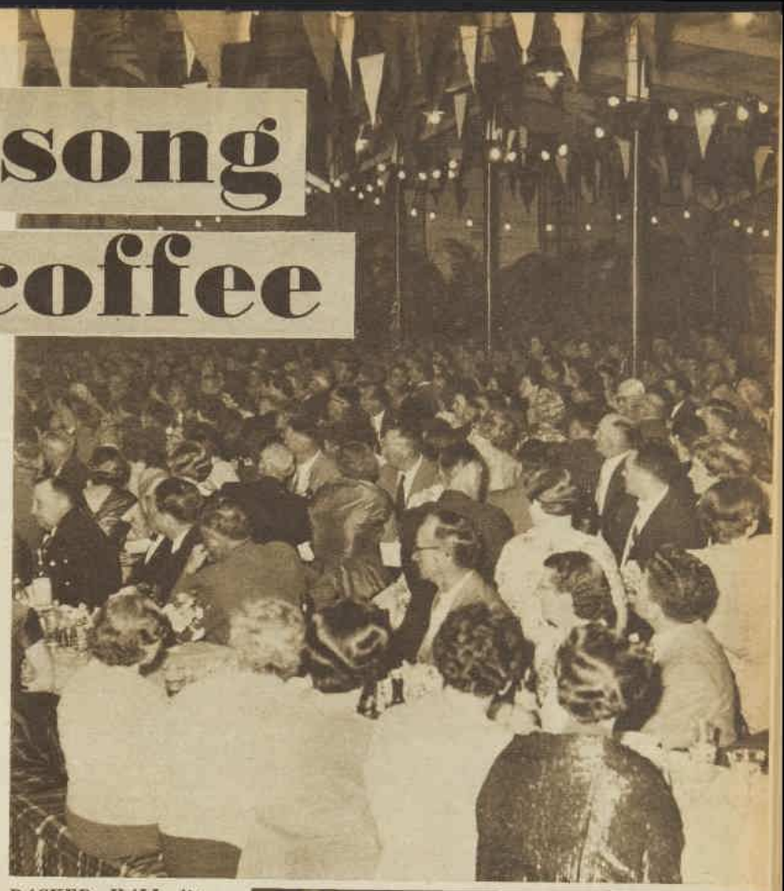
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IT'S AN OLD S.A. TRADITION

Rollicking song with the coffee



● "You'll never see anything like this anywhere else in Australia," said the man on my right, his round, chubby face beaming with pleasure. "It's only a group of men singing in an old tin shed, but it's wonderful."

WONDERFUL was the word for the 1959 Kaffee Abend (coffee evening) staged by the 50 members of the Tanunda Liedertafel in the showground hall at Tanunda, in the Barossa Valley, recently.

Liedertafel is German for songs around a table, and for more than four hours that's exactly what took place at the Kaffee Abend.

More than 1000 guests sat at long trestle tables listening to the famous Liedertafel choir, solo musicians, and singers play and sing old folksongs, ballads, and excerpts from current musical comedies.

Sitting on long, wooden forms, feet keeping time on the sawdust floor, music never sounded so good in a concert hall.

Piled platters

At the Kaffee Abend, guests, ranging from titled graziers to local plumbers, ate from platters piled high with good food, sipped a little wine or drank tankards of beer while they swayed to the sound of the music.

In between items they talked to friends, wandered from table to table, but, when the music was on, the vast hall was still.

The guests were mainly friends of the choir — each member is allowed to invite 20 guests. Money raised from admission tickets is used for additions to the Tanunda Memorial Institute.

Coffee is supplied free of charge from steaming urns bubbling outside under the gum trees, but guests bring their own food and drink.

And it was food on a typically lavish South Australian scale.

Obviously, a lot of the women had spent the afternoon in the kitchen.

Parties arrived with huge hampers and baskets crammed with savories and hors d'oeuvres, platters of chicken and crayfish, salads and cheeses, mouth-watering sponges and strawberry cakes.

Fine china was taken out of cupboards and brought along to the Kaffee Abend with equally fine glassware and antique silver coffee pots.

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

Several women produced three-tiered cake stands, and hollow-stemmed champagne glasses were dotted around a number of tables.

Scores of ice-boxes packed with cold drinks were lifted out of the boots of family cars and carried into the hall.

For the people of the Barossa Valley and their friends, the Kaffee Abend is the most wonderful night of the year.

It's as important to them as the picnic race-meetings are to the people of outback areas.

Liedertafel has a long tradition in South Australia, stemming back to the State's pioneer days, when hundreds of German immigrants settled there.

Naturally homesick for the country of their birth, they maintained some of its traditions in their new land, and Liedertafel groups were soon formed.

They passed on their love of fine music to their children; and, although the Liedertafel today has taken on something of an Australian character, there is still a trace of the old world in it.

The present Tanunda Liedertafel stemmed originally from a small group formed about 40 years ago.

Packed hall

As other singers joined and the evenings became more popular, the choir moved from a small hall at the Tanunda Memorial Institute to the huge agricultural hall.

"They said we'd never be able to fill this hall, but look how they are packed in tonight," said one of the early members of the choir.

Mr. Cliff Laycock, one of the outstanding singers of the Tanunda Liedertafel, has been with the choir since its beginning.

With a remarkable tenor voice, Mr. Laycock has won many prizes at Victorian and South Australian Eisteddfods, and would probably have built up a fine concert reputation if he had decided to make a career of singing.

"But I got married instead," he said, with a soft smile. "And I wouldn't want it any other way."

Now 64, Mr. Laycock is one of only three original members still with the choir.

"Ten years ago, I said it would be my last performance," he said, "but here I am still singing at the Kaffee Abend every year."

Members of the Tanunda Liedertafel are mainly dairy farmers and grape growers, tradesmen and office workers.

Conductor of the choir, Mr. Fritz Homburg, a well-known figure in the Barossa Valley, is an auctioneer.

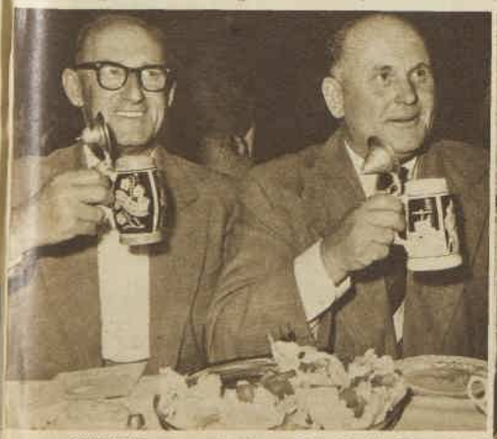
An impressive, stately old man, Mr. Homburg really loves his Kaffee Abends. It shines out of his lively eyes as he wanders round the hall when he is not conducting, talking to old friends, asking everyone if they are happy.

Members of the Liedertafel choir enjoy the Kaffee Abend as much as their guests. And some of their guests travel more than 100 miles for the yearly privilege of hearing good music, with good food, good drink and good company.

***PACKED HALL** listens as Mrs. Hazel Mader, a local housewife, sings "I Could Have Danced All Night" at the Tanunda Kaffee Abend.*



***MR. FRITZ HOMBURG** (above), Tanunda auctioneer and conductor of the Liedertafel, signals the choir to open the 1959 Kaffee Abend.*



***STEINS** are raised as Mr. H. G. Dunsford (left) and Mr. J. W. Stevens join in a famous German drinking song.*



***TANUNDA LIEDERTAFEL** sing an old folksong at the 1959 Kaffee Abend. Soloist is Mr. Cliff Laycock, a choir member for 40 years.*

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COMPANION ROYAL PORTRAITS



Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth

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Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh

● The Emile Littler Theatrical Organisation commissioned artist Grace Wheatley to paint these two Royal portraits, to hang in the foyer of the Palace Theatre, London.

Mrs. Wheatley painted the one of the Queen four years ago and has just completed the one of the Duke.

The Queen's portrait was published in color in Australia for the first time in our issue of January 25, 1956.

The Duke's portrait was first shown to the public at the recent annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in London.

The painting shows His Royal Highness in the ceremonial robes he wore for the Coronation, with the Duke's standard and his coat-of-arms behind his head.

The background, symbolising his many interests, includes polo players, a cricketer, an athlete, and a tennis player; a Dragon Class yacht (the same class as the Duke's own racing yacht Bluebottle), seagulls, and a naval helicopter; a miner and a factory worker; children playing sport, an aeroplane, a telescope, and an atomic power-station. Foliage, flowers, and fruit symbolise the British Commonwealth.

The Duke did not specially sit for the portrait, but Mrs. Wheatley made scores of pencil sketches of him in his presence. He gave much helpful advice for the picture, and the Labrador dog was his own idea. He approved the finished portrait and gave Mrs. Wheatley permission to exhibit it wherever she liked.

Mrs. Wheatley studied at the Slade School, London, where she met her late husband, John, who was an art lecturer there.

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FATHER



"Of course he went to work this morning. Isn't he there yet?"

MOTHER



". . . but, Mum, Jimmy asked to come and spend the DAY."

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain



HARDLY a week passes without news of new bank buildings, each more astonishing than the last.

There's one at Newcastle, a drive-in bank, with a sunken pool and fountain in the middle of the banking chamber. I hope it has goldfish in the pool. As a customer I'd expect them.

I used to resist the new, frivolous styles in bank architecture. Now converted, I'd suggest jukeboxes, too. They would pass the time when you are stuck in the queue behind one of those characters with a gladstone bag full of rolled-up threepences.

* * *

MR. NORMAN HARTNELL must be extremely cross with those English schoolgirls who have been kicking up a fuss about uniforms he designed for them.

The girls say the uniforms are old-fashioned, uncomfortable, and have no pockets.

From a picture the uniforms don't look exactly old-fashioned, though they are not very attractive. They have a boxy, double-breasted jacket over a pleated skirt, evidently an attempt to compromise with present fashion.

This was a mistake. The reason that pleated pinafores and blouses have survived so long is that they are adaptable.

In fact you can tell the future fashion-plates in any busload of schoolgirls. They manage by subtle devices to suggest the current line. They know when to pinch their belts in the extra hole and when to wear them loose.

I sympathise about the pockets. I wish they were forever in fashion. When I was at school we had no problem. We wore navy-blue cotton bloomers of roomy design.

Inside the leg elastic we carried handkerchiefs and oranges. The sophisticated girls carried powder-puffs.

* * *

CAN you stand on one leg with the other raised at an angle of 75 degrees and smile brightly at the same time?

Yes, but can you do it with a 24-inch suitcase in one hand and a 20-inch case plus a beauty box in the other?

The model in a shipping-line advertisement does. She has attracted my interest, supplanting entirely those brassiere models with the umbrellas which used to rouse my wonder.

The travel girl would have to be a good deal stronger than she looks if those cases have anything in them.

Her carefree air represents the ideal of travellers, an ideal which is unattainable.

Where, for instance, is her coat? And why is she smiling?

If she is departing, she should look worried because any minute she has to produce a ticket, and she has no free hand.

If she is arriving, she should look even less happy, because she is bound to be troubled about whether she has declared enough to the Customs.

SOME time ago I mentioned in this column a mother whose teenage children disapproved of her slim figure and up-to-date clothes.

"At your age," they told her, "you ought to be spreading."

The other night when I went to see her she was looking as smart as ever, wearing check pants, a black sweater, and a nice line in costume jewellery.

"They won't stand the sweater worn outside the pants," she explained, "but they're good kids. They've decided that keeping my figure is just a harmless eccentricity. So they call me 'Auntie Mame.'"

* * *

THREE New York men plan to modernise Tahiti. They will build a huge hotel, a golf course, a department store, and a drive-in movie. "I'm afraid the beachcombers must bypass Tahiti after this," said one of the men. "By the time we get through with it that island will be really jumping."

Progress, it's wonderful. Remember how
In former days the South Sea Islands lay
This side of dreamland. Contrast then with now.
Though still the surf booms and the tall palms sway,
Now we make proper use of them; no waste
As in the past when, flowers in their hair,
The idle natives, lacking, of course, our taste,
Enjoyed themselves, entirely unaware
Of all the wondrous things life could bestow.
We educated them and now they know.
It's simple, really. Islands are of two kinds—
The big ones, like Tahiti, and the small.
Both sorts are useful to our modern minds.
On big ones it is fitting to install
Juke boxes, multi-storey pubs and bars,
In order that, since mankind likes to roam,
His sight may not be troubled by the stars
But everything is just the same as home.
And as for tiny isles, they're handy—Why?
For testing bombs, and blowing up sky-high.

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Best under the Sun!

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Polaroid Sunglasses provide fashion-right styling with the priceless protection of Polaroid polarizing lenses.

Choose the style that suits you best from the wide range available from Opticians, Optometrists, Chemists and main department stores everywhere. Ask to see the Polaroid Catalogue which illustrates the full range of 24 models.

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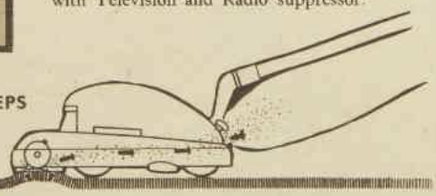
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❶ **New** wider suction nozzle and full width agitator give 17% greater cleaning area. ❷ **New** self-cleaning, long-lasting Nylon agitator brushes give added efficiency to Hoover's exclusive triple-action cleaning. ❸ **New** bigger wrap-around headlight lets you see right into the darkest corner. ❹ **New** easy slip-on suction converter for above-the-floor cleaning attachments. ❺ **New** easy-lift handgrip. ❻ **New** zippered bag of washable plastic cloaks Hoover's big-capacity throw-away dustbag. ❼ **New** beautiful colour scheme of pearl white and heather rose. **PLUS** complete set of plastic-covered attachments, including light, flexible Hoover double-stretch hose. Fitted with Television and Radio suppressor.

IT BEATS AS IT SWEEPS
AS IT CLEANS ▸▸



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Only a Hoover gets out that deep-down scissor-sharp grit that other cleaners leave to eat away carpet nap. Hoover's *triple action cleaning* BEATS out buried dirt on a cushion of air, SWEEPS up clinging hairs and litter and SUCTIONS it all away. Hoover cleaning means longer life for your carpets and rugs.

FINE APPLIANCES — AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

HC.50.WW143



EXCITED AND HAPPY, Margo McKendry takes the call at her Sydney home when the topline Ford Model Agency phoned her from New York.

Margo makes the big league

By GEORGE McGANN, in New York

● Sydney glamor model Margo McKendry conquered New York's top judges of modelling beauty during a 16-hour whirlwind stopover on her way to London. Her future as a big-money model in America seems assured.

AFTER modelling in Africa and Paris during the next few months, Margo will return to New York in early February to join the Ford Model Agency — the city's top model bookers.

Ford's clients include Suzy Parker, the world's highest-paid model. Suzy commands 120 dollars (about £50) an hour for posing.

"Margo is simply wonderful looking," said Eileen Ford, who runs the agency with her husband, Jerry.

"She is exactly the type most in demand in New York now — ingenuous, with a quality of innocence.

"At the same time she is versatile and can appear sophisticated or young, and outdoorsy.

"She has a lovely sense of fun. I am sure she will be wildly successful."

The Fords sent for Margo in Sydney last year after having seen her photograph in a London fashion magazine. They tracked her down through an article in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" reporting their search for "The Girl With the Fabulous Face."

She was unable to leave Sydney at that time, and her London flight stopover was the first opportunity the Fords had to see the tall, willowy brunette in person.

"We were not in the least disappointed," Eileen said.

"Our only regret is now that we have her here at last she is flying away again."

"So exciting"

The Fords took Margo to see the principal editors of "Vogue" magazine, who were so impressed with her appearance they engaged her on the spot to pose for them at the Paris fashion openings in January.

"I know I'm going to love working here," Margo said, sipping a glass of ice-water.

"It's a terribly exciting city — the skyscrapers, the unbelievable shops, and the big, shiny motor-cars. I hope I'll be able to make enough to afford it all."

"Oh, you'll be able to make at least 300 dollars," said Eileen. Margo interrupted, "You mean 300 a week?"

"Of course not, 300 dollars a day. Any good model can make that much here."

"Why, that's more than £130 in our money!" Margo shrieked. "I can't believe it."

Margo insisted she was not at her best after the 30-hour flight from Sydney, but showed little sign of fatigue as she raced through a high-speed programme of interviewing editors, shopping, sightseeing, and cocktails and dining arranged for her by the Fords.

"New York is simply terrific — what I have been able to see of it at breakneck speed," she said, during a brief lull at the Fords' home.

After cocktails, the Fords took Margo to dinner at the Twenty-One Restaurant, frequented by Hollywood and theatrical personalities, and an after-dark motor tour of Greenwich Village, Times Square, and Central Park, ending at Idlewild Airport.

Margo barely had strength left to climb aboard the plane for London.

Despite her fatigue she must have had difficulty falling to sleep, her mind filled with visions of dollar bills descending like snowflakes from the skyscrapers of Manhattan.

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Hope is feet ahead for Olympics

Craftsman's shoes will help athletes to victory in Rome

JOVIAL white-haired Hope Sweeney, who first opened his tiny Little Bourke Street shop 40 years ago, has made shoes for competitors in every Olympic Games for 35 years.

Mr. Sweeney, who has made soft, glove-like shoes and boots for amateur and professional sportsmen all over the world, is already busily working on his 1960 Olympic orders.

And this looks like being no small task, judging by the bulk of overseas orders which began arriving in October.

Proof of Hope Sweeney's popularity in overseas athletic fields is the offers he's had from Yale University coach to set up shop in the United States, and from a business friend of Jamaican hurdler Keith Gardner, who wants to open an agency for his shoes in America.

To both these offers he has said no, because he wouldn't give up his Melbourne business, and he couldn't cope with either offer in addition to it.

Mr. Sweeney, who was an all-round sportsman in his youth, has a clear understanding of the importance of footwear in sports.

If he can't watch his client in action before beginning a pair of shoes, he studies action pictures of him.

This is because he feels a knowledge of the way a sportsman uses his feet is necessary before he can decide exactly how to shape the shoes and where to place spikes or stops.

"A sixteenth out in any way with spikes or stops can throw the sportsman completely off balance," he explained.

Lying round Mr. Sweeney's shop, in a filing system he alone can follow, are patterns for thousands of famous feet.

Among them are those for Olympians Shirley Strickland, Marlene Mathews, Mike Agostini, Parry O'Brien, Alain Mimoun, Bob Morrow, Rev. Bob Richardson, Fortune Gordine, John Treloar, Hec Sutherland, and the late Russell Mockridge.

Also among them are the feet patterns of most of the Kramer professional tennis troupe, and most of the Australian, English, Indian, and West Indian Test cricket teams.

And round the shop floor are scattered a few dozen

By SHEILA McFARLANE
staff reporter

wooden lasts of feet of all shapes and sizes.

To these Mr. Sweeney fits "bunions" and "corns" and other irregularities shown in the patterns, so each shoe is moulded over a perfect copy of the customer's foot.

As part of the famous Sweeney service he sends out forms similar in appearance to income-tax forms, so athletes who can't visit his shop can fill in details of their feet.

The light weight of Sweeney's shoes and boots is their main attraction for sportsmen.

For instance, his running shoes weigh an average seven ounces compared with the 16 ounces of ordinary mass-produced ones.

He works with the finest kangaroo, wallaby, elk, and calf skins, and uses about 2000 whole skins a year.

Mr. Sweeney's shoes have been running in Victoria's Stawell Gift for 39 years. And in that time four out of five winners of the big professional race have been shod by Sweeney.

Another of Mr. Sweeney's successes has been with cricket boots, a field in which he has even set a new fashion.

"Hope's lower heels—hardly thicker than the soles—are a marvellous improvement and make balance much easier," Test cricketers Colin McDonald and Ian Meckiff said when they called to collect their boots before leaving for the tour of India and Pakistan.

Tops for Tests

"We've tried boots all over the world, but we come back for Hope's," Colin said. "There's always a toast to Hope after a successful match."

Mr. Sweeney has even made shoes for horses.

About 30 years ago, when horses were used to pull the rollers over cricket pitches, they wore Hope's soft leather bootees to protect the "hallowed soil."

He still runs up an occasional pair for himself so he can experiment with new ideas on his own feet.

Mr. Sweeney, who works in an immaculate white shirt, striped tie, and grey or blue business suit, won't have a telephone in his busy little shop.

"Had one once," he explained in his clipped manner. "Couldn't get any work done with it always ringing. Had it disconnected."

Now his customers have to send orders by telegram if they can't visit the shop.

Among the telegram orders pinned on the walls with shoe tacks are almost as many thanking Hope "for winning the race for me."

Customers are always teasing Hope Sweeney, but he's never stuck for an answer to them.

"The big toe's a bit cramped again. You trying to sabotage me, Hope?" asked professional sprinter Ray Pitt.

"Your big toe is too long, anyway. Better have an operation on it, then the shoes will fit," Hope replied.

Hope, alias "Mr. Last Minute," seems proud of the reputation he has for producing the goods right on time—and not a second before.

Every year, a few hours before the Stawell Gift is due to be run, he sprints on to the Stawell oval armed with a bulging sugarbagful of new shoes.

As anxious competitors crowd round he empties the shoes on to the ground and tells them to "fight over those and you'll be in good fettle for the race."

He follows the same procedure for many of the Australian Rules football games in Melbourne, but each pair of shoes is labelled, so he's not really being unsporting.

And every time a Test team is leaving for England, a planeload of cricket boots—for both the Australians and the Englishmen—lands in Perth just in time to catch the ship the Australians are sailing in.

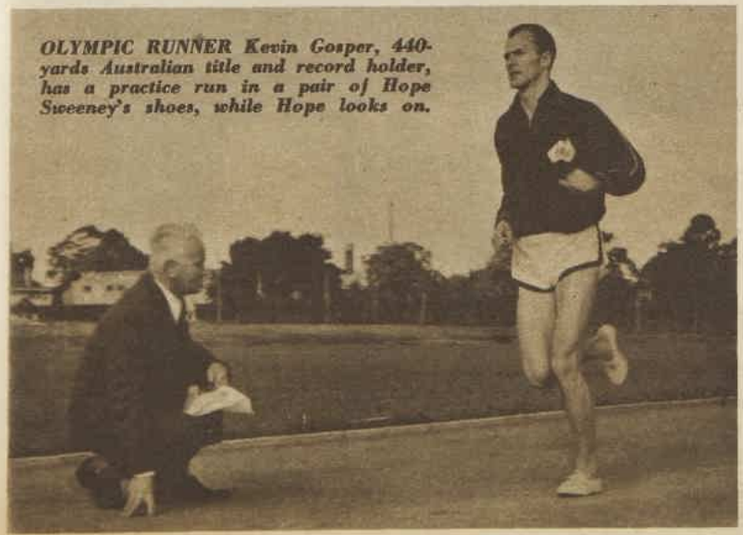
Olympic runner Shirley Strickland is one of Hope's favorite customers.

"She can be in a desperate hurry for her own shoes, but will still insist that I finish first shoes for any juniors who are waiting, too," he said.

And among Mr. Sweeney's favorite souvenirs is the sole of one of the shoes Marjorie Jackson wore to win the 100 and 200 metres at the Helsinki Games in 1952.



MELBOURNE SHOEMAKER Hope Sweeney fits rubber heels and soles to cricketer Colin McDonald's boots.



OLYMPIC RUNNER Kevin Gosper, 440-yards Australian title and record holder, has a practice run in a pair of Hope Sweeney's shoes, while Hope looks on.

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24/6

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LEFT: Attractive trio who watched a spring and summer fashion parade at Chatterton Galleries were, from left, Mrs. Donald Newstead, Mrs. Norman Hing, and Mrs. Arthur Little. The parade was for the Children's Library and Crafts Movement.



RIGHT: During their stay in Sydney, the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith visited Taronga Park Zoo and met the koalas. Lovely, fair-haired Lady Dalkeith, who wore an emerald-green poplin frock, was delighted when Sir Edward Hallstrom asked if she would care to have the baby koala pictured here named "Jane" after her.



PICNIC DANCE at the Trocadero in aid of the World Refugee Year Fund was attended by 400 guests, including Ruth Siewert and Jins Skovchristinsen, who dressed in gay red-and-white national costumes of Denmark. The dance was arranged by the N.S.W. Good Neighbor Council.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

KILDRUMMIE, the lovely Holbrook home of the Douglas Carnegies, will be the setting for a wedding reception on November 28, when Mrs. Carnegie's god-daughter, Mary-Jane Gebhardt, marries Bill Joscelyn at St. Paul's, Holbrook.

Many friends from New South Wales will be there, as well as Mary-Jane's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gebhardt, of Kew, Victoria, and Bill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Joscelyn, of Adelaide. Mary-Jane and Bill will live in Melbourne after their marriage.

• • •

TORCH Bearers for Legacy president Mrs. Lionel McFadyen was thrilled to tell me that 50 per cent. of the gross takings of the professional tennis on December 8 will go to Legacy. Tickets are available from 169 Elizabeth Street.

• • •

LOOKING forward to the table-setting competition to be opened in St. Matthew's Hall, Manly, on November 27 by Lady Hallstrom. Manly's Mayoress, Mrs. William Fairbairn, is organising it to raise money for the children's wing of the district hospital. In addition there'll be photographic and floral displays.

• • •

SAW four pretty girls dining at Princes last week—bride-to-be Joan Brown, of Taree, was the guest of Karlene Smith, of Gunnedah, Kath Kenny, of Brisbane, and Elizabeth Kearns, of Mitchell, Qld. Joan will marry Terry McKervey, of Newcastle, on December 5.

• • •

DIARY date . . . December 4 at the Australia Hotel for the seventh annual ball of Old Newingtonians' Union younger set.

HEARD from Mary Throsby in Moree that a most successful card and afternoon-tea party was held recently at "Kooroogama," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ken Livingston, in aid of the Moree branch of Red Cross. Those present included Mrs. Ian Stockdale, Mrs. W. T. Tait, and Mrs. Gordon Kirkby.

• • •

NEW ZEALAND honeymoon for Doone and Peter Stanford, who were married at St. Anne's, Strathfield. Doone is the only daughter of Mrs. F. Boughton, of Beecroft, and the late Major F. G. Boughton. Peter is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stanford, of "Gungah l i n," Marulan.

Anne



LEAVING ST. PHILIP'S, Church Hill, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Campbell ("Tiger") Scott. The bride was formerly Judith Heine, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Heine, of Point Piper. The groom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Scott, of Point Piper.



WEDDING at St. Andrew's, Newcastle, for Beverley Sneddon and Graham Lovett. Beverley is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sneddon, of Waratah, Newcastle, and Graham is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Lovett, of Burwood.



LEFT: One of the first trees in the A.B.C.'s grove on the Hume Highway, part of the Remembrance Driveway, was planted by Major-General Denzil Macarthur-Onslow (left), pictured with Garden Club president Mrs. Arthur Davis, who is a member of the Remembrance Drive Committee, and Mr. Charles Moses.

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With her strange blue eyes she was like some creature from a far-off land . . . beginning a serial

Half Angel

By BARBARA JEFFERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

OUTSIDE, when they'd switched off the engine and the car's radio, there was a peculiar menace and stillness under the trees. In the bronze light, strips of dry bark hung from the gums, but there was no wind to move them and no sound from birds or from insects in the thick undergrowth.

"Look at the light," he said. "We were mad to stop here. It must be burning somewhere pretty close."

The sandwiches they had brought with them were as warm and lifeless as the air, but the beer, from its portable canvas ice-chest, tasted of civilisation.

The little cat lay stretched along the back of the car's rear seat, her pointed marten's face propped by its chin on an elegant seal-brown foreleg, and the rest of her ecru body collapsed with boredom and heat like an empty glove-puppet. The only indication of life came from the jewelled collar she wore, which gave off dull glints in the lack-lustre light with the movement of her breath.

"Why don't we make a move?" he said. "It gives me the creeps here. I'll swear I saw smoke among the leaves a minute ago."

His wife drank the last of the beer from her glass and reached over for a small flask among the beer bottles and the ice. "I've got to feed Chichiboo first," she said, pouring a thin gruel of milk and cereal laced with vitamin drops into a small china bowl.

When they called the cat, she got up at once, as though she hadn't been sleeping at all, stretched herself into an arc, and yawned with a violence that disclosed her needle-like teeth and rounded her Oriental eyes into a shape of comic, overdone surprise. Then she came down to them out of the car and on to the rug they had spread beside it on the ground.

"Isn't she beautiful?" his wife asked, stroking the long, sloping back. The cat suffered it, shedding a little of her coat on to the woman's perspiring fingers.

"She's an elegant devil," he said. "But I can't say I like her."

The cat lapped languidly at the food for a moment or two, and then turned her extraordinary sapphire-blue eyes towards the scrub and the trees.

"Does she want her sand-tray, then?" his wife said in the special cat-doting voice which he found rather touching in view of the very small reward she was ever given for the trouble of using it.

At that moment a loaded semi-trailer crossed the ridge behind them and came down the slope of the road towards their parked car, backfiring with a sound like battle. The cat started, and was gone like a fawn-and-nigger-brown streak into the thickest part of the scrub beside the road.

Two hours later, when they came out of the scrub, they found a grey station-waggon drawn up beside their car. The driver had got out of it, and was peering at the luggage heaped in the back of their car. He straightened up when he saw them coming, and pushed his old felt hat away from his hot face on to the back of his head. "Good day," he said. "I was wondering where you'd got to."

"We're looking for our cat," the woman said, going to him quickly. "You haven't seen . . ."

"Not too good a spot to stop," the driver said, looking back in the direction from which he had come. They turned and looked with him, and they could see thick ochre-colored smoke against the sky beyond the trees on the top of the hill.

"She's burning over the other side, right down to Brogan's Creek," he told them. "Get a change of wind and the first thing y'know she'll be comin' this way like a rat up a bitta rope."

The man went to the back of his car and pulled out the canvas ice-bag. "Can you use a beer?" he asked the driver, turning towards him with two cold bottles in his hand.

"Can I what?" the driver said, coming forward with a grin. He took the bottle, decapped it quickly against the latch of the open door, upended it, and drank half without drawing a breath.

The woman had fetched two glasses from the car, and she held them while her husband filled them with hands that shook slightly with distress and with exhaustion after two hours of pushing and stumbling and calling in the scrub. "We can't go on, we just can't go on until we've found her," she said.

"What did you say you'd lost?" the driver asked.

"My cat," she said. "Something came past and frightened her, and she ran away into the trees."

The driver grinned. "Your cat," he said. "On 'er way 'ome by now, I shouldn't wonder."

"She's got a long walk ahead of her, then," the man said, refilling his glass. "We've come up from Sydney."

"She'll make it," the driver said. "Funny thing the way a cat'll get itself 'ome from no matter where."

"Not this one," the man said. "She couldn't find her way out of a paper bag."

"She's a Siamese," the woman said anxiously. "She's not just used to running around anywhere."

"What sort of a cat would that be?" the driver asked, interested. "I don't reckon I ever seen one."

"Well, she's a sort of fawn color, and her face and her ears and her legs and her tail are very dark brown, and her eyes are blue — not just blue, either, but a dark, dark, blazing sort of blue, like . . ."

"Go on! I never seen one like that. 'Ave you tried calling her, then? Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss, puss," he tried experimentally.

"We've tried that," the man said. "I tell you, the damn cat's a ventriloquist. We'd hear her first on one side of the road and then the other. But not for half an hour or so — we haven't heard a peep out of her. Are there farms round here, Mr. . . ." he glanced at the station-waggon, where the words HARVEY, GLENHAVEN were painted below the door.

"Name's Rush," the driver said. "Charlie Rush. That's the boss' waggon I got there. Yeah, there's farms in there, back a bit off the main road, behind the timber. There's 'Arveys' place there, about eight miles in, and there's others, nearer."

He looked back along the road in the direction of the fire. "I reckon we better get out of 'ere pretty soon," he said. "Why don't you see 'em in the town? You put up a notice there, offer a bit of a reward or something. You'll get 'er back. How far on you going?"

"Up over the border," the man said. "Surfers' Paradise. It'll be three weeks before we're down this way again."

"Surfers', eh? Do me, this weather," Rush said, getting into the driving seat of the station-waggon. "Well," he said. "Good luck. I'll keep me eye out for 'er. If I should 'ear anythin', I'll leave word for you at the store."

"Thanks very much," the man said. "The name's Pollock. Stan Pollock. How far along's the next town?"

"Four mile," Rush said. "You see 'em at the store there."

"I will," Pollock said, as the station-waggon moved off. "There's a tenner in it for anyone who's got her here waiting for us when we get back."

His wife faced around at him angrily as soon as the other man had gone. "How can you?" she said. "How can you even think of going on till we find her?"

"Look, it's tough. I know it's tough," he said. "But just look at that smoke. I'm not going to risk two thousand quids' worth of car for twenty guineas' worth of cat."

The woman turned unwillingly back towards their car. "Don't forget she may be in kitten," she said.

"I know," he said. "But nobody drove her off — she went of her own accord. Poor little devil, she'll have to take her chance. Don't worry about her. We'll get her back. Somebody'll find her, specially if that fellow Rush spreads the word about the reward. And if we don't, well, I'll get you another one," he said.

And in both their minds, for one treacherous instant, was a picture of something softer, humbler, more cosy, and more compliant than the arrogant, errant Lady Chichiboo Precious Gem.

In the creek bed, just above where the water ran into the pool scooped out under the wattle trees, there were pebbles and flinty stones exposed by the summer dwindling of the water. For over half an hour Tim had been

To page 26

The little cat only left the old barn where Tim had hidden her when he came to take her for walks in the bush.

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LOVE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A short short story by VICTOR CANNING



Arabella sat quietly in the bows, as Tom set a course for Port au Prince.

MY grandfather, who is eighty-odd, said: "Once a year you dine with me at this club and each year your tie gets louder. Have some more port." He passed the decanter and went on: "I don't suppose you'd come at all if you didn't think that one day I'll leave you some money?"

"I come for your company, sir," I said. "Not for your money."

"Then you're a fool, my boy." He smiled. "Any youngster your age should keep a weather eye open for the main chance. What are you? Thirty-odd?"

"Thirty-four."

"Got a wife lined up yet?"

"No, sir."

"Then you should have. Though I can see it's difficult to pick a woman these days. How can you tell what's in a sack until you open it up?

"Thirty-four, eh? My father — that's your great-grandfather — was that age when he married. Ever tell you the story of his marriage?"

"No, sir," I replied.

"Then you're lucky. Every other man in this club has heard it."

He began to prepare a cigar, and not another word did he say until it was lit and drawing well.

"Your great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Ancaster, though he wasn't knighted then, of course, stood six feet two in his socks, had hair as dark as night and, at the age of thirty-four, he had the world in his hand like an oyster and he knew the knife wasn't going to slip as he opened it up.

"He was the master of the barquentine Persephone, trading between Bristol and Port au Prince in Haiti. Rum, molasses, tobacco, and a few passengers.

"There was a fleet of six ships and they were owned by a John Sparkman, a rich man, a hard man, but fair. Sparkman had one daughter, Arabella Sparkman, about twenty-three at the time, proud, beautiful, fair-haired, and with the temper of the devil.

"The first time she came aboard —Tom Ancaster was taking the ship from Port au Prince to England— Tom fell in love with her. Within twenty-four hours he'd asked her to marry him, had his face slapped, and was told to keep his place."

But Tom Ancaster, according to my grandfather, was a man who had very definite ideas about his place in life. He had no intention of always being a barquentine captain.

Arabella spent a year in England, and whenever he had time Tom Ancaster went to London and somehow managed to get to the same parties. But it did him no good. The fair Arabella was after bigger game.

"At the end of the year," said my grandfather, "she came down to Bristol to embark on the Persephone to return to her father in Port au Prince. She was more or less engaged now to some young sprig in London, but Tom didn't let that worry him.

"With a three weeks' voyage ahead of them, he set out to prove that he was the only man for her.

"Don't think Tom didn't have his eye to the main chance. He did. Arabella was Sparkman's daughter. Sparkman was getting old and Tom had no objection to picking up a shipping line as well as a wife. But he was in love with her.

"When the Persephone was some weeks out, Tom Ancaster sprang a surprise for Arabella. It was her birthday, and he gave a party in his cabin. He put on a splendid dinner, had three or four of the hands form an orchestra so that the few passengers could dance after the meal. Arabella turned up at the party wearing an enormous white crinoline and with her arms and shoulders bare."

According to my grandfather, after the party had finished and the guests had retired, the Persephone was found to be on fire. How it happened no one ever knew for certain.

Anyway, within an hour the Persephone was well ablaze, and nothing could be done except abandon ship. It was dark and there was a certain amount of fog. Tom saw all the passengers and crew away. There were about six boats and, what with the fog and smoke, there was a great deal of confusion.

When Tom came up from his cabin, carrying the ship's papers, the boat which had been waiting alongside for him had drifted off. On deck was Arabella, still in her crinoline, who'd missed the last boat because she'd gone back to her cabin to get her jewel-case.

Luckily there was one small deck boat still unlaunched, and Tom lowered this and the two bundled into it. But by this time the rest of the boats had drifted away into the fog and the smoke and they couldn't make contact with them.

Tom wasn't unduly worried. No skipper likes to lose his ship, of course. But he knew that the Persephone was old and that Sparkman was well insured.

Port au Prince was only five days off. Given reasonable weather, Tom knew that he could make it. He hoisted the small sail and set a course for Port au Prince.

It was coldish during the night and Arabella only had a thin shawl to cover her shoulders. Tom gave her his jacket and they sat close together for warmth. When daylight came it soon grew hot and she left off the jacket and moved to the bows. There was no sign of the other boats.

At midday a sudden squall, ripping down out of nowhere, slashed the small boat's sail to ribbons and carried it away before Tom could do anything.

However, there were thread and sailmaker's needles in the boat's locker as well as food and water—old Sparkman insisted fanatically on all boats being properly provisioned — so Tom took off his shirt and began to fashion a sail.

But he hadn't got enough material. In the most delicate way possible he asked Arabella if she were prepared to make some contribution to the sail. After some consideration she made him keep his eyes sternwards and eventually produced one of her many undergarments.

But they had bad luck. You see, during the next three days, one squall after another whipped down out of a clear blue sky and tore away the sail. And each time he had to turn sternwards while Arabella produced more and more sail material from under her crinoline.

In the end, of course, the crinoline went as well. There they sat, the two of them, reduced to the barest minimum of clothes while above the crinoline sail bellied in the breeze.

And at night, when it turned cold, they huddled together for warmth, sharing Tom's heavy jacket.

"Yes," said my grandfather, "Tom was a happy man. He kept telling her how much he loved her, and— by dint of repetition — her blue eyes softened a little.

"He had a way, you know. But, even so, they didn't soften all that much. She was a girl of great spirit. Then, just before sunset on the evening of the sixth day, they saw land ahead."

It was then that Tom told Arabella that he wouldn't sail into Port au Prince direct. He'd go down the coast a little, land at some quiet beach, and get clothes for her.

He told her: "Your reputation is to me the most precious thing in the world. But before I go ashore I ask you for the last time to marry me—and this time I know what your answer will be."

For a moment little points of ice danced in Arabella's eyes. "You mean, Captain Ancaster," she said, "that if I don't say yes, it will be easy for you to be indiscreet about our voyage. The world would use its imagination—the price of your silence is marriage."

Tom looked at her for a moment and then, his face hard with angry lines, he said: "I see, Miss Arabella, that I have been mistaken about you — and you about me. I withdraw my last proposal."

From then on he never said another word. He took the boat down the coast, landed, left Arabella hidden in an empty cabin, and walked into Port au Prince. He was back within a few hours with a complete outfit of clothes for her, including a white crinoline.

In silence he delivered her safely to her father's house, where he learned that the other boats had arrived safely the day before in Port au Prince.

"And he never married her?" I asked my grandfather.

"You're a fool, my boy. You know nothing about women," said my grandfather. "When Tom was summoned to see Sparkman the next day, Arabella met him in the hallway, put her arms around him, kissed him, begged his forgiveness, and said that she had told her father they were to be married."

But apparently when Tom went in to see Sparkman, the old man— after questioning him about the fire—said:

"I hear you and Arabella want to get married? Yes, yes, she's told me all about the sail going and using her clothes. A secret, of course, between the three of us. But I can't give my consent, Ancaster. I had great hopes for you, first-class man, but this affair has decided me.

"You've slipped up, you know. If you married Arabella and finally took over this business, you would make other and larger slips. You know I've always insisted on all my ship's boats being properly provisioned and stocked. You should have had a spare sail in the locker. Why didn't you have a spare sail?"

And Tom looked at the old man and said quietly: "Love is a strange thing, sir. For some people it can only bloom when all pride and finery are jettisoned so that they see each other as they are. Between ourselves, sir—and I'd like it always to be our secret—I did have a spare sail in the locker."

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Where's the WETTEX!

How could any woman think that there's no place like home when a man is running it . . . an amusing short story

In the good old summertime

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

"FOUR sets of denim shorts labelled Susie, aged six; four sets of denim shorts labelled Sandra, aged seven. Two pairs of pyjamas labelled Susie; two, Sandra. Two washable sweaters for Susie, two for Sandra. Six white cotton blouses tagged Susie; ditto, Sandra. Toothbrushes, underwear, plastic bandages, mercurochrome, bathing-suits, comic books, candy bars, washers, hankies, stamped envelopes, tennis shoes, and their mother's last ounce of strength." So saying, my wife, Janie, closed two bulging suitcases and sagged into the nearest chair, staring at me blankly.

"Where are you sending the kids?" I asked. "The Antarctic? Look, it's just for two weeks at a summer camp."

"You can joke," she said in a hollow tone, "you can make light of it. You haven't embroidered billions of name tags on billions of small garments."

"I know it's rough," I offered tenderly, "but tomorrow we put them on the bus, we watch them going, misty-eyed, and we come home . . . alone. Alone, doll, as we used to be eight years ago. Alone, with dry martinis and a houseful of double beds."

"Listen, 'bon vivant'," she said with a faint smile, "tomorrow I come home, having said farewell to my children, pack a large carpet-bag with a few trifles of yours and mine, and we're off on what I achingly refer to as my vacation."

"I've been thinking about that," I said slowly.

"So have I. For one solid year."

"I know," I answered tentatively, "but what does it all add up to? We hop in the car; we drive till we're beat. We get to a resort. They stick us in a room next door to a high-liver who keeps late hours with low company. You unpack. There are not enough clothes-hangers. You announce you don't have the right kind of clothes and you'll look like a frump. I deny it. So we're both unhappy already.

"Then we go for a swim. There are seventeen children in the pool with us. We dry out. I get sunburned. From then on in I'm on the golf course all day, and you're getting your ear bent by the hausfraus around the pool. At night my back aches, the drinks are watered, and we can either dance to a crumby combo or see two old western movies on television. So what?"

"So what?" said Janie, startled. "What do you mean, so what? After eleven months of children and cooking I regard that as a bacchanal. I come out of my shell. I paint my toenails. I dress for dinner. I turn into John's Other Wife."

"It sounds good," I said deprecatingly, "but I don't know. If you ask me, it's just a restful rat race instead of the regular rat race; that's all."

"One moment, Alan Stewart. Are you by any chance suggesting that we do not take any vacation this year?"

"Now wait a second," I replied hastily, "wait one second."

Janie held her breath. She always holds her breath in times of crisis.

"Such as? . . . "

"Now this might not strike you the moment you hear it, you understand, but I want you to give it some thought. I mean, don't just fluff it off."

"I'm listening."

She was, too, but her face was taking on a blue tinge. I took a deep breath.

"We stay right here."

"Sweet singing birds," cried Janie. "Now I've heard everything!"

"Okay. You're flipping. You haven't heard a word. You have no idea of the master plan, but you're blowing." I allowed myself to look a trifle miffed.

Janie's mouth set. "All right. Give it to me."

"No. Forget it. You're not receiving me. I'm not going to squander the idea. I've been giving it a lot of thought lately."

"Have you, dear?" she asked through clenched teeth.

"Never mind," I said, piqued. "I'm bucking a closed mind."

"Okay," she said with resignation. "Let us assume I lose my mind and accept your offer. What's in it for me?"

"Please." I held up a detaining hand. "Hear me out. First. We get rid of the kids tomorrow morning. Second. We lay in a stock of food and drink. Third. We take the telephone off the hook — and . . . we're lost in Shangri-La. Picture it. Time is our slave. You take up long-forgotten hobbies . . . finger painting, sculpture. I dig in the good earth. We lunch al fresco in the shade of our own fig tree. We drink May wine. We chase each other through the garden. We dine at ten in the evening by candlelight. We breakfast in bed."

"Who cooks it?" demanded Janie in a peculiar flat tone of voice.

"I wait on you hand and foot. I give you back rubs. For two weeks you are the moon of my delight."

"Hmph," snorted Janie, but at last she was looking thoughtful.

"What do you say?"

"No golf?"

"Nary a divot."

"No bridge?"

"Not a trump."

"Well . . ." she drawled.

"Whatever happened to that old bearskin rug I had in my bachelor digs?" I asked, grinning.

"Now don't get carried away. I haven't said yes."

I put my arms around her and kissed her in the hollow below her collar bone.

"Yes," she said abruptly. "But it had better be all you say."

"The most," I promised fervently.

The next morning at six-ten my two children came in to announce that they were all ready to leave for camp. They had their hats and coats on to prove it.

"Look, girls," I said, crawling out from under my electric blanket, "the bus does not leave until ten in the morning."

"Yes," said Susie, "but we have to be there real early because I have to sit up in front or I get sick in my stomach."

"We want you to get the car out anyway because we have things to put into it," demanded Sandra. "I'm taking my bowl of goldfish, and Susie's taking her turtle in a box, and we want the cat to ride to the station. Just to the station, that's all."

"Nothing doing," I said, "that cat is a domestic animal. He stays put."

"But we're going to be gone two whole weeks," wailed Susie.

"It hardly seems enough," I murmured.

"Aren't you going to give us our money now?" asked Sandra, switching the attack.

"I had thought I might brush my teeth first," I said, stumbling towards the bathroom.

"We each have to have money," they chorused.

"How well I know."

"Daddy? How much money are you going to give us?"

"A princely sum. Now will you take off your coats and go downstairs?"

"Yes, but can't we put the cat in the car? Can't we, Daddy?"

I shrugged. The cat had never done anything for me. "Forget it. And now beat it."

They ran happily from the room.

At eight forty-five, at the hysterical insistence of my offspring, we arrived at the station. We herded them all into the

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Illustrated by Boothroyd

"Hey," Janie said to Al as she appeared at the kitchen door, "I'm simply starving, but isn't there something burning?"

restroom, counting out their money, and whispering admonitions concerning their table manners, quarrelling, and having a good time. Presently they were off without a backward glance. At that precise moment our vacation began.

For a moment we stood in the hurly-burly of the bus depot and looked at each other with melting intensity. "Hi," I said ardently.

Janie smiled at me the way she used to before she knew what I looked like without a shave.

"The world's our oyster," I whispered. "Where shall we start? A morning movie? The darkened corner of a pub?"

Janie flushed becomingly. "Al, honey," she said shyly, "don't hate me . . ." Her voice trailed off. "But I have to pick up the laundry," she finished lamely.

"Laundry?" I cried, "what do you mean, laundry?"

"I thought we were going out of town so I left a stack of sheets and towels and stuff at the laundry. We'll have to have them if we aren't going to close the house."

"Okay," I agreed, "but from here on in we are creatures of air and fire. No more everyday routine. I mean, we're either going to do this thing or we aren't."

"Yes, doll," said Janie and took my hand. I began to relax. I dropped Janie off and told her I'd circle around the block. I made plans. We'd go home. We'd climb into something comfortable (Janie used to have some very interesting short shorts) and we'd have a long cold glass of beer on the patio.

Then lunch, a snooze, a long cocktail hour, dinner, and a fine undisturbed, intimate evening . . . I went around the block a few times, crooning happily. Then I went back to the laundry. Janie was standing outside, shading her eyes.

"Where've you been?" she asked.

"Circling," I said amiably.

"Well, go around some more. The stuff's in the drying cycle."

"Look, Janie," I said urgently, "I'm trying to get this show on the road."

"I know, angel," she answered soothingly. "Here's an idea. You go pick us up something glamorous for lunch. You know, like you said — May wine under the fig tree."

"Okay," I said.

"Butter, milk, eggs, and toothpaste, too," Janie added rapidly.

"You mean you want me to do the marketing?" I said in a controlled tone.

"Just butter, milk, eggs, and toothpaste. What's so terrible about that?"

"It's off-key. It's mundane," I said with strained dignity.

"We can't drink May wine for breakfast, can we?" asked Janie.

"Why not?"

"Don't be silly. You know how you get when there's no cream for your coffee."

"Very well," I said stiffly. "I'm trying to keep this thing on a certain level, but if you have to have butter, milk, and eggs . . ."

"There's a store on the corner. Pick me up in five minutes." She blew me a kiss and vanished into the laundry.

As it turned out the store had a very interesting delicatessen. I got some wine, some goat's cheese, a bottle of stuffed olives, and some liverwurst. The bill came to six dollars and seventy-two cents. I paid the man and found I had just three cents left for butter, milk, eggs, and toothpaste. I spoke confidently to the clerk. "We can't live by butter alone, can we?"

"Butter's on counter F, sir."

"Skip it," I said and went out whistling jauntily.

I picked up Janie, stowed the laundry in the back of the car, climbed in beside her, and kissed her passionately on the mouth. "Let me take you away from all this," I murmured into her ear.

She laughed girlishly. "Honestly, Al, you'd think we were kids . . ."

"I am younger than springtime," I announced, "and I'm prepared to prove it." I accelerated the car and we roared away. I heard the siren in the middle of the second block.

"This will cost ten dollars, hot rod," said Janie disconsolately and scrounged down in the seat.

The cop said good-morning to Janie, took my licence, and handed me a ticket before I could even clear my throat. My mood went from manic to depressive. We rode in silence.

"What's the matter, darling?" asked Janie, sliding over close to me. "You're awfully glum."

"It's nothing," I said bitterly. "I've just been up since six o'clock, run ragged, tagged by a cop . . . trifles."

"All right," said Janie in a soothing syrup voice, "all the bad things are over." She kissed me on the tip of my ear. "We'll go home and have a nice lunch."

"You think all this is pretty funny, don't you?"

"I think it's pretty wonderful," she said seriously. "I mean, that you could be so romantic after we've been married eight years. I love you for it. I really do. You're the only man in our entire crowd who would have thought it up. Honestly."

"Well," I said modestly, "it was just a notion."

"It's not a notion," cooed Janie, "it's a beautiful concept."

I drove the rest of the way home with my arm around her.

The mercury was crowding ninety when we got home and Janie thought we ought to have lunch in the dining-room.

"Leave it to me," I said. "You go climb into something pastoral."

"You mean you're going to fix lunch?" She looked doubtful.

"In the manner of the Cordon Bleu," I said grandly. "Beat it."

I set up a card table under the avocado tree (we don't happen to have a fig tree) in the back yard. The flies got

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Final Monday

Who is to know what the future holds . . . a short story

By VALERIE WATKINSON

OUTWARDLY there was about this Monday nothing to distinguish it from the numerous Mondays which, over the years, had preceded it.

Miss Perkins smiled grimly at the thought as she unpinned her hat from a securely anchored bun of hair. Meticulously she folded her grey cotton gloves one into the other and rolled them into a neat ball. Her face, devoid of lipstick and powder, needed no attention, so she slid into her chair behind the typewriter, the telephone, and the "Inward" and "Outward" baskets.

Had it been a normal beginning to a normal week Miss Perkins would promptly have summoned Louise, the most junior of the junior typists, and begun issuing orders.

As it was, she sat motionless, her hands folded against the keys of her typewriter.

Louise, when she came into the office at ten minutes past nine, was amazed to see Miss Perkins in the same position.

"Sorry I'm late, Miss Perkins," she gasped, "I — well — I —"

"You overslept," Miss Perkins said, and Louise flushed, so that her cheeks matched the pink of her dress.

It was, Miss Perkins noted, a dream of a dress.

I had a dress like that once, the older woman thought, and, for a moment, she was seventeen again.

The frock had been pink with white ruffles and she had worn it as Louise wore hers, with the unconscious verve of the very young.

Louise was staring at her as she sat smiling into the patch of sunlight on the wall above the girl's head.

"What a beautiful dress, Louise," Miss Perkins said.

"My mother made it," Louise answered. "I'm glad you like it."

She shifted uncomfortably and Miss Perkins indicated the mail baskets.

"Better sort the mail, Louise. Mr. Hunter will be buzzing shortly."

"Yes, Miss Perkins."

Louise seized the baskets and fled.

In the outer office she collapsed at the typists' long desk and began rapidly sorting the pile of letters.

"Did she tear into you?" asked Beryl, the other junior, above the clack of her typewriter keys.

"She said she liked my frock. She was decent."

"Maybe she has a boy-friend," Beryl said, and giggled. "You certainly got off lightly."

Miss Perkins smoothed back her smooth hair and began to type in her usual efficient manner.

Dr. McPhee had given her tablets for the pain. "Indigestion tablets," he called them. She smiled at his subterfuge. His grave eyes and carefully worded diagnosis had belied the description.

She knew the griping pain of angina. She had lived side by side with it until her mother had finally succumbed, nursed faithfully by a younger and gentler Miss Perkins. It was, Miss Perkins knew with fateful acceptance, in the family and she was the last of the female line.

Of course she had had a cardiograph and other tests, as Dr. McPhee had insisted, but she already knew what the results would be.

Strangely enough, she knew no fear, only sorrow, because there were so many things she would like to have done and had never had the opportunity to do.

There was Philip Conover in Shipping. He had taken her to tea each morning for a week and there had been unaccustomed color in her cheeks. Then Strangways, young and cheeky and junior to Mr. Conover, had teased them about their regular "date." Mr. Conover had laughed it off with dignity, but she had quailed inside herself, sick with the miserable awareness of the painfully self-conscious.

When Mr. Conover had asked her to tea again she had primly refused.

"Fool," said Miss Perkins aloud.

She looked up and George Hunter, her boss, was staring down at her in astonishment.

"You all right, Miss Perkins?" he asked.

She looked at him with distaste. He was large and florid and she had not worked with him for twenty years without knowing that he was also short-tempered and liverish.

"Quite all right, thank you," she replied. "I should like some time off this afternoon, Mr. Hunter."

He hesitated and she added, "I have a doctor's appointment."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

He had a horror of illness and she smiled as she thought of his reaction had she replied, "Nothing serious, sir — just a fatal touch of angina."

Instead she said shortly, "Indigestion."

He grunted and went into his office, thinking that there was something different about Miss Perkins this morning. She was unusually flushed and, if he hadn't known better, he would have said she looked at him as if she actually disliked him. Poor, reliable Miss Perkins, who had never been known to think or speak ill of anyone.

When he buzzed for her she took his dictation with her usual speed, failed to laugh at one of his puns, and corrected him twice on a split infinitive.

He was suddenly assailed with the awful suspicion that she meant to resign. There were men, he knew, who would pay highly for Miss Perkins' ability. He made a note on his desk pad to raise her salary almost to the amount she should have been receiving.

As Miss Perkins typed back her shorthand she thought again of the pink dress.

She made a resolution to buy a pink dress that very afternoon — a soft, dusty-pink with a drape at the neckline. You should have done it before, she thought, before it was too late. Too late, clacked her typewriter, too late . . . too late . . .

At tea break she picked up her sensible handbag, ignored her hat and gloves, and walked swiftly towards Shipping.

If he refused her invitation he could hardly be blamed. Unworried, she approached his desk. Having walked hand in hand with death for the best part of three weeks a rebuff was a trivial matter.

Somewhere she had read that many people die before they learn to live. The truth of it struck her with painful force.

She stood before him.

"Are you going out for tea?" she asked. "Please join me."

Mr. Conover stared at her, so did three clerks and two typists. She ignored them all save Mr. Conover.

He smiled, his neatly clipped grey moustache twitching with pleasure.

"Delighted," he said, and reached for his hat. "Well, well, just like old times."

Miss Perkins smiled graciously at the staring Strangways, who smiled back, not, she saw at last, with derision, but with a cheeky mixture of pleasure and admiration.

Seated at a small booth in the coffee-shop, Miss Perkins sipped gratefully at the scalding

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Louise smiled happily as Miss Perkins said: "What a beautiful dress you are wearing today."

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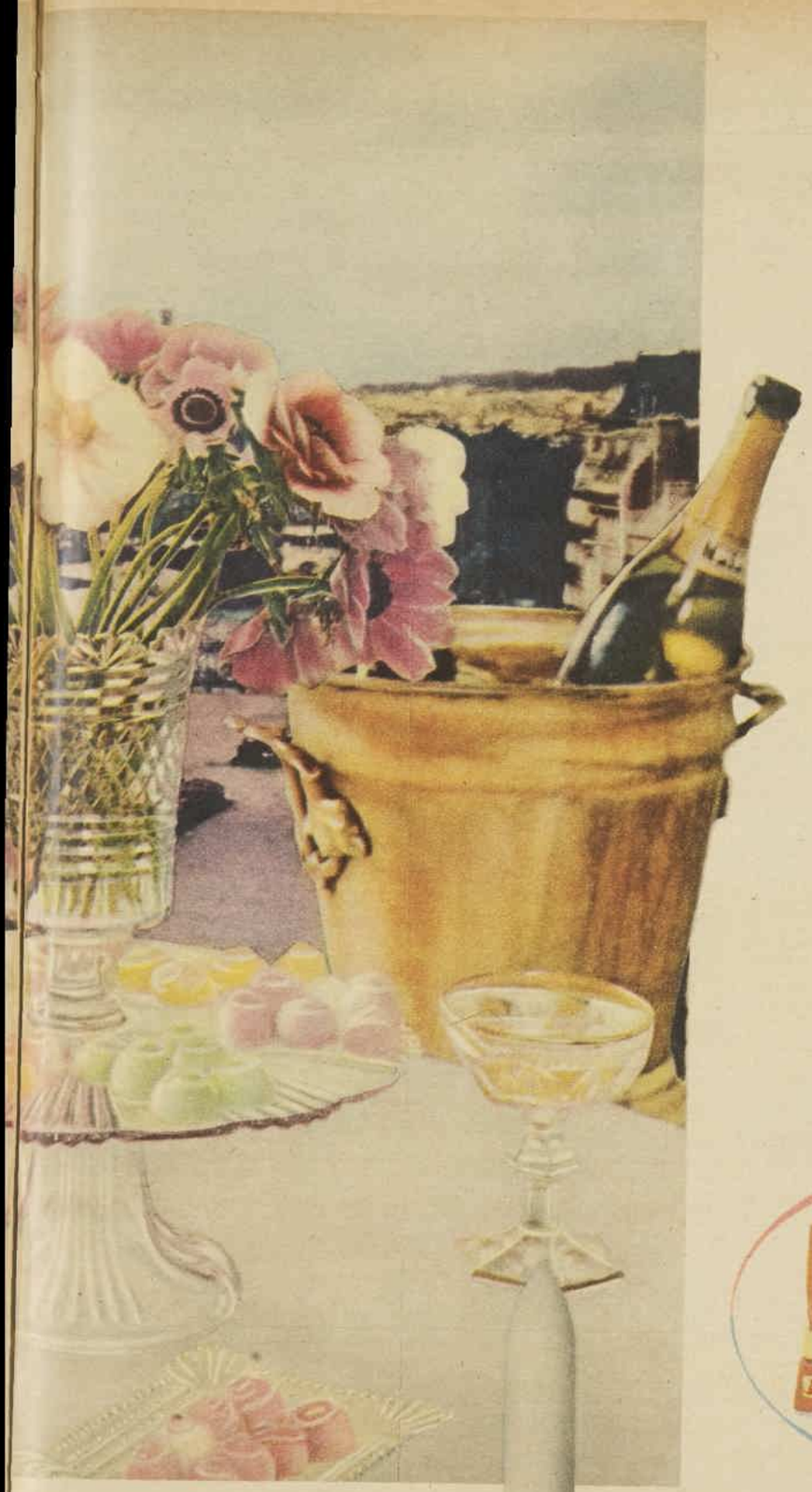
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5259

turning them over and searching among them in a desultory sort of way.

He had wanted his brother Peter to come with him and fish for yabbies in the waterhole, but Peter was ten and very much taken up with the idea that he was his father's lieutenant, and he'd offered instead to help with the wiring of the new chicken yard.

Tim had brought his net and some pieces of raw meat with him and had plopped them into the water on the ends of some pieces of string. But he didn't expect any return for this largesse. For some reason you never caught anything when you went fishing alone. The dry sides of the creek-bank were pocked with yabby holes which he knew led down through the dry earth to waterlogged clay at the bottom.

He imagined the yabbies waiting down there in the dark, with their armor-plated tails tucked under them and their claws folded over their snouts, for rain to bring food and water back into the pool.

He'd tried poking a piece of wire down to disturb their dreams, but the holes were too deep and had too many curves in them.

Then he'd started searching among the stones, remembering how Charlie Rush had told them a man would often pick up a nugget of gold as big as his fist in the bed of a creek. But the stones were all brown or a steely sort of grey, so that must have been just another of the in-the-old-days stories they were always telling.

All the same, while he looked it was rather fun to think what he'd do with the money. He'd buy two horses, one for himself and one for Peter, and give the rest of the money to his father to pay for feed. They couldn't have any animals on the place that didn't work for their living, that was the trouble. Jim Harvey had tried to explain it to his two eldest sons. "If we want to make a go of it, we've got to put everything we make back into the place for the next ten years," he said.

To Peter this explanation made some sort of sense; but for Tim, who only listened for a while and who liked to think in images, it raised a comical picture of them watering the vegetable garden with buckets of milk and ploughing the fleeces back into the soil like stubble.

With one of the stones which had proved itself barren of gold he began writing his name —Timothy Halstead Harvey— on a rock in the bed of the creek, but he ran out of rock before he'd finished it and contented himself with scrawling his name backwards—M-I-T— across what he'd already written. This was a trick he'd learned from his brother Peter, who, being the eldest, had lived in the days when his parents thought they could talk privately in front of a child by spelling things.

When Peter had gone to school and developed some prowess he'd taken to larding his conversation with words spelled backwards. For some reason this irritated the others, but Tim thought it a clever idea that added to the charm of his brother's conversation.

It was while he still had the stone in his hand that, from the side of his eye, he saw something move near the waterhole. Thinking it was a rabbit he crept towards it, keeping down out of sight as he went forward. Just as he raised his arm to fling the stone he saw that it was some animal quite unlike any animal he'd ever seen before. He was so excited that it was a second or two before he realised it was a cat, some curious kind of cat—perhaps a wild one?

She was sitting close to the water and she hadn't heard him. She must have been drinking, and now she was licking her paw and cleaning her face with it. When he moved

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 17

to try to get closer to her her head came up sharply and she sat watching him with her paw still held curved at the level of her chest.

He came out from behind the rock and moved away from the waterhole, taking a wide circle around it which would bring him to where she was, where the farm animals, coming down to drink, had broken the bank and flattened it down to the level of the water. The cat put her forepaw down to the ground and turned her head to watch him without moving her body. There was something around her neck, something which, in the sunlight, gave off flashes of red and green and silver.

When he'd come as close to her as he dared he stood still. He was trembling, but he didn't notice it. The only feeling he had was that he'd found something more beautiful than anyone else had ever found, anywhere, and that he must be very careful, or he might lose it. Something — it might have been the jewelled collar around her neck — made him feel that she wasn't quite real, and prevented him from speaking to her.

The cat had got up now, and when she moved she walked in a half crouch, warily. But he noticed that she wasn't really going away from him; she too was taking a wide circle that would bring her closer to him in the end, if she dared.

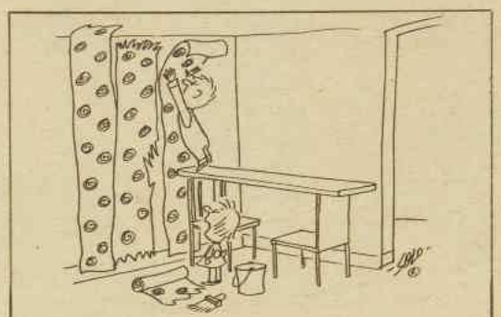
Cautiously he lowered himself to his heels, and then slid down so that he was lying propped on his elbows.

The cat was still circling, so slowly and silently that she made no sound on the twigs and leaves strewn on the ground. Tim put his head down, so that he could watch her through the arch made by his armpit.

When she was only a foot or two from his feet, she stopped and turned away and lifted her head to snuff at the air in the direction from which he had come. It was when she turned back towards him that he suddenly saw her eyes and gasped. She couldn't be true, she couldn't! Her eyes were like grapes—big grapes—and they were deep blue, royal-blue, like the ink in his Christmas ballpoint.

Delicately, in slow motion, the cat advanced to his foot, sniffed carefully one by one at his bare toes, arched herself, and rubbed on the air an inch or two away from the calf of his leg, and then miaowed at him in a low, coarse, complaining voice that went so ill with her delicate appearance that he rolled over and sat up, facing her.

The movement startled her and she jumped away, but then she faced back towards him and miaowed again.



"Mother will probably be pleased—you never can tell about parents, though . . ."

"Have you got a sore throat?" Tim asked her, speaking quietly. Her noise was so low, so rusty, and so unlike the high cry of Black Mac, the farm cat, that he thought it must be a sign of singular distress.

When he spoke, the cat answered him in a different voice, saying a word that spelt itself quite clearly in his mind as mrrr-r. He tried to get her to come right to him by flipping his fingers, but she dodged his hand and again rubbed herself on the air an inch from his body.

When he tried to stroke her, she flattened herself, first her shoulders and then her hindquarters, so that his hand followed the shape of her body in a caress cushioned by an inch of air. The way they were both nearly touching each other made Tim laugh, and the cat answered the sound of his laugh with a long guttural complaint that convinced him that she was hungry.

TIM felt in his pockets, but his shorts had been clean that morning and there was nothing, not even any biscuit-crumbs. Then he remembered the raw meat he had tied on to lengths of string and thrown in the water as a lure for the yabbies. He jumped up quickly to get it and then looked back, afraid to go even those few yards in case the cat disappeared; but she was following him. He untied the first string from the bough around which he had knotted it, but when he tried to pull up the meat it was held firmly. So there were yabbies in the pool, after all, and they'd dragged the bait down under a rock at the bottom. He jerked at it, and the string broke somewhere under the water, and came up empty.

The cat followed him when he went to pull the second string, and when the grey, water-soaked piece of meat came up on to the bank at the end of its string she pounced on it and began to eat it at once. When he tried to stop her, because he was afraid she'd swallow it whole and he'd be left holding a yard of string attached to a lump of meat in her stomach, she growled, flattened her ears, and pinned his hand to the ground with one of her forepaws.

He was frightened to grapple with her, not so much because of her threat but because, with her jewelled collar and eyes, she seemed to him to have a sort of enchanted beauty; but he thought that a yard of string might cause trouble in any stomach, so he pressed on the angles of her jaw with his free hand.

She released the hand she'd pinned with her paw and struck up at the hand that was holding her jaw, but though he'd expected to be scratched, he found that she had her claws sheathed.

When he increased the pressure she opened her teeth so that he could jerk the meat and the string away, and it flew up over his shoulder and flopped wetly against his back. The cat yowled angrily when she found she'd lost the meat, but he quickly untied it and put it down in front of her.

By the time he'd moved round the pool to the third and last string she'd swallowed the meat and had run to stand beside him, eagerly watching. This time he jerked the meat quickly out of the water and the cat jumped almost to the level of his shoulder, turning in the air and striking at it with her claws. When she found she couldn't get it that way she sat down and watched while he untied it, and accepted it from him with a small miaow when he offered it.

He knew that she was still hungry and that the only place he could get food for her was at the house, but there were problems, and he sat down to think them out. This time the cat came closer to rub against him, so that he felt the ends of her hairs brushing the bare skin of his arm.

First, if he took her home there'd be trouble with his father. They had one cat already, charged with the job of keeping down mice and rats in the barn and the sheds; second, he was quite sure the cat was a female, and not only because she was wearing jewels in her hair. And then there was the collar itself.

It seemed to him that a cat that wore a collar must have an owner, and a cat that wore a collar studded with precious jewels might easily belong to a millionaire or a prince. He thought if he took off the collar and hid it he could take the cat home and perhaps persuade his mother that there was a poor little stray with no home of its own.

He picked the cat quickly up and held her between his knees so that he could unbuckle the collar, and when she stiffened herself and looked up into his face the blue splendor of the wide eyes in her little pointed brown face gave him so strange a feeling inside his chest that he knew he'd have to hide her, that he couldn't risk losing her.

.

At the back of the sheds and facing away from the house there was a small room where they'd kept the harness before the tractor had been bought to take over the work from the horses. Now there was nothing in it except Rowley's harness, his father's saddle and bridle and two derelict cart collars hanging from the racks with their padding torn and their stuffing spilling out.

The floor was made of brick worn into dips and depressions and the window was covered outside with wire-netting and inside with festoons of abandoned cobwebs shrouded in dust and pieces of dangling hay.

The little cat had settled into it quite happily as soon as he'd

To page 47

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Christmas cheer arrives with...

ETA GIFT PACKS



ETA
FIESTA GOBLET

Filled to the sparkling brim with your favourite varieties of ETA Nuts. Enjoy the nuts now—afterwards serve cocktails or cool drinks in the gay Fiesta Goblets. Choose from 12 varieties of ETA nuts in Fiesta Goblets.





ETA COMPOSITE CARTON
Three gay packs of fresh, crunchy ETA nut varieties.

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1 lb. jar ETA Salted Cashews
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2 lb. jar ETA Nut Beams
1 lb. jar ETA Scorched Almonds
1 lb. jar ETA Sugar Coated Peanuts
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Big, gleaming jars filled to the brim with all your favourite ETA Nuts. Each jar contains a free transfer label.



UTILITY **ETA** GIFT PACK
Three big canisters crammed full of ETA nuts. Afterwards they brighten up the kitchen, hold sugar, salt, tea or biscuits. You'll want a whole set of these attractive canisters.

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CHRISTMAS STOCKING



Make it the gayest Christmas of all; give a nut-packed Christmas stocking to hang at the end of your child's bed.

ETA NUT BONS

Gay Nut Bons that give each person a different packet of crunchy ETA Nuts. They'll really brighten up the Christmas dinner table.





ETA
PARTY PACK
Three colourful, anodised aluminium tumblers that are just right for family use, for serving drinks hot or cold. Best of all, they're filled with delicious ETA Nuts.

ETA
BARBECUE TRAY
A wonderfully gay gift for your friends. When all the crunchy ETA Nuts are finished, use the spillproof tray and tumblers to serve party drinks.



ETA Perfect Christmas Gifts!

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Finally! Freedom from perspiration break-through!

'Hi and Dri' instantly stops odor! Ends worry of perspiration stains! Ensures 24-hour protection! It's the roll-on deodorant created for a woman's special needs; the result of everything Revlon knows about women and science. You'll love it!



13/6

new! Revlon

'Hi and Dri'

The roll-on deodorant made just for women!

LETTER BOX

● *We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.*

Developing a race of sheep

IT seems we are becoming a race of "followers," incapable of deciding anything for ourselves. There are marriage-guidance clinics, where others tell us how to re-shape or mend a breaking marriage. In schools there is the threat to individualism, with the same children always setting the pace in games, and being left in charge of the class to report misdoings to teacher (and how some little devils love this.) I understand a Queensland store now has young students on the staff to tell teenagers how to choose suitable clothes. But the last straw was a letter in a magazine recently — from a mother asking for suggestions for a name for her baby!

£1/1/- to "It Seems" (name supplied), Goomeri, Qld.

Stringing along

I CAN'T understand mothers who go shopping with small children on leather leashes. Children are not puppies.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Wilson, Vulture St., South Brisbane.

Goodwill ruled out

MY schoolgirl daughter was recently charged 6d. for a wooden ruler, which is wobbly edged, splintery, and utterly useless. If this is the sort of rubbish Australian manufacturers are turning out, no wonder the threat of Japanese goods looms so strongly.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. W. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

Holiday racket

EXCESSIVE prices charged by hotels and guest-houses during Christmas and holiday periods should be curbed by law. Patrons do not receive one iota of extra service and the meals and the accommodation are not any better than at other times. The excuse that the tariff is raised to meet the cost of additional staff is offset by the fact that more guests are in residence to pay the wages bill. If winter rates cover running expenses, surely they suffice for the summer, too, when food, cleaning materials, and laundry charges are no dearer.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Jukes, Armadale, Vic.

Marriage loans . . .

● ***Readers rushed to answer Miss K. Bird, who suggested in our issue of November 4 that child endowment be replaced by marriage loans to young couples, and the loan reduced with the birth of each child. Here are some of their comments:***

THE marriage loans advocated by Miss Bird would mean a steep increase in taxation, and we'd all have to help foot the bill. Also, to abolish child endowment to make these loans to newlyweds would be a grave injustice to couples with children. I admit young people who marry on nothing but vague hopes for things to be better later on have a poor foundation. But most of them earn good money these days, and so they should save, and give themselves a fair start in marriage.

£1/1/- to Annie E. Biddlecomb, Crows Nest, N.S.W.

ABOLISHING child endowment would bring great hardship to many families. Without endowment to help with education and clothing expenses, particularly as children grow older, mothers would have a difficult task. Young people have more chance of saving towards a home before they are married.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Korz, Uralla, N.S.W.

MUST there be money as an incentive for young couples to have children? Surely money plays a large enough part in our lives without it also being used as a bribe for increasing the population.

£1/1/- to "We're Not Rabbits" (name supplied), Bassendean, N.S.W.

I THINK such marriage loans would benefit parasites in the community rather than deserving couples. Single men would be tempted to marry to get a home the easy way. Furthermore, married women may be inclined to increase their families not so much because of a love for children but to reduce rent payments.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. Jamieson, Camp Hill, Brisbane.

I WHOLEHEARTEDLY agree with Miss Bird that loans to newlyweds should replace endowment as a means of building up our population instead of having to bring out migrants.

£1/1/- to D. Stace, Armidale, N.S.W.

Already numbered

I'D like to point out to Mrs. Gorman, who suggested motor-mowers should be numbered to prevent theft (11/11/59), that all engines ARE numbered by the makers. When a mower is purchased it's advisable to check the engine number, which is stamped on the crankcase, and have it put on your receipt.

£1/1/- to "Motor-Mower" (name supplied), Healesville, Vic.

A canny giver

EVERY Christmas and birthday my mother gives Dad a large packet of cigarettes and a pair of nylon socks. What he doesn't know is that they are the same socks and cigarettes he has been receiving for the past four years! He thinks the others are still carefully put away.

£1/1/- to "Scot's Wife" (name supplied), Ballarat East, Vic.

Pointing the way

AS a shoe salesgirl, I would like to tell Mrs. E. Robinson, who condemned pointed-toe shoes (4/11/59), that till they came into fashion two years ago I had trouble getting shoes which fitted properly. Now I have no foot problems. The only reason some women find them uncomfortable is because 95 per cent. of them wear shoes that are too small. The pointed toe should extend beyond the foot without cramping the toes at all. I would also like to advise readers that it is worth paying a little extra to obtain well-made shoes. After all, your feet have to carry you round all your life.

£1/1/- to Miss E. Patterson, Box Hill, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

SHOPPING is one of the sports, like ice-hockey and spear-fishing, that I have never taken up seriously.

I don't get any pleasure from pottering around shops. When I make up my mind that I need a spanner I just go into a hardware shop and buy one.

The people who are sporting shoppers look down on this crude procedure. They will not buy a spanner until they have compared it with all the other spanners in town.

Our district has a shopper of championship class in Mrs. Hotchkiss. If you want to go in for this pastime, you could not do better than study her methods.

An impressive thing about Mrs. Hotchkiss is her vast knowledge of the big stores. She never has to listen to the lift-driver to find out where things are.

If she wants to see some flannelette at Anthony Foymer's, she goes straight to the third floor, then along to the third counter on the right.

Mrs. Hotchkiss is as skilled at hunting bargains as Annie Oakley was at hunting rabbits.

Say Nockley and Bunce are offering pillow-slips at 8/11, marked down from 10/6. Other women might snap up a pair on sight; but not Mrs. H.

SHOP TALK

One hawk-eyed glance at the 8/11 pillow-slips and she mutters: "They've got the same things at Pottle Brothers for 8/9."

But she does not go off at once to Pottle Brothers. Being a sporting



shopper, she takes as long as possible to make every purchase.

Once she took 2½ days to buy a singlet for her son Des.

Actually Mrs. Hotchkiss never says she is going to buy anything, only that she is going to look at it.

She rings her friend Mrs. Watney, who usually accompanies her, and says: "I thought we might have a look at that lampshade material that McDills are advertising. Do you think you could get into town today?"

The lampshade material is of poor quality. ("You could shoot peas through it," Mrs. Hotchkiss remarks.) However, they decide to go to Wopgoods and look at some three-quarter sheets.

After a break for lunch at the Waratah Cafe, they spend a couple of hours trying on hats, pricing crockery, and looking at little dresses. The garments they look at are always said to be little, even when they are XOS.

Mrs. Watney suggests that they look at the table-mats at Gumbley's. Her friend replies: "It's no use trying to buy table-mats at Gumbley's, they're no good. We might try that little place in the arcade."

The outcome of the day's sport is that Mrs. Hotchkiss buys a mincer for 1/9 less than she would have paid at the local hardware store.

We haven't all got the time or stamina for that kind of shopping, but we benefit from it. Shoppers like Mrs. Hotchkiss keep firms like Nockley and Bunce on their toes. Good luck to her! I think I'll ask her to buy my next spanner.

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Holiday in Venice

● Mrs. Brian Fitzgerald, of Shepparton, Victoria, won a holiday in Venice for two in a competition conducted in our advertising columns by the Venetian Blinds Manufacturers' Federation of Australia this year. Mrs. Fitzgerald, mother of eight children, was accompanied by her husband, a G.P.O. divisional engineer.



MARY AND BRIAN FITZGERALD ride in a gondola during their first-prize winning trip to Venice. It was Mary's special use of venetian blinds that won her the trip.



TERRACE of St. Mark's Church above the famous square provides vantage point for the Fitzgeralds. Behind them, on the column, is the Lion of St. Mark.



FATIGUE overcomes the Fitzgeralds at the end of a day's sightseeing. They had walked miles through the narrow alleys.

FIT FOR AN EMPRESS

● The cardigan worn by Farah Diba — the 21-year-old student who is to marry the Shah of Persia — in the picture below, which we published recently, caused so much favorable comment that we decided to give the pattern for it so that you can make one for yourself.



LONG - LINE cardigan with cable panels worn by Farah Diba as she arrived in Paris recently to buy her trousseau.

Materials: 22 (B-24) balls Patons "Swiftaknit" wool; 1 pair No. 9 needles; cable needle; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 32-34 (B-34-36) in.; length from top of shoulder, 29in.; sleeve seam, 18in.

Tension: 13½ sts. to 2in.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 71 (B-75) sts.

1st Row: * P 1, k 1 t.b.l.; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 1, k 1 t.b.l.; rep. from * to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 2in., ending on 2nd row.

1st Row: K 26 (B-30), p 2, k 9, p 2, k 19, (p 1, k 1 t.b.l.) 6 times, k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1 t.b.l.) 6 times, p 19, k 2, p 9, k 2, p 26 (B-30).

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 4 times.

**** 11th Row:** K 26 (B-30), p 2, sl. first 3 sts. on to cable needle and leave at back of work, k next 3 sts., bring cable needle to the front of work and leave it there, k the following 3 sts., then k 3 sts. from cable needle—this will be referred to as "Cable 9" throughout—p 2, k 19, rib 13.

12th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 6 times. **

Rep. from ** to ** throughout.

Work straight for 21¼in. from cast-on edge (or length required).

To shape armhole: Cast off 6 (B-8) sts., then dec. once at same edge every row 6 times. Work straight until armhole measures 5in. on the straight.

To shape neck: Sl. 13 border sts. on to st.-holder, cast off 3 sts. first, then dec. once at neck edge every row 6 times. Work even until armhole measures 7½in.

To shape shoulder: Cast off 12 sts. twice and 14 sts. once from armhole edge.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, reversing border and shapings and making 7 buttonholes in border thus: Rib 6, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

On next row cast on 2 sts over those cast off in previous row.

Make 1st buttonhole 1in. from cast-on edge, then 6 more 3½in. apart.

BACK

Cast on 130 (B-138) sts. and work in rib as for front for 2in.

1st Row: K 26 (B-30), p 2, k 9, p 2, k 52, p 2, k 9, p 2, k 26 (B-30).

2nd Row: P 26 (B-30), k 2, p 9, k 2, p 52, k 2, p 9, k 2 p 26 (B-30).

Rep. last 2 rows 4 times. Next row work cable pattern as directed for front and continue in this way to armholes.

To shape armholes: Cast off 6 (B-8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end every row 6 times.

Work even until armholes match front.

To shape shoulders: Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, then 14 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Cast on 64 (B-72) sts. and work in rib as directed for front for 2in., dec. once at end of last row.

1st Row: K 25 (B-29), p 2, k 9, p 2, k 25 (B-29).

2nd Row: P 25 (B-29), k 2, p 9, k 2, p 25 (B-29).

Continue in this way, working the cable panel in centre of sleeve and increasing once each end of the 5th and every following 8th row until there are 93 (B-101) sts.

Work even until sleeve measures 18in. (or length required) on the straight. Shape top by casting off 4 sts. at beg of next 2 rows, then k 2 tog. each end of every alternate row until top of sleeve measures 7½in. on the straight. Cast off rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, seam to seam.

NECKBAND

Transfer border sts. of right front to needle and with this same needle pick up every st. round neck edge and rem. 13 sts. of left front. Work 2in. in rib, making 8th buttonhole in centre. Cast off in rib. Press garment. Sew on buttons.



Very young skins need **NIVEA** **MOISTURISING** *care*

Summer heat and hot winds dry out very young skins, too. Natural health-giving oils and beauty-making moisture are lost, leaving skin tender and rough. For a lovely skin in later years, young skins should be protected by regular use of Nivea. Nivea contains Eucerite, the nearest thing to your skin's natural oils. Nivea replaces both oils and moisture, because Eucerite absorbs moisture and carries it deep into your skin where it is of the greatest benefit.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Skin Oil in bottles.



SKIN needs NIVEA

the moisturising cream

Sunbake safely with **NIVEA sunfilta**



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Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

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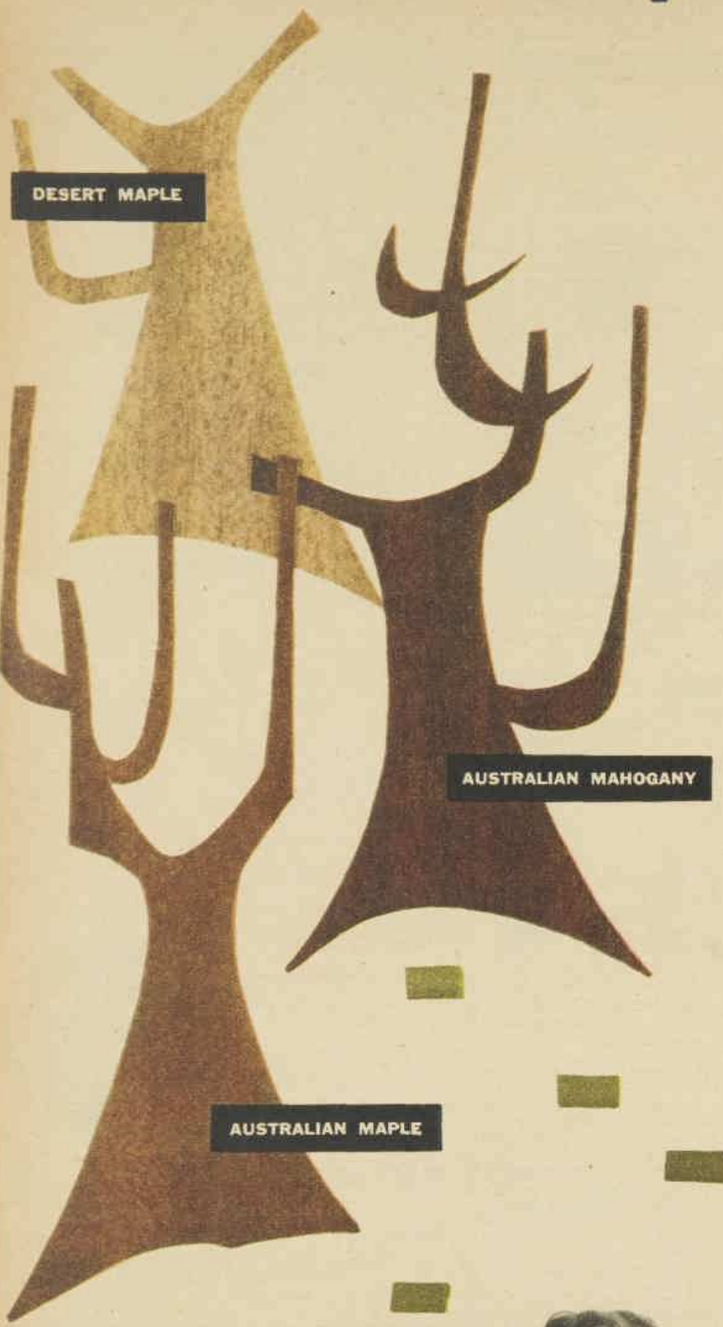
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Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

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See Laminex Australian Mahogany, Queensland Silver Ash, Ribbon Walnut, Desert Maple and Australian Maple in your choice of three different finishes — high gloss, furniture (semi-gloss) and satin matt. You'll be as thrilled as we are. Would you like a sample? Write, stating pattern and finish preferred, to A.C.I. Sales Pty. Ltd., 420 Spencer Street, Melbourne.

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WORTH REPORTING

YES, everybody, there IS a Santa Claus.

We know because we've seen him. We watched his triumphant arrival at a downtown Sydney store.

The city had been waterskied all morning.

But the sun shone for Santa and hundreds and hundreds of people (mostly little people) were there to greet him.

They were jostling and jumping up and down and saying, "Mummy, I can't SEE."

An accordionist was playing "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town" when he arrived—in a truck - cum - sleigh festooned with streamers and balloons and tinsel and bells.

It was driven by a huntsman, red coat and all.

The sleigh stopped. Everyone cheered. Santa — plus entourage of six fairies in pink tulle — hopped out, staggered slightly with his heavy-looking big red sack.

Now we're getting to the exciting part.

Santa shook hands with lots of the children. Then he saw us. And he came over and shook OUR hand.

Honestly, we were speechless.

And that really was sad. For we'd been practising our lines all morning:

"Please, we wanna mink coat, 'n' a diamond bracelet, 'n' a penthouse, 'n' a Balenciaga dress . . ."

★ ★ ★

THIS party was fun. We were enjoying ourselves. And we were wearing our favorite hat: A tiny Dior-type pillbox about an inch high and five inches across.

Which really was tres chic in any woman's language.

But then a man wandered up to us and remarked pleasantly, "May I say that's the silliest hat I've ever seen?"

We blushed. "Why, thank you," we said. "We like it, too."

He looked bewildered.

To sum up: Men still don't understand women.



SANTA CLAUS . . . he came to town and really left us speechless.

MEMBERS of the Guinea Pig Club — R.A.F. men who underwent plastic-surgery operations during the war — recently elected Ava Gardner as the girl from whom they would most like to have skin grafts.

★ ★ ★

Touched with country life

IN a city it's easy enough to keep "yourself to yourself," according to English farmer Hugh Barrett.

But it's different in a village.

"You either have to stand apart from village life or you are in it up to the neck," he said.

When Mr. Barrett first moved to the country, he wasn't very skilled and his ploughing got behind schedule.

Then a neighbor came along and offered to lend some equipment that would help him catch up.

Frankly, Mr. B. was touched by this kind action.

And, he says, the thoughtful neighbor has been touching him ever since.

"At the moment," Mr. Barrett remarked ruefully, "he's got my tractor and trailer, four hoes, a young boar, an incubator, a textbook on turkey-fattening, and the garden roller."

He was fit to be tied!

WE wandered into one of Adelaide's biggest department stores the other day to buy a tie for a friend.

Standing in rapt contemplation at the tie counter, we suddenly heard a Sort of Moan from a man standing beside us.

"I hate buying ties," he muttered.

"What do you think of this one? Can I wear it with a blue suit? Or with a grey suit?"

We said, rather diffidently, that we thought men hated women buying ties for them.

"We do," he said morosely.

"But we can always blame them if a tie isn't right. When a man buys one for himself and he can't wear it with most of his suits, he has only himself to blame."

Oh, really. MEN!

WANTED: a prize play

HAVE you ever said: "I'd write a book (or a play) — if I only had the time"? Well, ma'am, that time has come.

Yes, indeed. Because the Fellowship of Australian Writers is offering a prize of 100 guineas for the best TV play written by a woman resident in Australia.

Entries must be submitted to the Fellowship before January 15, 1960.

So there you are. Once more unto the — uh — typewriters, dear friends.

You can write about love. You can write a comedy. Or a mystery — but NO murder or killings, please.

And your entry can be an hour-long play or a story (not more than 8000 words) that's suitable for a TV play.

There are no entry forms. Just sign the manuscript and send it off to the Fellowship of Australian Writers, Box 3448, G.P.O., Sydney.

Mmmmmm. A hundred guineas. Well, if you'll excuse us now . . .

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To make from a pattern

Two summer success dresses designed for parties ahead. Make one, or both, from an easy-to-follow pattern. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





5547.—One-piece party dress with large sleeves. Sleeves are an important new trend in formal fashions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5¼yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5548.—Chiffon in a delicate flower print is our material choice for the belted one-piece dress (above). The design would look equally well in any sheer fabric—plain or printed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/6.

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Gemey Fluid Make-Up is *different*. It's a *complete* make-up; smooth, easily applied, and wonderfully refreshing because it contains an essential moisturiser to keep skin soft and *naturally radiant*.

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DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• The two-piece maternity suit illustrated here was chosen in reply to the reader's letter below. The design is suitable for cotton, linen, or silk.

HERE is the reader's letter and my reply:

"My problem is a design for a maternity outfit suitable for navy-blue taffeta. I have 4½yds. of the navy, about ¼yd. of lighter blue for a trimming, and six very nice shilling-size gold buttons. I intend wearing the ensemble to a pre-autumn five o'clock party."

Your request-design for a maternity suit is shown at right. The jacket has contrast material bands accenting the lantern-type sleeves, plus six gilt buttons. The slim skirt is designed for expansion. Made in cotton or linen, the suit would be practical and attractive to wear right now. A paper pattern for a design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.



DS381. Maternity suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WOULD you suggest a design and color for a shantung summer suit and a contrasting blouse? I prefer fairly subdued shades. My size is 35½in. bust, 26in. waist, and 38in. hips.

My suggestion is a short jacket, approximately just below waist-length, finished with elbow-length uncuffed sleeves, and an "open" neckline with rather wide revers and collar. Have the skirt slim and finished with trouser pleats. Wear the suit with a blouse designed with a low V-neckline, finished with scarf ends. Color suggestion—navy-blue for the suit, and navy-and-white coin-spotted silk for the blouse. Have the jacket lining matched to the blouse fabric.

"WOULD you please tell me the correct attire for a widow to wear for her second marriage?"

The ensemble, or dress, you wear depends on the time of day the wedding takes place. There is a wide choice of materials and styles for the occasion. The selection ranges from dressy suits to formal afternoon or informal evening effects. Further, instead of being limited to traditional white or cream, you can choose your most flattering color.

"WHAT color and style would you advise me to choose for a woollen summer coat to wear on chilly days? Most of my clothes are in pastel tones. I like many of the French styles lately featured in The Australian Women's Weekly."

My color suggestion is white or creamy beige. A roomy wide-topped design with three-quarter dolman sleeves would be new and chic. A coat in this category is adapted from styles by Balenciaga and Givenchy.

"I HAVE a fur stole I would like to have renovated for next autumn. Parts of the pelts are in good order, but there would not be sufficient to make anything very big."

Why not a fur cravat? This is fashion's "fill-in" for the neckline of next year's suit.

"I HAVE made myself a suit in raspberry-red linen and now would like your advice about material and color for a blouse. The jacket is quite short with a collarless neckline and the skirt is finished with trouser pleats."

I suggest a blouse in a flower-printed cotton; choose a print with raspberry and pale pink as the dominant colors. Have the blouse perfectly plain, front-buttoned in self-material, and finished with a hood. The hood can be worn thrown back outside the jacket. The effect will be of a pretty soft collar.

• *Beauty in Brief:* PICK-UP FOR FEET

By CAROLYN EARLE

• If you plan to step into summer with better-looking feet, the quicker you make an appointment with a chiropodist the better.

A PEDICURE works wonders for hard-used feet.

Afterwards, keep your toenails trimmed across, never down, at the corners, and smooth horny nails with a fine emery board. A suitable cream or lotion used in conjunction with these attentions will quickly smooth flaky heel bumps.

Make a point of bathing your feet once a day or more often. After drying, dust them with foot-powder, boracic, or even baking-soda.

If your feet get hot and clammy, use a foot lotion, and, if necessary, a good deodorant powder. For a quick foot reviver—after a spell of shopping, for example—put a handful of Epsom-salt in a few inches of water and let your feet soak.

An alcohol rub is, of course, superb for tired or aching feet.

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Gay decorations with the Christmas spirit

● Combine traditional motifs with original ideas when you decorate your house this Christmas. Festive groupings are shown here, overleaf, and on pages 49 and 50, with directions for making the more unusual pieces.



CHRISTMAS STOCKING (above) is cut from two pieces of felt sewn together with blanket-stitch. Hang one on the wall on a picture hook and spill out pretty baubles and small trinkets from the top.



BAUBLES with a difference (above) for a Christmas tree or mobile. These are made from felt and embroidered with silks and sequins. Full directions and diagrams for making are given overleaf.

BRANCHES of spruce and Christmas angels frame a festive doorway (right). The arrangement, by Mrs. Richard Stranger, of Sydney, was exhibited in aid of the Forest Lodge Day Nursery, N.S.W.





TRIO of artificial Christmas trees (right) makes an interesting table group for elegantly simple furniture. For a one-occasion decoration the red lampshade could be copied in stiff red paper or cardboard.

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the easy, Richard Hudnut way



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YOU NEEDN'T EVEN SHAMPOO FIRST! You can give yourself a perfect Richard Hudnut home permanent *even without washing your hair first!* You can shampoo afterwards, instead of rinsing, so that your new coiffure is fragrant and *extra* nice to be near.

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For easy-to-wave hair — *RED BOX.* For hard-to-wave hair—*GREEN BOX.* Both will give one 40-curl perm or two 20-curl perms, one now . . . one later.

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AND FOR SMART END-CURL STYLES
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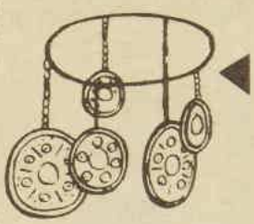
Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time . . . which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions!
9/- box

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NEW DESIGNS...

● Here are the directions and diagrams for making the Christmas decorations shown hanging from the silver branches in the color picture on previous page. These charming trifles are made of scraps of felt or silk, enhanced with hand embroidery, sequins, and beads.

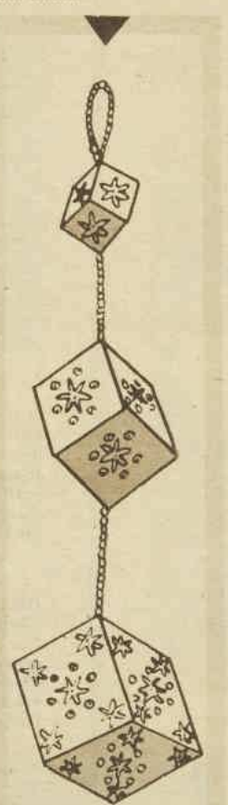
All these designs are from "Toys for Your Delight," by Winsome Douglass. Publishers, Mills and Boon Ltd.



CUBES
(Diagram below)

Make a series of cubes of different sizes, starting with a small one. You will need 6 sides for each cube. Cut squares of cartridge paper, cover 2 sides with white, 2 with yellow, and 2 with blue fabric. Make certain the corners are straight, then decorate each side with sequins and beads. Sew up the sides of the cubes with fine white thread and oversewing, having the same colored sides opposite to each other. Leave an opening for stuffing.

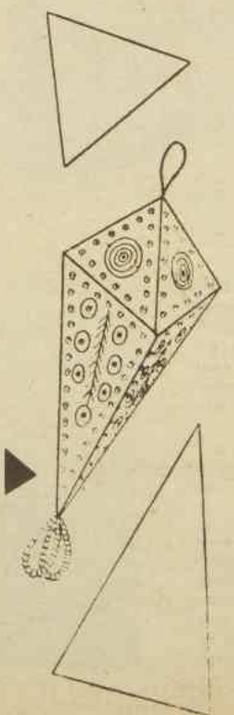
Stuff firmly, but not tightly enough to make the shapes bulge, then stitch up opening. Fasten the 3 cubes together from the corners with strings of small white beads. The cubes can, of course, be used as separate motifs.



CONE-STAR
(Diagram at right)

In this star each point is a hollow cone lined with a different color. Cut 10 cone shapes —5 a little smaller all the way round. Cover 5 with white and 5 with red taffeta or some thin fabric. Sew up white ones on right side and red ones on wrong side. Decorate white cones with turquoise sequins — perhaps a line of them on both sides. Then place red linings inside white outsides and sew round base.

Next make a small ring of millinery wire and cover with white stranded cotton—use the full 6 strands. Then very carefully sew on the cones—attaching them by each side of base. Make string of gold beads from the top of one cone for hanger. Be careful to get points of this star spaced evenly. A single cone looks attractive hanging with point down, and any number can be used round a circle.

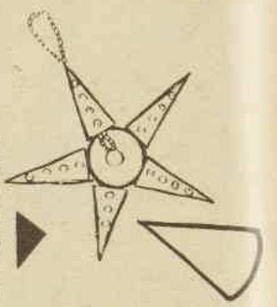


LONG TRIANGLE
(Diagram at right)

Cut 4 equilateral triangle shapes from cartridge paper. Then cut out 4 long triangle shapes with the base equal in measurement with the first ones. Cover all shapes with red taffeta. Decorate the pieces, then sew them together, the 4 small triangles for top and the 4 long ones for bottom. Then join the 2 sections, leaving an opening for stuffing. Stuff shape carefully and finish off with 2 loops of white beads at bottom and one at top for hanging.

DISCS
(Diagram at left)

Cut circular discs of various sizes from cartridge paper, by drawing round a tumbler, penny, or any other circular object as a guide. Cover the discs with fabric. Sew on sequins, beads, etc. Seam 2 discs neatly together round the edges. The ones in the color photograph on previous page have white taffeta on one side with red poplin on the other. Sew a silver cord round the edge. Tie each disc on to a string of beads, each a different length, and stitch them on to a small circle of millinery wire covered with red stranded cotton.

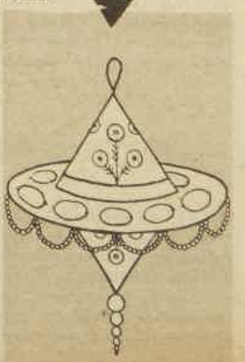


CIRCLE-CONES
(Diagram below)

This is a combination of flat motif and rounded motif. It is a cirlcle with cones on either side. The circle can be drawn to any size. The one in the diagram is 3½in. in diameter with cones 2in. in diameter.

Cover 2 paper circles with white taffeta and 2 cone shapes with cerise. Decorate circles and cone shapes. Stitch up cones with matching thread on right side and stuff them. Place each cone in centre of a circle and stitch firmly, tucking in all stuffing.

Cut circle of cartridge paper slightly smaller than the original ones. Place between the 2 sections, then seam round outer edges. Make small loop of silver beads at top of one cone and hang a string of 5 pearls from other cone. Then make loops of silver beads round outer edge of circle. The best way is to fasten your thread to edge of circle, slip a number of beads on to needle and make a stitch a little farther round the ring so threaded beads hang in loops. Repeat this right round.



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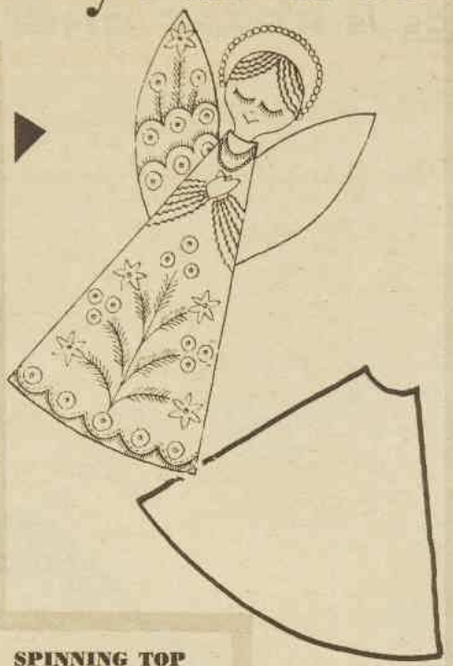
to adorn your tree

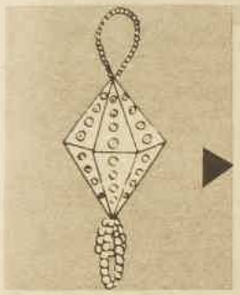
ANGEL
(Diagram at right)

Cut 2 cone shapes from cartridge paper. Cover both with pale blue silk and embroider the outer with rose-pink thread and silver sequins. Sew up back of each cone and place plain one inside embroidered one. Sew them together round top and bottom.

Cut 2 head shapes from the diagram, making the neck a little longer. Cover with pale blue silk. Work hair, downcast eyes and mouth in embroidery thread. Before sewing up head make halo of white beads threaded on a wire. Insert ends of wire between head pieces as you sew them together. Carefully stuff head. Place neck in top of cone and stitch in place.

Cut 4 wing shapes from cartridge paper. Cover each with pale blue silk. Decorate each piece with embroidery stitches and sequins. Seam wing sections together and sew into position on back of angel.





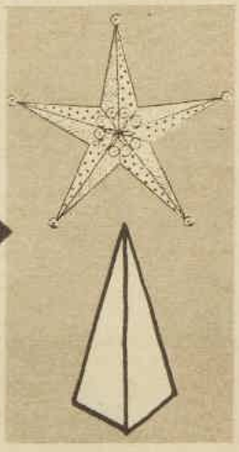
SPINNING TOP
(Diagram at left)

Cut 16 triangle shapes from cartridge paper. Cover 8 with yellow fabric and 8 with blue. The triangles are small, so use thin material. Decorate the shapes with sequins and beads. Stitch the pieces together in two halves of 8 each, alternately blue and yellow. Then put the halves together, leaving opening for stuffing. Stuff carefully down into the point, then sew up the opening. Make loop of gold beads for hanging and have 2 loops of red beads at bottom, one long and one short, to finish off the decoration.

STAR
(Diagram at right)

Cut 20 triangular shapes from cartridge paper. Cover the paper with fabric, making sure you have all the pieces the right way round. It is a good plan to place them in the star shape as you cover them. This makes them easier to assemble. Sew the pieces in pairs down the long side of the triangle on the wrong side of the fabric. (The star in the color picture on previous page has alternate sides of plain pink and grey and white stripes.)

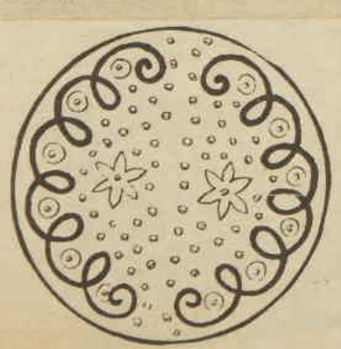
Then sew these pairs together along the short sides, tucking in all the surplus material. Do this to both sides of the star. Then sew them together on the outside, leaving a space open for stuffing. Be particularly careful at the points. Stuff carefully and sew up the opening. Decorate centre of star with a pearly star sequin surrounded with alternate silver and pink sequins. Sew 2 pink sequins on each point to finish off and have a string of pink glass beads for the hanging loop.

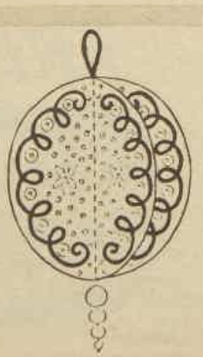


FOLDED CIRCLES
(Diagrams below)

Cut 4 circles from cartridge paper. Cover 2 with red fabric and 2 with pale blue. On each one embroider a design, add glass beads and sequins. Sew together the 2 blue circles, and then the 2 red ones. The edges can be finished with beads or cord, if you wish.

Place the two covered circles together exactly and sew with a stab-stitch right through directly down the middle. Then fold sections back so each stands at right angles to its neighbor. Make an additional stitch at top and bottom so they hold this position. Finish off with loop of silver beads at top and a drop of 4 or 5 medium-sized pearls at bottom.





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IT'S CANDY-MAKING TIME

To begin this Christmas gift-cookery section, we give recipes for that most acceptable of presents — candies

ON this page is a selection of recipes for sweets and confections that never lose their popularity with children and adults. Make a good supply for Christmas, either as gifts or to augment the Christmas party fare.

Successful sweetmaking is greatly assisted by the use of a candy thermometer, but if this is not available the following tests are used to judge the temperature of the boiling syrup.

Soft Ball: 236deg. F. to 240deg. F. Drop a little of the syrup into cold water. You should be able to mould it into a soft ball with your fingers.

Stiff or Firm Ball: 250deg. F. to 260deg. F. Test in same way as for soft ball, but syrup should roll into a firm, stiff ball.

Hard Crack or Brittle: 300deg. F. to 310deg. F. (for most toffees). Syrup is light brown in color and snaps and crackles when dropped into cold water.

Spoon measurements are level and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

One and two-thirds cups sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2-3rds. cup evaporated milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 1½ cups semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 1½ cups chopped marshmallows, 1½ cups chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Combine in saucepan the sugar, salt, evaporated milk, and butter. Bring to boil over low heat, stirring constantly; simmer 1 minute. Remove from heat, add chocolate pieces, marshmallows, walnuts, and vanilla. Beat until chocolate and marshmallows are melted (about 1 minute). Pour into greased shallow tin, cool until firm, and cut into squares.

GINGER CREAMS

Two cups sugar, ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon liquid glucose, ¼ cup chopped preserved ginger or crystallised ginger (washed free of sugar), few drops yellow food coloring.

Place sugar, milk, and glucose into saucepan. Stir occasionally until sugar dissolves, but do not stir after syrup has boiled. Boil to 236deg. F. or until teaspoonful of syrup dropped into cold water can be moulded with fingers into a soft ball. Remove from heat, pour into basin. Allow to stand until slightly cooled. Beat until beginning to thicken, fold in ginger and yellow coloring. When very thick press into greased tin. When quite cold and set, cut into squares.

Note: Cherry creams can be made in the same way, using pink coloring and chopped glace or maraschino cherries instead of ginger.

RAINBOW MARSHMALLOWS

Two ounces gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1¼ cups boiling water, 1 cup cold water, 2 teaspoons vanilla essence, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, red or green coloring, icing sugar.

Soak gelatine in cold water. Add sugar to boiling water, bring back to boiling point, stir in soaked gelatine, boil steadily 20 minutes. Allow to become lukewarm, flavor with vanilla and lemon juice. Beat until very thick and white. Pour one-third into another basin, add coloring. Pour half into greased tin, set quickly on ice. Pour in uncolored two-thirds of mixture; when firm add remainder of red mixture. (It may be necessary to stand bowl in warm water a few minutes if the small quantity has set.) When quite set, turn out on to greaseproof paper covered with sifted icing sugar. Cut into squares, toss in icing sugar.

COCONUT ROUGHS

One and a half pounds sugar, ½lb. liquid glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup coarsely shredded coconut, coloring.

Place sugar and glucose into saucepan, add water, stir with wooden spoon over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Place lid on a couple of minutes so steam will dissolve any sugar clinging to sides of saucepan. Boil steadily without stirring to 236deg. F. Pour into basin, allow to cool. Beat until beginning to whiten and thicken. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coconut, also coloring if desired. Using small fork, quickly pick up small portion at a time and place on waxed paper to set.

BUTTERSCOTCH ALMONDS

One and a half cups sugar, scant ¼ cup water, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon glucose, almonds.

Place sugar and glucose into saucepan, add water, and stir until sugar dissolves. Boil steadily to 238deg. F., add butter, and boil again until a little dropped into cold water snaps and crackles. It should be light honey color. Remove from heat, drop nuts in, lift out one at a time with small teaspoon, place on buttered paper to set.



SQUARES of delicious chocolate fudge wrapped in pieces of gaily colored festive paper or aluminium foil make an attractive, acceptable gift.

DATE FUDGE DROPS

Two dozen dates, 1 cup sugar, ¼ cup liquid glucose, ¼ cup water, 1 egg-white, ¾ cup chopped nuts and fruit.

Stone dates, cut in halves, place well apart on greased tray. Put sugar, glucose, and water in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until sugar is dissolved. Boil without stirring to 236deg. F. or until a little dropped in cold water hardens and cracks slightly. Do not allow syrup to over-cook. Meanwhile, beat egg-white stiffly, gradually pour in hot syrup, beat well. Fold in chopped nuts and fruit. Drop teaspoon at a time on dates, set aside to become firm.

CHERRY NOUGAT

One and a half pounds sugar, ½lb. liquid glucose, 6 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, 4oz. glace cherries, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds or walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar and glucose into saucepan, add water, stir with wooden spoon over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily to 240deg. F. Pour into basin. When cool but not cold, beat for 3 minutes, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, cherries, nuts, vanilla, and lemon juice. Continue beating until white and stiff. Press into greased bar-tin. When set, cut into blocks.



SURPRISE PACKETS (Illustrated above)

● Children will love these individually wrapped confections, which are just the thing to fill up the toes of their Christmas stockings or to hang on the family Christmas tree.

BE sure to wrap these surprise packets in gaily colored paper or glittering silver foil. Tie a ribbon around each little packet for an extra festive touch.

Here is the recipe:

Three cups puffed wheat, popped corn, rice, or cornflake cereal, 1oz. butter, 2 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons coconut, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon icing sugar, 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts.

Heat the honey and butter in a large saucepan, add all remaining ingredients, stir well. Cool slightly and form mixture into small balls with greased hands. Allow to cool and set.

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Make them for visitors or as practical gifts

NOW is the time to start filling those empty biscuit jars so you will be prepared for the expected and unexpected visitors who call in to wish you the compliments of the Christmas season.

In this section we give a wide selection of fancy sweet biscuits, also called cookies, that you can make well before the Christmas rush begins.

Sweet biscuits in fancy shapes, especially Christmas motif designs, are always popular and make novel gifts for your friends. If biscuit cutters are not available, it is fun to design your own cardboard shapes for making the cut-out type of biscuit or cookie.

Biscuits made from foundation mixtures keep well if stored in air-tight tins, and can be filled and decorated the day before they are required.

Spoon measurements are level and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure is used in these recipes.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Biscuit: Four ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. castor-sugar, 1 egg-yolk, juice of ½ lemon, 8oz. flour, pinch salt, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk.

Filling: One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 cup stale cake crumbs, 2oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon sherry, 2oz. finely chopped walnuts, 2oz. chopped glace cherries, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, glace cherries to decorate.

Cream butter with sugar, add egg-yolk and lemon juice; mix well. Work in sifted flour and salt with milk, mix to a stiff dough. Turn on to floured board, roll out thinly, cut into 2½in. circles, using a fluted cutter. Prepare filling.

Melt butter, add cake crumbs, sugar, sherry, walnuts, cherries, and lemon rind; mix well. Bind with beaten egg. Place a teaspoonful of filling mixture on each biscuit round. Fold over two opposite sides to form a bell shape. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool on trays, decorate each bell with a piece of cherry to represent tongue of the bell.

FESTIVE CUT-OUTS

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 egg-yolk, 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, 8oz. flour, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, warm icings in various colors, colored jellies, jubes, and nonpareils.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, then add egg-yolk and milk; mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients until well mixed. Roll out on floured board to 1-8th inch thickness. Using a cardboard shape as a guide, cut out trees, stars, holly leaves, and balls. Place the biscuit shapes on greased oven-trays and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool. When cold, ice with warm icing, decorate with pieces of jelly and nonpareils.

SANTA'S COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 egg, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, grated rind and juice of ½ lemon, ½ cup desiccated coconut, 1 egg-white, multi-colored nonpareils.

Cream butter, sugar, lemon rind, and juice together until light and fluffy. Add beaten egg, then honey, and lastly work in sifted flours and salt and then coconut. Roll mixture out on lightly floured board, cut into 1½in. rounds. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen with a knife, allow to cool. Brush edge of each biscuit with egg-white, sprinkle with nonpareils.

MOCHA MINT WAFERS

Three cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 3oz. grated chocolate, ½ cup hot coffee or ½ teaspoon instant coffee dissolved in ½ cup hot water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup sour cream, ½ cup desiccated coconut, peppermint-flavored mock cream, green coloring.

Sift flour, salt, bicarbonate soda into basin; melt grated chocolate in hot coffee. Cream butter with sugar, add egg and cooled chocolate mixture. Fold in dry ingredients and coconut alternately with cream until well mixed. Turn out on to floured board, knead slightly, roll out to ¼in. thickness. Cut into 1½in. rounds with fluted cutter. Using a small moon-shaped cutter, cut 2 or 3 shapes out of half the rounds to make tops. Place on greased oven tray, bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen on trays with knife, allow to cool. When cold join in pairs with peppermint-flavored mock cream, left plain or tinted pale green as desired.

FRUITY NUT DIAMONDS

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped mixed fruits (raisins, sultanas, figs), ½ cup chopped nuts, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, few drops vanilla essence, 4oz. butter or substitute.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, add sugar, fruits, and nuts. Beat eggs with milk and vanilla, add to dry ingredients. Lastly, add melted butter. Spread over base of greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven about 40 minutes or until golden brown and firm to the touch. When cooked, remove from oven, cut into diamonds while still in tin.



TRADITIONAL Yuletide wreath makes an ideal setting for these tempting home-made cookies. The recipes are given on these pages.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 2, 1959

Teenagers' WEEKLY



GIVE HIM A SQUARE DINNER—

page 6

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Poetry can be fun

MANY teenagers think that poetry is soppy kids' stuff. I used to think that, too, until this year, when I was lucky enough to get a really good English teacher at school. She not only reads the poems as the poets intended them to be read but she explains them thoroughly. I have learnt to appreciate much more the fine work in a really good poem.—*"Lire," Nambour, Qld.*

Disc hint

THE cellophane wrapping around stockings just fits inside the 45 r.p.m. record jackets. This keeps out dust and takes the place of the plastic jackets not always supplied.—*"Handy," Furner, S.A.*

They jeered

LAST week when I was helping my grandmother, who is 85, to walk down the street I was ridiculed by a rowdy bunch of teenagers. Wake up, teeners, you might want a helping hand yourselves one day.—*"Helping Hand," Mansfield, Vic.*

Surfboard plea

PLEASE, boys, be more careful with your surfboards. Don't be show-offs. Ride your surfboards well out to sea and away from the surfers.—*Sue Denoon, Dee Why, N.S.W.*

Not their job

I DON'T think it is necessary for the singing and rock-'n-roll stars to set examples to their fans or tell them how to behave. If their fans were preached to in this way the stars would be stamped "STRICTLY SQUARE." The papers would lap it all up, and the record companies would find the record sales slowing down. Besides, it's a job for police, not the celebrities, to control the pranks of teenagers. — *Gary Moberley, Haberfield, N.S.W.*



GARY MOBERLEY
. . . no preaching

OUR PIN-UP. *The handsome couple are Donna Anderson, 19 year-old discovery of Stanley Kramer, and Tony Perkins, who play two Australians in the film "On the Beach."*

Let them sit

MANY people complain about children sitting in public transport. A child standing in a moving bus has nothing to hang on to and is constantly tossed about. The straps are within the reach of adults, who can stand with greater ease and safety. I think unless a person is aged, or crippled, or an expectant mother, they should let the child sit.—*"Sitter," Wollstonecraft, N.S.W.*

Proud of Dad

I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl and for many years I have been tormented because my father is a professional fisherman. If fishermen did not catch fish people would have to stand for hours themselves, hoping to catch enough for a meal.—*"Fishy," Brisbane.*

London fan

OUR family regularly receive The Australian Women's Weekly, so, of course, I have read Teenagers' Weekly. I think it is very good, and I enjoy reading it very much. We don't have anything like that in England. I wish we did. I am 14½ years old. I like animals very much, especially dogs. I enjoy listening to and dancing to rock-'n-roll music. — *Jean Herrington, 24 Ripplevale Grove, Barnsbury, London N.1, England.*

Out of place

I DISAGREE completely with the suggestion (T.W., 28/10/59) that rock-'n-roll should be introduced to churches. The Church is God's house and is a sacred place. If teenagers are encouraged to the church through rock-'n-roll, this would only be for their own earthly enjoyment. — *Jenny Ashton, Hobart.*



JENNY ASHTON
. . . she disagrees

BEAT

THEY sit around the tables,
Long-haired, pensive.
Black-stockinged legs shifting
With the febrile beat.
Two leave their coffee
Midst the smoke and
Veil of talk;
They rock, corrugated soles squeaking,
Rolling to the beat.
They droop, in shaggy sweaters,
Turn towards the tables,
Dig the talk.
—J. Crawford, Rutherford, N.S.W.

Non-political

I AM 16 and very interested in politics. I was amazed to find that my girl-friends have no interest in politics at all and did not even know much about them. Women fought to get the vote but now most of us are not interested enough to find out what it is all about.—*Beverley Huney, Narbethong, Vic.*

Red menace

I AM a girl of 12. I have red hair and freckles. At school I get awful names. People think redheads have bad tempers. We are as bad-tempered as anybody else, so if you don't like red hair you'd better keep it to yourself. —*Jillian Meldrum, Lismore, Vic.*

He's on clouds

WHY do country squares think I'm gone because I wear a T-shirt with No. 1 Elvis the Pelvis Presley on the back? Most cats will agree Elvis is the most; he puts me into orbit. I walk on clouds and can't come down. My doll, Mary, from the record bar, agrees with me that he is the coolest. — *John Murray, Wodonga, Vic.*



DAVE HOOPER
. . . kept them fed

He cooks, too

I HAVE a boy-friend of 16, and, besides being a wonderful boy, he is a terrific cook. His mother was sick for about two months, and he had to do most of the cooking for a family of four children and their father. During that time and after he earned a lot of praise, and his mother was very proud of him. If he gets married he could be very helpful around the house. I have sent you a photo of him. His name is Dave Hooper.—*Marion Allen, Mount Pleasant, W.A.*

Live it up!

ALAS, I am no longer a teenager but a wife and mother aged 27. I still get to see the occasional Stadium Big Show, and how I envy those uninhibited teenagers who can scream with joy when their idol makes his appearance. What a wonderful way to let off steam! Believe me, teenagers, enjoy yourself while you can, because all too soon you will be too old and dignified to express your feelings so openly.—*"Once a Teenager," Moorooka, Qld.*

Peter the pet

IF any teenagers are thinking of buying a friendly and amusing pet, I'd suggest a budgerigar. I own a dog, a cat, and a rabbit, but out of all these I still prefer my budgie, Peter. Peter is a brilliant green and yellow and is about six months old. He was easily tamed, and he can now talk and wolf-whistle anyone who goes by. He has just learnt to whistle the first part of "God Save the Queen," and he sits on my shoulder when I ride my bike.—*"Bird Lover," Lismore, N.S.W.*

Proud profession

NURSING is a profession that has achieved great importance with the growth of medical knowledge. Yet how often are nurses looked on with a certain indulgence? After I passed the Leaving Certificate I announced I wanted to be a nurse. "What a waste! Nursing! Why, *anyone* could do that!" everyone said. More publicity should be given to what, in my opinion, is the most rewarding and exacting profession. — *"Nursie," Waverley, N.S.W.*

Depressing job

WHY is it every second girl I meet would give her eyeteeth to become a nurse? Working the whole time among sickness seems most depressing to me. Admittedly someone has to do it, but what's the big attraction, girls? Handsome young doctors?—*"Inquisitive," Forestville, N.S.W.*

WHO SHOULD PAY?

● R. Carpenter (T.W., 4/11/59) said that if a boy was invited to partner a girl to a dance the girl or her parents should pay for the evening, not the boy.

FOR . . .

IF the girl feels embarrassed at having to buy the tickets, her parents should buy them before, and she could give them to her escort before leaving home. This way no one would be embarrassed, and it would be the correct thing to do.—*"Tricia," Horsham, Vic.*

I INVITED a boy to partner me to my college annual dance. My parents paid for the tickets, which were very expensive. Walking home after the dance the boy asked if I had had to buy the tickets. Knowing how expensive they were, I did not want to make him embarrassed, so I muttered "No." He replied with a grunt: "Hm, not bad for nothing."—*"Staggered," Caulfield, Vic.*

A BOY pays for a girl when he invites her out, so a girl should pay for the boy when she invites him out. I wouldn't expect him to pay for himself.—*Valma Wakefield, Blackwood, S.A.*

THE general feeling in our family is that if the girl asks the boy to accompany her to a dance her family pays the expenses. It should not be expected that a guest should pay. — *Judy Sandor, Earlwood, N.S.W.*

I THINK that if the girl invites the boy she should pay for the dance, but the boy should pay the fares to and from the dance and for refreshments.—*"Agreeing Teen," Strathfield, N.S.W.*

THE boys' school near ours held a dance, and the boys asked the girls from our school and paid their way. A month later the girls' school also held a dance. This time the girls invited the boys, and paid the way for themselves and their partners. This is correct, for boys as well as girls have only limited pocket-money while they are still at school.—*"Fair-minded Female," Sandgate, Qld.*

. . . AGAINST

IF a girl invites a boy to a dance the girl should pay her way and the boy should pay his. —*"Ruth," Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.*

IT would be most discourteous and embarrassing for a girl to pay for herself and her escort on a date.—*"Indignant," Point Victoria, S.A.*

IF a girl invites a boy to accompany her out, it is only good manners on the boy's part to offer to pay for both tickets—even though he knows that the girl will not agree. I think the girl should pay for her own ticket, but never for both.—*"School Days," Moreland, Vic.*

I THINK R. Carpenter is self-satisfied. I'm sure he would not like to go out with a girl and stand aside while she pays. It is unheard of for a girl to pay the bill. Any boy would feel that his standards have been lowered, and should be highly ashamed of himself.—*"Disgusted," Merewether, N.S.W.*

I THINK it would be a nice gesture for the boy to pay for himself as well as the girl.—*"Disgusted," Merrylands, N.S.W.*

beat eggs with milk and vanilla, add to dry ingredients.

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That job you want

● Each year around Christmas the schools and colleges spill out their quota of young people, who invade the staff offices of banks, retail stores, factories, and business firms — looking for jobs.



It's a big moment in your life—that important interview when you are after your first job.

TRAINING at school and at home has been preparation for this entry into the working world.

Whatever the field chosen for the future career, the personal impressions created at the first important interview with the employer or personnel officer are as significant as the ability offered. And throughout our lives, this same personal impression means all the difference between success, mediocrity, or even failure.

While there are many components which make up a "favorable personal impression" — fundamental ones being qualities of character, such as integrity, loyalty, honesty of purpose — here are five helpful pointers for those embarking upon a business career to bear in mind when applying for that first job:

Good manners There's an old saying, "Manners maketh the man." This is as true today as it always was; and applies to girls, too, of course.

It is so important that it cannot be too strongly emphasised. Under this heading comes respect for fellow workers, as well as for authority; consideration for the feelings of others; politeness to everyone, even towards those who rub you up the wrong way; willingness to help others, to do some little extra job not included in your duties.

These things will win you friends — and promotion.

Unless you apply for a job in answer to an advertisement which asks applicants to call between certain hours, it is good manners to phone for an appointment.

When keeping the appointment, be sure you are on time, or a little ahead of time (you can always wait a few minutes), but never be late. Punctuality is another name for courtesy.

If you find you are unable to keep an appointment for any reason, don't overlook the courtesy of a phone call to explain why.

Correct speech Address the staff manager or employer by name or as "Sir." The use of "Sir" denotes respect, not subservience. It's a handy habit, too, if nervousness should cause you to forget a name.

Listen carefully to what is said, and answer questions politely and clearly and in a voice that can be heard by the interviewer. But don't oversell yourself or talk too much. Remember to smile occasionally — interviewers are human.

Avoid slang expressions — however smart you may think them, they are likely to irritate the man on the other side of the desk.

Good manners and good speech are so important that they cannot be too strongly stressed. All through business life, more depends on these two things than can be measured.

Good grooming is important. It simply means personal freshness and attention to the small details of good dressing. Your general appearance should be clean and businesslike.

One staff manager says, "I always notice hands and teeth. If these are well kept, it means the person is used to washing behind the ears."

Suitable clothes When choosing what to wear to your interview, remember that successful business men and women are smartly but conservatively dressed.

Even if your taste is towards the exotic or sporty type of dress, and you look well in it, don't run the risk of antagonising a possibly conservative staff manager.

Clothes need not be expensive or the last word in fashion, but they should be clean and well pressed.

Deportment This is largely a matter of courtesy, too. There are some obvious "don'ts," such as "Don't sit down until you are invited to do so." Boys should always remain standing until the senior man has seated himself. Don't sprawl in your chair or cross your legs in an unsightly manner.

Sit comfortably but correctly. If you put your feet on the desk (and this has happened!), you've lost the job even before you've had a chance to say you graduated with honors.

Another glaring mistake is for a boy to turn the chair round and sit astride it. This doesn't give the same impression of casual friendliness it does at a party. Instead, it looks over-familiar and will destroy all your chances of success.

Naturally, when you go for a new job you'll be nervous . . . everyone is, and allowances are made for this. It will help you considerably if you hold something. A boy can hold the envelope containing his references or a newspaper. A girl has the advantage of her handbag and gloves. But, however nervous you are, don't chew gum or smoke.

One boy who began work this year said he held his hands very tightly together during his interview. "I was so nervous I was afraid my hands would get away," he said. He knew that nervous, tapping fingers could irritate the man behind the desk.

Have your references handy, where you can get them without fumbling. You may also be asked for phone references. Have these written down on a sheet of paper in case your memory fails you.

When applying for a job, always see that your mental attitude is a positive one. Be sure you really want the job and that you have the necessary qualifications and feel sure you will get the job.

You may also find it helpful to remember that the man facing you across the desk was once being interviewed for his first job. He knows how you feel, and if you're the person to fit the job, then he's anxious to hire you.

Hints for that first-job interview

By KAREN MILLER, beauty consultant

FOR GIRLS

1. Be very particular about your personal freshness and cleanliness. Use a deodorant and dust your body with talcum powder if the weather is hot.
2. Don't wear a heavy perfume. Select, if anything, a light eau-de-cologne.
3. Your hair should be shining clean and the style simple.
4. Hands should be immaculate, with nails well manicured.
5. Make-up should be quite simple. Avoid the use of mascara and eye-shadow, which can be garish in the strong light of the office.
6. Choose a smart, simple frock or suit. Leave your brightly colored beach skirts and blouses in the wardrobe.
7. Wear a minimum of jewellery. Long dangling earrings and lots of beads and bracelets are taboo.
8. Stockings are a "must."
9. Shoes should be neat and well brushed. Don't wear very high heels, which may make you totter instead of walking smartly.
10. A hat is optional, but don't choose the garden-party type.
11. Gloves are essential, as they are the mark of a well-dressed woman.

FOR BOYS

1. Be very particular about your personal freshness and cleanliness. It is advisable to use a deodorant, especially in hot weather.
2. Your hair should be clean, well brushed, and neat. Don't use a highly perfumed brilliantine.
3. Hands and nails should be very clean. Nicotine stains and dirty nails are detrimental to your chances of success. At your interview don't put your hands in your pockets.
4. A suit is your best selection, but a sports coat and slacks are permissible if not too brightly colored and if freshly cleaned and pressed. A coat should certainly be worn at your interview, even if the weather is hot.
5. A white shirt is your best choice or a plain colored one, but not a brightly patterned beach shirt.
6. A tie is a "must." It should not be of loud design.
7. The dress pocket handkerchief is optional, but should be spotless and neatly folded.
8. A hat is optional.
9. Socks should be reasonably subdued in color and design.
10. Shoes should preferably be of the conservative type, well brushed, and not down at the heel.

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ROCK-'N-ROLLERS

● Most of the new rock-'n-roll singers are in their teens and early twenties, a time when most fellows are dating and getting close to marriage and steady jobs. Each singer has had to handle the problem of love versus career in his own way.

FRANKIE AVALON, for instance, met Angela de Circuo when he was 15 and she 13. They were introduced at a picnic and he liked her right away.

When he took her home, he asked her for a date and she agreed. However, he couldn't call for her or spend much time with her — she had to go to the club where he was tooting trumpet and wait patiently until he was finished.

When the band went on the road during the summer, Frankie did not see Angela again for three months. He wanted to date her on his 16th birthday, but his manager whisked him away to a record hop — which turned out to be a surprise birthday party . . . with Angela there, too.

Frankie took Angela home that night, because he just had to talk to her about steady-dating. He had been brooding about his feelings for Angela and his ambitions in music.

Going steady, he knew, meant sticking around his home town, virtually committing himself to early marriage. And he didn't want that, he decided. He wanted time to build his career.

So that night, as they sat in his manager's car at her door, he explained how much he liked her, that he didn't want to go steady, but wanted to date her whenever he was in town.

He didn't tell her that he had talked the problem over with his managers and they had urged him not to endanger his popularity with girl fans by tying himself to any one girl.

Frankie has kept his promise to Angela. Whenever he's back in Philadelphia, she's his favorite date. But on the road he dates others, and she's free to also.

Frankie sighs, "Show business is sure a strange business . . . your managers help you decide on going steady!"



AS the fans never think of him — Frankie Avalon, a lonely boy in a strange city.

ALWAYS accompanied by his manager, Frankie has a snack in a roadside diner.

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ON THE ROAD



EXHAUSTED by the constant travelling, Frankie snatches an all too brief sleep while the bus races towards another town, yet another engagement.

The trouble is young entertainers have to go to record hops, visit disc jockeys, play in ballrooms, auditoriums, arenas, nightclubs, and theatres, record in big-city sound studios, do occasional radio and TV guest shows.

Most rock-'n-roll units do three or four weeks on the road at a time. They average 300 miles per day, usually by bus, and the young singers are tense, insecure, and often away from home for the first time.

If a girl-friend or wife wants to come, she has to fly into each new town for the day, or drive along in another car, as only members of the troupe can travel on the bus.

It's a rough, exciting atmosphere for the young and the naive, and some parents won't permit their child to make such a tour without special precautions.

Away for weeks on the road

When **Paul Anka** was booked on his first tour, his father wouldn't let him go until the unit manager, Irvin Feld, promised to watch Paul like his own son. Feld took Paul, then barely 15, with him by plane while the rest of the show went by bus, and stayed with him constantly.

Even now that Paul's 18, he is never permitted to tour without adult chaperons. **Frankie Avalon** can't go anywhere without his dad, or managers, or road manager.

Fabian, 16, is never permitted to be alone when on the road. Some trustworthy adult is always along.

Bobby Darin also admits the faster his career moves the worse are his chances to find the right girl.

"I used to steady-date a couple of girls when I was knocking around New York, trying to get started as a songwriter and singer," he says. "But now that I've got a big schedule of bookings, recording sessions, personal appearances, and so forth, I don't see any girl steadily any more. I'm never in the same place long enough to really get to know a girl. When I date, it's on the spur of the moment."

Leaving the home-town girl behind is not the only sad by-product of the careers of young singers. Lots of young married singers suddenly find themselves on the road three or four months at a time . . . and their marriages start falling apart.

Conway Twitty, for instance. He had married pretty brunette beautician Maxine Jaco back in Helena, Arkansas, in 1952. When he returned after two years in the U.S. Army, he decided to become a rock-'n-roll singer and organised a small band.

He toured, tried recording, but couldn't turn out a hot record, and wound up in Canada in a nightclub.

He hadn't seen his wife and children for four months; he didn't have enough money to bring them to Canada. He wrote and, when he could afford it, phoned long-distance.

"And when the kids got on the phone," he says, "I felt real bad . . . so bad I could cry."

He was about to quit for good when he got a hit record. Now he's bought a new house in Marianna, Arkansas, and he's happier, but he still feels he's on the road too much.

Even **Pat Boone**, whose happy home life has been a legend, has had many painful moments when his wife, Shirley, rebelled at his too-demanding career.

She says they were really happy when he was earning 50 dollars a week singing in radio and they were living in Denton, Texas, and waiting for the first baby to arrive. But when, subsequently, he zoomed into stardom and had to zip around the country making personal appearances and seeing disc jockeys, she began to realise the enormity of the threat of his career to their marriage.

She couldn't help but think back to the time when she and her sisters rarely saw their famous father, singer Red Foley, and how their mother stayed home alone. She began to fear the same thing would happen to her.

A happy marriage in danger

"Shirley, you know this is part of show business . . . and what can we do? We all have to put up with it," Pat protested.

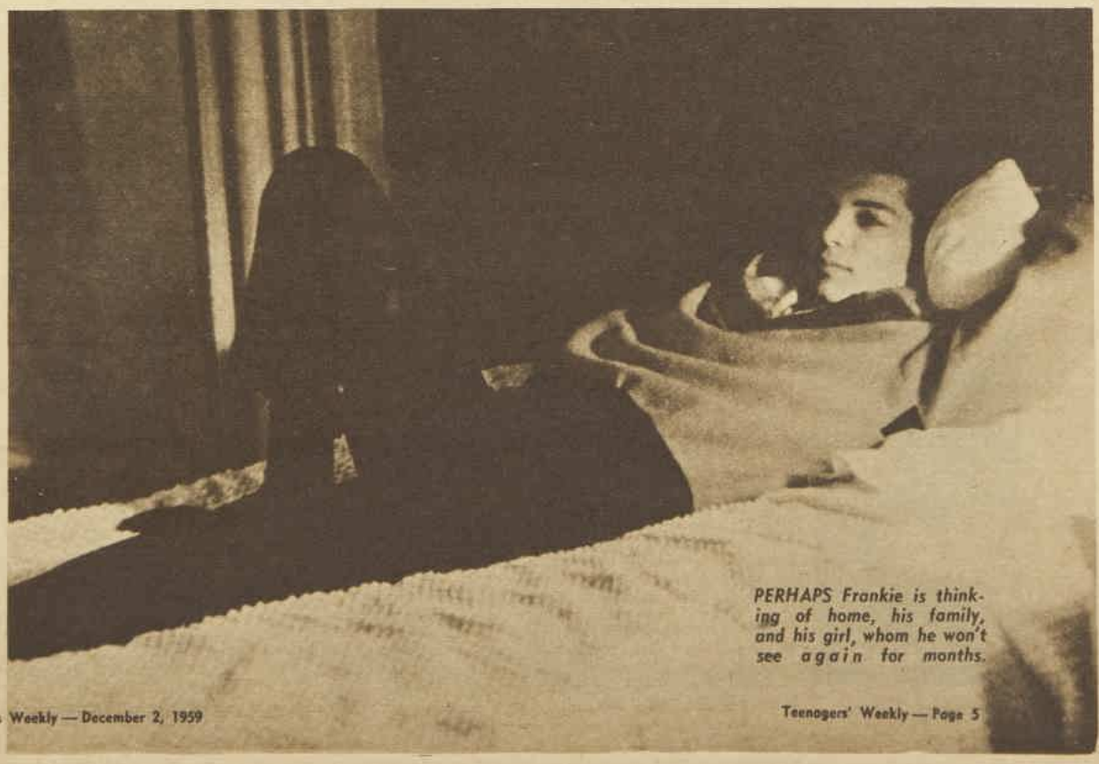
A couple of years later Pat and Shirley were in Hollywood for the first time, and tingling with excitement when they met their idol, Bing Crosby.

After the usual introductory small talk, Shirley burst out with, "Mr. Crosby, when will I get my husband back?"

Bing understood. He said, "In about thirty years."

And that's the way success comes to young singers. It breaks their hearts, and drives away their girls-at-home . . . and leaves young husbands aching with loneliness.

It is a high price they pay.



PERHAPS Frankie is thinking of home, his family, and his girl, whom he won't see again for months.

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COOK HIM A SQUARE MEAL

● Even if your beau is a really far-out hep-cat, he's going to love the word square — if it means a good square meal. And he'll really ring all bells when you tell him that you're the cook.



STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE makes a scrumptious finish to a good square meal. Easy-to-follow directions are included in the second menu on this page.

SO how about giving a dinner party at home for some of the fans? All these recipes serve six.

Menu

Prawn Cocktail Savory Crackers

Rolled Beef Roast

Potatoes en Brochette

Baby Squash Baked Tomato Domes

Cucumber Cheese Salad

Pickled Cucumber Slices

Preserved Cumquats in Syrup

Lemon Sherbet Coffee

PRAWN COCKTAIL

You'll need: 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2½ to 3 dozen large shelled prawns, lemon slices.

Combine all cocktail sauce ingredients, chill thoroughly. Use fish cocktail glasses if available or arrange small containers (plastic eggcups serve the purpose well) in bed of crushed ice in grapefruit dishes or sweets dishes. Fill small containers with cocktail sauce, hang prawns around edge of large dish, garnish with lemon slices.

ROLLED BEEF ROAST

You'll need: A 3-3½lb. rolled beef roast.

Wipe the joint all over with a clean damp cloth. Place in an uncovered baking-dish with hot melted fat ¼in. deep. Place one or two tablespoons fat on top of meat. Bake in a moderate oven until meat is tender. To calculate cooking time, allow 25 to 30 minutes for each pound of meat. Serve in thin slices. Meat should be rare, but not raw in the centre.

POTATOES EN BROCHETTE

You'll need: 12-15 small even-sized potatoes or larger ones pared down to an even size.

Wash and dry, dust with salt and pepper. Bake in the hot fat around the joint until tender and evenly browned. Drain on clean kitchen paper, spear two or three on small wooden or metal skewers for serving.

BABY SQUASH

You'll need: 6 baby squash.

Wash squash, drop whole into boiling salted water, cook 10 to 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, scoop tops slightly, add a dab of butter, dash of pepper, and a sprinkling of finely chopped red pepper, green pepper, or both.

BAKED TOMATO DOMES

You'll need: 3 firm tomatoes, salt, pepper, butter, parsley.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut in halves. Dust cut side lightly with salt and pepper. Place cut side down on greased oven-tray. Brush all over with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove skins if desired. Serve garnished with a sprig of parsley.

CUCUMBER CHEESE SALAD

You'll need: a lettuce, a cucumber, and some crumbled cottage or Danish blue cheese.

Line serving-bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, arrange cucumber slices in an overlapping circle, arrange cheese in the centre. Serve well chilled.

Pickled Cucumber Slices: These can be obtained in tins or the whole pickled cucumber may be purchased and thinly sliced with a stainless knife.

Cumquats (tiny, bitter, orange-type fruits): Home-preserved in heavy syrup or obtainable at health food stores.

LEMON SHERBET

You'll need: 3 teaspoons gelatine, 3 cups cold water, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind, ¾ cup lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt.

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup of the water. Boil balance of water with sugar for 10 minutes. Add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Cool, add lemon rind and juice. Freeze until mushy in refrigerator trays. Turn into a chilled bowl, whip until fluffy. Fold in egg-whites beaten stiffly with salt. Turn back into trays, freeze four or five hours, stirring from front to back of tray at ½-hour intervals. Just before serving beat slightly to break up and mix well.

Menu

Tomato Frappe

Devilled Minute Steaks

Green Peas Glazed Carrots

Saratoga Potatoes

Strawberry Shortcake

Cheese Biscuits Coffee

TOMATO FRAPPE

You'll need: 4½ cups tomato juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 teaspoons grated or scraped onion, pepper and salt to taste, chopped parsley.

Mix all ingredients, except parsley, thoroughly together, pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until mushy. Spoon out into serving-dishes (glass sweets dishes serve the purpose nicely), sprinkle chopped parsley over.

DEVILLED MINUTE STEAKS

You'll need: 6 pieces rump steak, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 2 teaspoons flour, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne pepper, salt.

Cut each portion of steak into two very thin slices. Soften shortening and mix until smooth and creamy with flour, Worcestershire sauce, cayenne pepper, and salt. Spread over both sides of each piece of steak. Place steaks under red-hot griller, allow one minute on each side. Reduce heat and cook a further minute on each side. Serve at once.

GREEN PEAS

You'll need: 2 pounds young peas, boiling water, salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, sprig of mint, 1 teaspoon butter, pepper.

Shell and wash peas, place in saucepan with boiling water to cover. Add salt, ½ teaspoon to ½ pint water, sugar, and mint. Place lid on, cook gently 12 to 15 minutes or until tender. Drain, remove mint. Return to saucepan with butter and a sprinkling of pepper.

GLAZED CARROTS

You'll need: 6 medium-sized young carrots, boiling water, salt, 1½ tablespoons good shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon butter.

Scrape and wash carrots, cut into slices. Drop into a small quantity boiling salted water, allowing ½ teaspoon salt to ½ cup water. Cook in a lidded saucepan until carrots are tender and all water has evaporated. (Watch closely, as carrots burn quickly once water has evaporated.) Add butter, sugar, and ginger. Toss over low heat until well glazed.

SARATOGA POTATOES

You'll need: 6 medium-sized old potatoes, hot fat or oil, salt.

Wash and dry potatoes, peel thinly, and wash again. Cut into thin slices, dry. Heat fat in deep pan until a light fume rises from it. Oil should be heated only until it will turn a ½in. cube of bread golden-brown in 30 seconds. If a frying-basket is available, use it to lower potatoes gently into the hot fat or oil. Otherwise slide potatoes in gently from flat plate, cook until golden-brown; lift out. Drain on kitchen paper, sprinkle with salt.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

You'll need: 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder (or use 1 cup self-raising flour and 1 cup plain flour), ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup butter or substitute, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 3½ to 4 cups strawberries, sugar, melted and softened butter, whipped cream.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt. Rub in butter until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Mix lightly and quickly to a soft dough with milk and beaten egg. Turn on to lightly floured board. Knead slightly, divide in half, and pat each half gently into a greased 7in. or 8in. sandwich-tin. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold spread one half with softened butter, cover with strawberries prepared as below, place other half on top. Brush with butter and cover with balance of strawberries, split in halves or left whole. Serve cream separately.

To Prepare Strawberries: Crush or chop 2-3rds of the strawberries slightly, sprinkle with castor-sugar or icing-sugar. Leave at room temperature to draw juice out.



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THE G.R.'s, Gary R. Munn (left) and Graham R. McCarthy, go into their act, "The Mississippi Gambler," a comedy satire taking off Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

THE G.R.'s ARE JOLLY GOON FUN

by Noni Rowland

● In less than a year, two Adelaide University students, Gary R. Munn and Graham R. McCarthy—who call themselves the G.R.'s because these are the initials of their Christian names — have built up a strong following in the Adelaide and Melbourne entertainment world.

TALL, fair, and handsome, Gary and Graham mix a nice blend of sharp satire, burlesque, and harmony in their present range of 12 acts, which includes a tilt at President Eisenhower and Khrushchev, Elvis Presley (the "All-American Boy"), B.B.C. announcers, and the Ivy League crowd.

With a touch of "Goon Show" zaniness about them, they're a youthful, sophisticated team, which swings easily from one character act to another, making lightning costume changes.

Since they were first spotted by two visiting Melbourne TV talent scouts in November last year, the G.R.'s have appeared ten times in the variety show "In Melbourne Tonight."

They were also booked for the recent opening night of Adelaide TV station ADS 7 with Sydney stars Bobby Limb, Michael Cole, and Buster Fiddess, and to appear on Adelaide's NWS 9.

Each act, which averages a length of about eight minutes, takes three hours to perfect.

Gary and Graham have also performed at one of the lunch-time "Rock and Pop" concerts in the Melbourne Town Hall, at Chevron Hotel with top American harpist Lloyd Lindroth, on radio, at cabarets, and as regular entertainers at Pier Hotel, Glenelg, Adelaide. Their acts have also been a popular feature of Ivan Dayman's Adelaide Swing Shows.

For radio, they do a straight singing routine, mostly swinging folk songs.

The two boys, who have been friends since their kindergarten days, practise between lectures at the University of Adelaide, where they are trainee teachers.

Both are studying for their B.A. degree and Diploma of Physical Education.

Apart from music, yoga, and sport, the G.R.'s, both 6ft. 1in. tall, have another hobby.

"Girls, girls, lots of girls," said Graham, rolling "grey-green eyes," and Gary, "green-blue eyes."

But they haven't got much time for dating, as their act is booked out on an average of three nights a week—one night they had four different bookings in three hours from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m. — and daytime is devoted to lectures and swotting.

Now in their final year at the University, Gary and Graham are under bond as school-teachers for the next three years, but the call of the entertainment world is strong.

They really have a career problem on their hands.

LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

IT'S easy to get very very confused among the popular 45s if you tangle with the Katy Too's, Linda Lu's, and the Mary Lou's.

For your information it is **Johnny Cash** with his easy country style who sings "Katy Too" (London) and "I Forgot to Remember."

Solid 22-year-old Arkansas rocker and composer **Ronnie Hawkins** (once with Conway Twitty) is the "Mary Lou" man (Roulette). Flip, the bluesy "Need Your Lovin'."

"Linda Lu" is a blues-shouting original rocker composed by **Ray Sharpe**, who revives the one-time hit number "Red Sails" as the flip of this London disc.

LOCAL TALENT: A natural for that non-blushing violet **Johnny O'Keefe**, "Shout" brings Johnny, The Dee Jays, and The Delltones back into business in a big way (Leedon 45). The flip, "What Did I Say?" gets the big-voice, big-beat treatment that Johnny's fans expect.

Nice work by the **Webb Brothers**, Fabian, Marius, and Bernard, of Widgee, Queensland. Their own swinging ballad "This Road" (second side of their second 45 for Festival) shows all the signs of hit material. An old outback tune, "Riding Down From Bangor," somewhat up-styled, is officially the big side. But I feel the boys' own composition is the one they should be most proud of.

A 45 with interstate interest comes from Festival. Three 14-year-old Melbourne girls, **The Tunettes**, and Johnnie Ray's 14-year-old discovery **Eddie Moses** offer a bright local version of "Seven Little Girls." Flip features **The Toppers**, a trio of 15-year-old Sydney boys, in a sweet, light version of "Three Bells."

POPS: You "Teen Beat," "Boo Boo Stick Beat," or just beat? If you're "Boo Boo Stick Beat," **Chet Atkins** is the man for you, on an R.C.A. 45, with the Django Reinhardt instrumental "Django's Castle" as the flip.



JOHNNY CASH

A vocal-instrument group with just that little something extra is **The Clovers**, and their "Love Potion No. 9" (London 45) has that additional something to make it outstanding of its kind. Backing is the less potent but still attractive "Stay Awhile."

"Rockin' Robin" boy **Bobby Day** has another big-beat success with "Ain't Gonna Cry No More" (Leedon 45), with the quieter "Love Is a One-Time Affair" (violins and some deep baritone notes) as backing.

Those who shop for better-than-average value on a 45 might be interested in **Duane (Twangy Guitar) Eddy's** London disc offering the shaky "Some Kinda Earthquake" and a tender, sentimental "First Love, First Tears."

DANCING MUSIC: There's plenty of Scottish blood in Australia and a number of groups sharing the Royal Family's determination to keep Scottish dancing alive. These will be interested in Festival's LP with **Johnny McLeod's** Scottish Dance Band in a "Scottish Dance Programme." Eightsome Reel, Scottish Waltz Medley, Highland Barn Dance, Lamb Skinnet, Gay Gordons, and Strip the Willow.

CLASSICAL: An LP of some interest is Westminster's "Alfven," with the Swedish composer represented on side one by his light and graceful "Dalecarlian Rhapsody" (third of his three orchestral Swedish Rhapsodies and composed in 1937). It is played by the Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Stig Westerberg. Side two holds Alfven's "Festival for Full Orchestra" (a less characteristic piece) and his "Prodigal Son" ballet suite, first performed at the Royal Swedish Opera House two years ago in celebration of the composer's 85th birthday.

INTERNATIONAL: Name your language and Spanish - Italian **Caterina Valente** sings it. You can hear this most attractive European songstress on Polydor's LP "Cosmopolitan Lady." Together with her original hit, "Malaguena," she sings such internationally flavored offerings as "Granada," "Melodia d'amore," and "This Is The Left Bank" (in German!), and "The Breeze And I." Good for new, old, and newly naturalised Australians.

WORTH READING

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS

by Kenneth Grahame

SOMETIMES a masterpiece of writing is tagged as a children's book, and older people shy away from it. This is the case with *The Wind in the Willows*. A fantastic yarn about animals, it is full of humor and an ecstatic out-in-the-country spirit, and is worth reading at any age. Kenneth Grahame was a prim, reserved English bank official, who worked off his private and poetic imaginings by writing this extraordinary book, which has gone through more than 100 editions.

The odd creatures in it—the Water Rat, who likes messing about in boats, the Mole, enjoying a glorious holiday from underground life, and the wealthy Mr. Toad, with his fateful passion for sports cars—these are characters that you do not forget.

— ROSS CAMPBELL

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HOW TO MAKE Two-way skirt, two-way cape

● *Here's a four-faced skirt-cum-beach-cape that is pretty and easy to make. It's a fashion economy!*

By DAWN JAMES

THERE'S fashion value, too, in the tiny head-scarf designed to mix-or-match.

Here are the how-to-make instructions:

FOUR-WAY SKIRT

Materials required: 2¾-3yds. (amount depends on height of wearer) 36in. flowered material, same yardage of 36in. plain material, ¾yd. 1in.-wide elastic.

Smooth flowered material out flat on a large table (or the floor, it's easier). Mark off the semi-circle with pins to correspond with your measurements, as shown in Diagram B. There is a ½in. seam allowance.

Unless you're very petite you'll have to add the extra skirt length, as shown.

It's easier to do this by cutting the skirt out first. Then pin and machine an extra piece (unshaped) on to the selvedge for the additional skirt piece.

Next lay the skirt out on the floor again and adjust the cut of the extra piece so that the skirt is a complete semi-circle.

Repeat this procedure with the plain material. Both semi-circles should be the same.

Taking each skirt piece separately, machine the selvedge seam edges together.

With the wrong sides of the skirts facing each other, put the plain skirt inside.

Measure the waistline.

Cut a long piece of flowered material—on the STRAIGHT grain—the length of the waistline, plus 1in. seam allowance. This long piece—it's the waistband—should be 3in. wide.

Join the waistband ends for 1½in. and finish off the seam.

Now pin the joined-seam edge of the waistband to the skirt-waist on the flowered side. Machine into place.

On the other edge of the waistband (the edge with the 1½in. gap) press under the ½in. seam allowance.

Sew this edge of waistband to plain-colored side of skirt. Now there is a 1in. gap in the completed waistband.

Measure out the 1in. elastic so it fits your waist FIRMLY (but remember to leave a seam allowance).

Thread the elastic through the 1in. gap and pull it through the waistband.

Sew the elastic edges firmly together. Pull the waistband so the elastic is hidden and oversew the 1in. gap.

Then adjust the hem length, leaving the ½in. hem.

Turn up the ½in. allowance on both skirts and then oversew or machine the hems together.

HEAD-SCARF

Materials required: 1-3rd yd. 36in. flowered material, 1-3rd yd. 36in. plain material.

Cut a triangle from each piece of material to correspond with diagram A.

Put right sides of materials together and seam round the outside of the triangle, leaving a 4in. gap in the centre of the 35in. edge.

Turn triangle inside out.

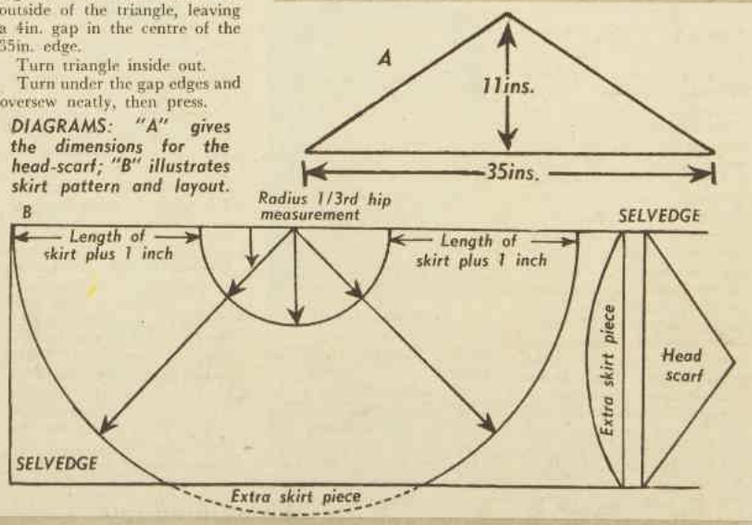
Turn under the gap edges and oversew neatly, then press.



FIRST LOOK at the skirt: Turned plain side outwards—and teamed with a matching top, contrasting cummerbund—it's a sundress. Added, the tiny triangular head-scarf; it's reversible, too.



SECOND LOOK at the skirt: It's turned into "separates"—and this look also changes easily.



***DIAGRAMS:** "A" gives the dimensions for the head-scarf; "B" illustrates skirt pattern and layout.*

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—AND THEY'RE ALL-IN-ONE!



THIRD LOOK: Now the skirt is a beach cape that's rather eccentric—but chic, and fun to wear. The waistband contrasts.

FOURTH LOOK: A flowered beach cape, to wear over a swimsuit in a plain color. It's a built-in umbrella, too, for shelter from a hot summer sun.





THE LOOK: The bat-winged beach cape, out-spread — you could almost fly! And if you're agile enough, you could use the cape to change under. Pictures were taken by Keith Barlow.

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Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Problems at 14

"THERE is a boy who goes to the church I attend whom I like. I am 14. He likes me, too. He takes me home from any church social, etc., and he kisses me goodnight. Is this all right? I go to a mixed school, where he attends, and in the lunch-hour sometimes he asks me if I could go to a youth-club outing. He asks if he can take me home. I always say that I'll have to ask Mother, and I'll tell him the next day. Am I right? He seems content with this. I am 5ft. 5in. and weigh 8 stone. Am I too heavy? I get a few pimples. What can I do for them, as they are most unsightly? (I have an oily olive complexion.) Would I be making a mistake if I shaved my legs this summer? I have a lot of wrinkles on my neck. They come in bands of two and there are four bands, ending on my chest. I know they're supposed to be beautiful, but I hate them. Could you give me some exercises to get rid of them or suggest something?"

"Mixed Up," W.A.

Starting with your boy problem, I think you're too young to have a regular-kissing boy-friend. I think it is nice for you to be escorted home, but I don't approve of goodnight kisses for 14-year-olds. When I say this, don't immediately think I mean you should not have a boy-friend. I think you can have and enjoy the company of a boy-friend without him being a kissing friend. At your age companionship is much more important than kissing.

You are quite right when you ask your mother's permission before you accept his invitations. Naturally, any well-brought-up boy would be perfectly content about this; he would know a parent's permission is essential. Keep on behaving the way you are, asking your parents' permission and obeying them, and you are laying the foundation for a happy romantic life when you're ready for it in a few years' time.

You are not overweight. You are exceptionally tall for your age. The pimple problem is quite common and is just part of the maturing of your body. Don't fiddle with those pimples, though; it is very easy to scar your skin permanently if you do. Keep your face thoroughly clean, using a good, pure soap and warm water, and watch what you eat.

Don't diet by any means, but replace cakes and pastries and rich foods with fruit, salads, cheese, and avoid chocolates and sweets. This should improve your complexion.

You would be making no mistake at all if you shave your legs this summer, if they need it. About those wrinkles, they are not wrinkles at all; they're marks made by moving your neck and head about. You can't do anything about them that I know of.

Breaking the ice

"WE are two young girls aged 17 and 18 who work together in a small office. We both like two young policemen who look up at our window and smile when they pass. We would like to get to know them better. Please, what can we do?"

"Teenagers," N.S.W.

Smile right back at them. Policemen on duty have to be most circumspect and couldn't stop and chat or anything like that. But surely you could arrange to run into them on the street sometime after this mutual exchange of smiles? I'd try that.



Goes on dreaming

"SINCE I have been in this town I have had many boy-friends, but only one mattered. We were going together for seven months, off and on, and then all of a sudden he broke it off. I was very broken-hearted and tried to forget him, but I couldn't. We did not even speak for ages. Then not long ago at a dance we had a lot of dances, and by the way he danced he gave the impression that he was fond of me. One of his friends even told me so. But as soon as he found out that I like him, too, he began again to ignore me and not even speak to me. I am trying to forget him by going out with other boys. What should I do, forget him or go on dreaming?"

"Worried," Tas.

Forget him and stop dreaming, too. Living in a dream is strictly for those who are old and grey and full of sleep. You want to be wide-awake and kicking these days to enjoy life to the full. Get the dream out of your eyes and find yourself another boy.

Nail-biter

"I AM 15 and I have a habit of biting my fingernails. Could you please tell me what causes people to bite their fingernails? And could you please tell me a way to stop it? Do you think I am old enough to attend an adult dance with friends?"

"Biter," Vic.

Biting your fingernails is a nervous habit. Many people suffer from it. The only way you can stop it is by making up your mind about stopping it. You obviously have.

The best help to keep your resolve is a professional manicure. You probably have no nails left at the moment, but what about pretty nails for Christmas? For a start I'd suggest some of that bitter stuff you buy at the chemists on your nails in the daytime and gloves to wear in bed at night.

Both these things should help to turn your habit from unconscious to a conscious one. A mouthful of glove or that bitter taste will stop you quickly, for I think many nail-biters have a nail nearly bitten off before they are aware of what they are doing.

Another thing, before you put your bedtime gloves on, soak your fingernails in a bowl of warm soapy water for at least five minutes. (When your nails grow, scrub them with a brush before soaking.) When you dry your hands press the cuticle back with the towel and rub some lanoline into the cuticles and nails. One of the good things about nails is that they respond to regular attention. That is why a professional manicure is such a help to a nail-biter. The ideal treatment is a regular manicure once each week, but a professional one would be expensive for you and sometimes difficult to arrange. Try to have two and watch carefully and learn to manicure your own.

I think you are old enough to attend a dance occasionally as long as your parents approve.

Broken romance

"I AM in love with a boy of my own age whom I went with for four months, and then he broke it off with me. About two weeks after that he came back to me, but now we have broken it off again, but I am still madly in love with him. I want to ask him to come to a wedding with me, but I don't know how to ask him, as he is going with another girl. Please help me, as I don't know what to do."

"Worried," Qld.

You know exactly what you should do. Go by yourself or ask someone else. You certainly cannot ask this boy when you know he is going with another girl. In any case, he has made it quite clear that he doesn't like you. Accept this. The sooner you do and retire from the field the sooner some other boy will find you.

No rights

"I AM a boy of 20 and have been going steady with a girl of 18 for a year. Every three months my work takes me into the country for a week at a time. While I am away my girl-friend has been coming home from dances and going out on weekends with other boys. This has caused arguments between us, as I maintain this is wrong, but my girl-friend tells me not to be silly, that the other boys mean nothing to her. Can you please help by telling me whether I am being too strict, as we are very much in love and this is the only argument that we have ever had?"

"Traveller," Qld.

"Going steady" gives you no right at all to dictate to this girl about where she goes or whom she goes out with. In fact, I think you've got a hide to even write things like "Am I being too strict with her?"

I imagine she likes to go out while you're away, and why not? If she's like any other girl, she also likes an escort home and an outing on an otherwise dull weekend while you're away. I can't see anything wrong in her behaviour unless you have one of those old-fashioned things, an understanding.

Apparently her outings have made no difference to the way she feels about you, so why worry? If you don't feel this way about it, you have two courses left to you. You can ask her to become engaged, which, if she accepts, gives you some rights, or do as she does — go out with other people while you're away and then tell her about it.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



IF you're mad about frankfurts, and who isn't, here's a wonderful way to serve them for a party or a barbecue.

Get your frankfurts and cook them gently, drain, let them cool thoroughly, and then skin them. Buy a packet of scone-mix and mix two cups with about two-thirds of a cup of milk to make a soft dough.

Roll the dough out to form a rectangle 9in. x 12in., about half an inch thick, and spread it with three tablespoons of tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon of horseradish sauce, if there's some about, and two teaspoons of mixed mustard.

After spreading, cut the dough carefully into 12 strips 12in. long. Twist a strip diagonally around each skinned frankfurt, anchoring the dough each end with a toothpick. Brush over the dough with a small amount of melted shortening (cooking oil, margarine, butter, or some such), and toast slowly over a barbecue or cook in oven till a golden-brown.

Serve immediately they're cooked to all your hungry friends.

If you think the scone business is too complicated — it's not, really — bacon bandages are easier. Skin the frankfurts and make a cut in the inner curve and fill with mixed mustard. Take a rasher of bacon, cut the rind off, and cut the rasher in half. Bandage the mustard-cut with the bacon held by a toothpick. Grill as with the others and serve with lashings of tomato sauce and bread rolls.

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Girls that wear glasses

By CAROLYN EARLE

A fair percentage of teenagers and young adults in Australia wear glasses. Among them are fashion models, typists, dressmakers, students — and perhaps you. How do you wear your specs? Grimly? Bravely? Or gaily, like a fashion accessory, which can be flattering, and even fun?

THERE has never been such a variety of shapes, sizes, and colors as in today's spectacle frames. No matter what the color of your eyes or skin, the shape of your face, the condition of your purse, you can find specs just right for you.

How can you tell which glasses are most becoming? The same way you choose your clothes — by trying on style after style till you find the pair that's right.

Here are some pointers:

- Frames should conform to the line of the eyebrows — never cut across them at an angle.
- Slanting frames can make a square face appear almost oval if the lower edges of the frames are rounded.
- For a long face try frames that emphasise the horizontal.
- Upswept glasses give a perky uplift to a face with heavy jaw and chin.
- Ornamentation at the outer corners of the frames make close-set eyes look wide apart.

Any other problems? See the sketches at the foot of the page.

If you wear glasses round the clock, it's a good idea to have an extra pair, in case you lose or break a pair, and sun-glasses as well. For a real morale booster, try each pair in a different style or color.

Maybe your mother will feel that this is too costly. It's true that good glasses are expensive, but the fact that you look smart and feel attractive will more than compensate for the extra money spent.

Eyes that look at the world from behind glasses should be carefully made-up. If you wear rouge, blend it up to your lower eyelashes; smooth shadow from the centre of the upper lid up and out to the brow.

Darken and extend the brow-line with feather strokes of an eyebrow pencil, and brush mascara on the upper lashes.

If you're too young for full eye make-up, you can improve the view by tidying, smoothing and oiling your brows and lashes so that they don't disappear behind your spectacle frames.

Never wear colorless lipstick shades. No matter how inconspicuous specs are, they'll overshadow a too-pale mouth.

Be sure your hair is done simply. Bushy lines crowd the eyes, make them look small and closer together. A style like the one pictured at right leaves a clear field for the glasses.





LONG NOSE. Wear glasses with a bridge that curves down low to create illusion that your nose is shorter than it is.



SHORT NOSE. On the other hand, the bridge should curve up high to add apparent length to a short nose, like this.



NARROW FACE. You want horizontal lines to carry the viewer's eye across. Trimmed corners extend these glasses.



BROAD NOSTRILS look smaller and narrower if bridge of glasses is broad, keeping specs and features in scale.



LINES and pouches under eyes seem to be reduced by glasses with shallow lenses and heavy rims to cover lines.



FAINT, scanty eyebrows. Add the weight of heavy frames across brow-line to strengthen face. Use make-up.

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Young champ shows



● Here's your opportunity to get some first-class professional coaching from Dinny Pails, former Australian singles champion and Davis Cup representative. Star pupil Kaye Dening demonstrates.

IF you want to become an expert tennis-player, as Kaye does, you have to have the help of the whole family, according to Dinny, who has been coaching Kaye since she was ten.

"Dad used to throw balls to me and teach me, and then when I was eight he built a seaside cottage with a tennis court for us at Bilgola, and I was able to play there as much as I wanted to," said Kaye, who is now a third-year high-school student at the Methodist Ladies' College, Burwood, Sydney.

Kaye had a lightweight racquet. (Dinny Pails says that this is very important — a normal racquet is much too heavy for a small child. For a child about 10, he recommends a 10oz. racquet.)

She showed a flair for tennis right from the start and was selected to play in the under-14 championships when she was only eight!

"But Mummy does all the slave work," Kaye said, "washing and ironing my tennis clothes and feeding me and giving me encouragement."

This doesn't mean cooking any special diet; Kaye just "eats well."

And plays tennis every day.

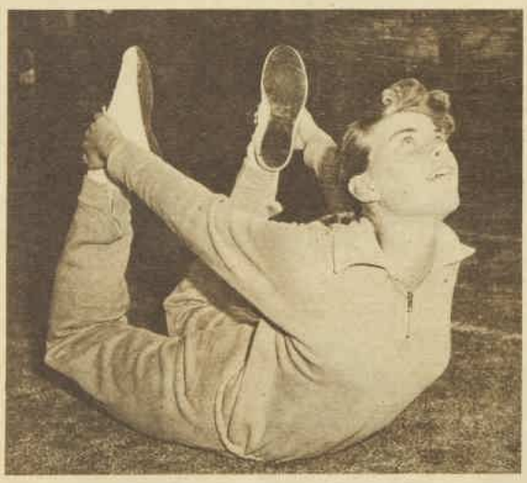
"At the moment tennis has taken a back seat for study, but as soon as the exams are over we can really get going," coach Dinny said.

Naturally, Kaye's wardrobe in the bedroom of her home at Haberfield is crammed with tennis outfits. Pride of the collection is a Teddy Tinling dress which well-known tennis-player Mary Hawton brought back from her last overseas tour.

Her biggest hope right now is to play against Wimbledon champion Maria Bueno from Brazil and English player Christine Truman while they are in Australia this summer.

And her greatest ambition? To be the first Australian woman to win Wimbledon.

FORMER international tennis-player Dinny Pails with his star pupil, 14-year-old Kaye Dening, N.S.W. schoolgirl champion.



GETTING FIT

IF you want to be good at any sport, the first step is to be physically fit.

Twice a week Kaye does physical-training exercises under the supervision of Sydney physical-culture instructor Les Gronow, who has planned exercises for her which are especially good for tennis-players.

For budding tennis stars he recommends four kinds of exercises—breathing exercises for lungs and heart to stop the player becoming winded too easily; callisthenics for warming up; co-ordinated movements to quicken reflexes; and ground floor work for the spine.

Here's a simple breathing exercise: Stand with arms held horizontally at shoulder level, hands turned down; raise arms to overhead position, breathe in deeply through the nose, return to horizontal and breathe out. This extends and expands the lungs.

For callisthenics you can do running on the spot, bouncing or squatting on the spot, or bouncing and doing a turn in mid-air—all in time with rhythmical breathing.

For better co-ordination you practise using two sets of limbs at the same time. A good co-ordinating exercise is "Lunging on the Spot": Raise your right arm above your head, at the same time lunging forward on your left leg; then vice versa. Do this several times.

For all floor exercises, when you lie on your back, you should hold heels two inches off the floor to strengthen abdominal muscles.

For the "Bicycle Exercise" you lie on the floor with your hands by your sides and your heels two inches off the floor. Raise legs alternately 12 times, then both legs at once five times. Finish off with a full 180deg. semicircle—both legs over your head to touch the floor without bending your legs. Do this six times.

In the picture at left Kaye is demonstrating the "Back Lever" exercise. This is for back muscles and nerve centres at the base of the spine, as well as for better reflexes. Just lie on the floor on your stomach, take both ankles in your hands, pull your legs towards your head, and take a deep breath; then relax to the floor and breathe out. Do this eight times.



Forehand GRIP

FOR forehand drive and all shots on the forehand side the grip is called the "Eastern American" or "shake hands" grip.

Take hold of the racquet so that the V form between the thumb and forefinger is about in the centre of the racquet grip (left).

The racquet is held firmly with the fingers.

Almost all coaches are in agreement that this grip, and the one shown for backhand, are the most effective.



Backhand GRIP

The backhand grip is called "the Quarter Turn from the Eastern American." You just turn from the forehand position until the V is at the inside edge of the racquet grip.

In preparing for backhand shots you must change to this grip.

This may appear uncomfortable at first, but it is most important to persevere. You will never have a strong backhand unless you do.

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HOW to improve your tennis





SERVING

THE grip for serving depends on the kind of service you are going to use. The choice is left to the individual.

The FLAT service is the fastest—this is the ace serve. It is often used for a first serve. For serving this way with a flat racquet the forehand grip is suggested.

For a SLICE service the grip should be somewhere between the forehand grip and the backhand. This is called a "Hammer" or "Continental" grip — you hold the racquet as you would a hammer.

The slice is the safe service, and many of the leading players use it for their second serve; some use it for both serves. It allows the ball to be held longer on the racquet and so gives more spin and more accuracy.

Kaye serves a sliced ball far more effectively than a flat one.

As Kaye is a right-hander she throws the ball over the right shoulder and slightly in front of the body. The racquet will then pass in overarm throwing motion over the right shoulder towards some point in the opponent's court.

This is important. Don't just hit the ball and hope for the best—AIM the racquet in the direction of the position in your opponent's court where you want the ball to go.

Then you will have a better chance to direct control.

The same applies in reverse to left-handers; they throw the ball over their left shoulder.

You stand parallel to the sideline and side-on to the net as in forehand drive (below).

FOREHAND

AS the ball is moving to Kaye she gets ready to make a forehand drive. The racquet is behind the body ready to come forward to the ball.

This preparation will prevent mis-timing.

If the ball is through the waist, preparation of the racquet should be waist high; if you expect the ball to bounce at shoulder height, preparation should be at shoulder height; if it's a low shot, take the racquet back at a low level.

PREPARATION SHOULD BE ON THE PATH OF THE BALL.

Footwork is important. Kaye's feet are parallel to the sideline and side-on to the net so that she can get WEIGHT into the shot.

If you keep your feet side-on and do the correct preparation for the shot, footwork should become automatic and you will find you have better balance.

At the time of impact be sure that your wrist is firm.

The follow-through will take care of itself provided you start off in the proper preparation position and swing from behind the body around in a full semi-circle.













BACKHAND

THE fundamentals for Backhand Drive are the same as for the forehand.

Preparation is helped a lot by the left hand, which can be used to bring the racquet back into the hitting position.

Kaye is hitting the ball straight, not at an angle, with the full face of the racquet. This is the best way when aiming for control and power in ground strokes.

The follow-through is in the form of a semi-circle as in forehand.

The wrist should be as firm at the finish of the stroke as at the start—this is the key to control.

VOLLEYING

VOLLEYING is a little more advanced and should come only when you have perfected your forehand and backhand ground strokes and service.

When you are ready to take on a more advanced game, you use volley to take advantage of your good ground shots and serves, to hit away the weak returns of your opponent.

The grips for forehand and backhand volleys are the same as for ground strokes.

The idea is to attempt to catch the ball in front of the body before it bounces. You don't need to have a preparation behind the body as no body weight is necessary — this is an arm shot only.

The vital point is to have CONTROL of the racquet with a firm wrist.

Do not follow through further than your arm will go while it is fully extended. Don't bend it.

And you don't need to worry too much about your feet — the arm is the important thing.

After you have made contact, do not let the racquet drop by slackening your wrist. KEEP IT FIRM.

The best practice for volleying is hitting against a brick wall; the ball comes back so quickly that it restricts any long preparations and follow-through.

In the picture at right Kaye demonstrates how to hit the ball on the run.

For these pictures Kaye is wearing her Teddy Tinling tennis dress — white terylene with a box-pleated skirt and a pale blue binding round the hem — which Mary Hawton brought from London for her.



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A GUY (a more mellow fellow) agrees there's... NOTHING LIKE A DAME!

● "How about a *good* word for girls? Surely they must have some good points." This appeal comes from a Condobolin, N.S.W., girl who signs herself "The Saint."

WELL, "Saint," you got through to this sinner. Maybe I *have* been a bit severe with the dears.

So, this week, let's bury the hatchet—and somewhere quite apart from in each other's heads!

Agreed? Then stand by, girls, for some pats on the backs, instead of cracks at the sacks . . .

Firstly, let me say how much I admire most girls' patience and perseverance with their personal neatness and smartness.

I know I've made cracks about crazy hairstyles, and mad make-up and turnabouts in dress tastes.

I still stick by those remarks. But I can't take anything away from the laudable time and tender trouble girls spend on dressing and primping—even though the results sometimes leave something (I think) to be desired.

I might dislike the cut or shape of a girl's dress, but rarely do I find it pressed as badly as my pants. I might liken a girl's hairdo to a squeezed-out mop, but I credit her with having *planned* it.

No fan

WHAT gives this character Robin Adair the idea that he is an authority on girls and their habits? The girl who suggested a fan-club to exterminate him had the best idea in years. *Mal James, Armadale, Vic.*

(All in all, it's rather like the saying "If there's going to be a panic, let it be organised!", I suppose.)

While I'm in this moment of weakness I'm even willing to admit that some of the jobs girls perform are really more useful than boys' activities.

I've said at least once that girls shouldn't be let loose in offices and I mean it.

But, for instance, put most lasses over a stove instead of a typewriter and you're really cooking with gas.

When it all boils down I'd like to coin (or, rather, forge) a phrase: The hand that rocks the *ladle* rules the world . . .

Of course, their abilities as lookers and cookers aren't the only facets I admire about females.

In a pinch (no, I don't mean *that* sort of tight squeeze!) a girl is equal to any boy.

Girls ARE the stronger sex.

They live longer (a girl's life expectancy in Australia is about 70, a feller's about 64), and if a bloke complains that this is only because a female doesn't let herself be beaten down by responsibilities and worries, then that's only an admission of another womanly triumph.

This is that a girl is smarter than a boy. And happier, too.

I hate to admit it, but this is undoubtedly true.

Man is beset by worries from the time he's a baby until he goes bald again. Woman is as carefree as a mouse loose in a cheese factory.

Even the most happy-go-lucky fellow, apparently as unworried by life as a beachcomber, has at least one weakness that can shatter his nerves.

Think of a football fan, for instance, whom you know (maybe it's YOU, feller!). Give him the sack and he couldn't care less. BUT—let his favorite team get a hiding and it's the end of the world.

Girls have no false, demanding loyalties like we do.

You boys are saying that girls have frenzies about clothes, hats, and other frou-frou?

No. That's where they're *really* smart. Sure, those things are important to girls. But what do they do about them? Worry? Not on your unsweet lives, fellers. The girls get married and pass the burden of providing and paying—on to their MEN!

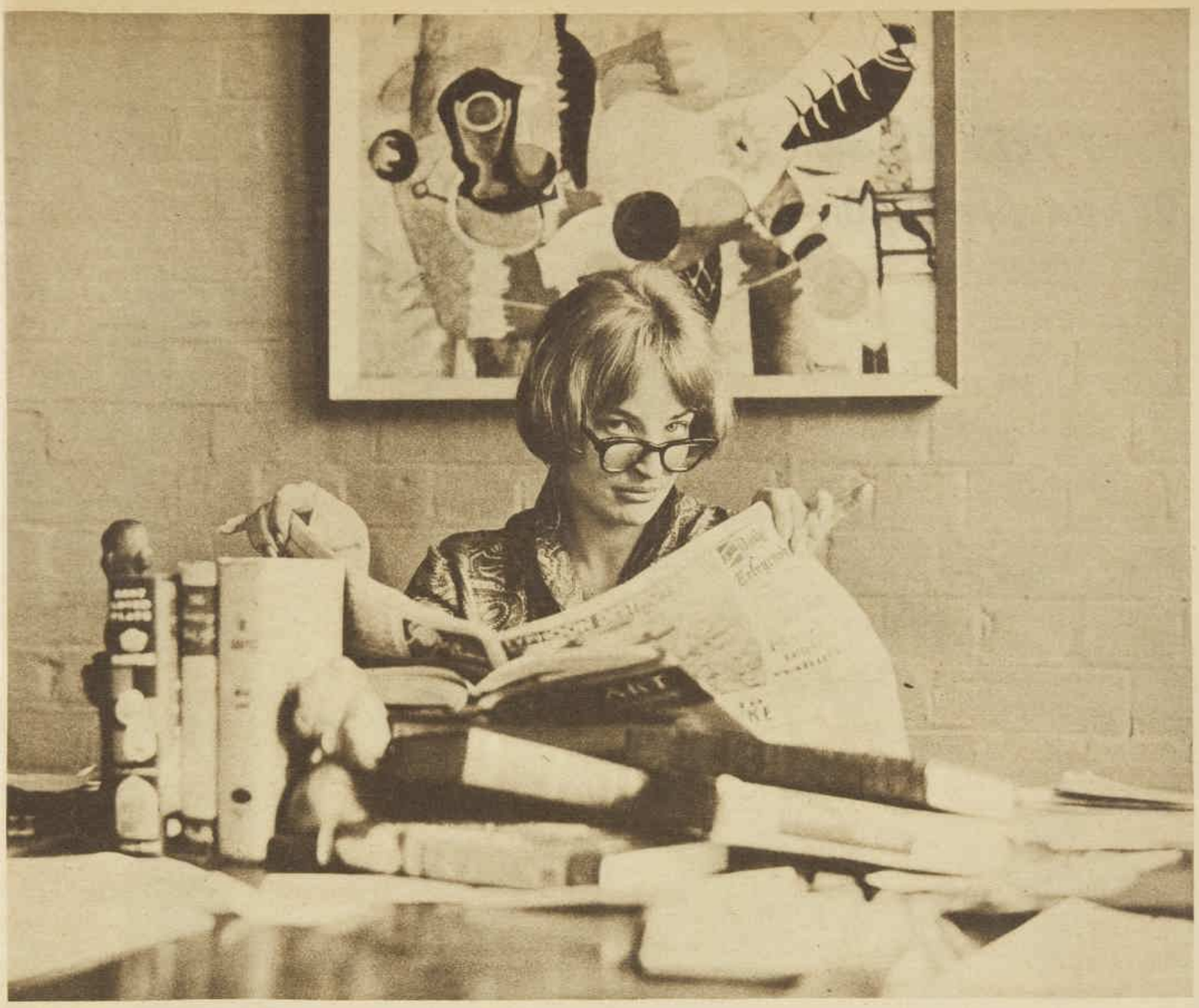
So, to sum up, I must admire girls because they're smart (both physically and mentally), tasty dish dishers, and as tough as they are tender.

If any girl cynically suggests that I admire 'em just because they keep me in a job . . .

Well, that just proves what I said about girls being smart!

—Robin Adair

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Are you a Culture Vulture?

Culture Vultures are rather odd birds who go through life saying that Culture Is A Very Good Thing — but not really understanding it. They're the people who read ALL the reviews but not the books . . . they think ANY piece of classical music is better than even the best jazz . . . almost all their opinions are second-hand.

The Daily Telegraph is not written for the narrow-minded —nor is it written for the cultural snob. It is the BRIGHTEST of all newspapers because its subjects and interests embrace the full range of human activity, all over the world.

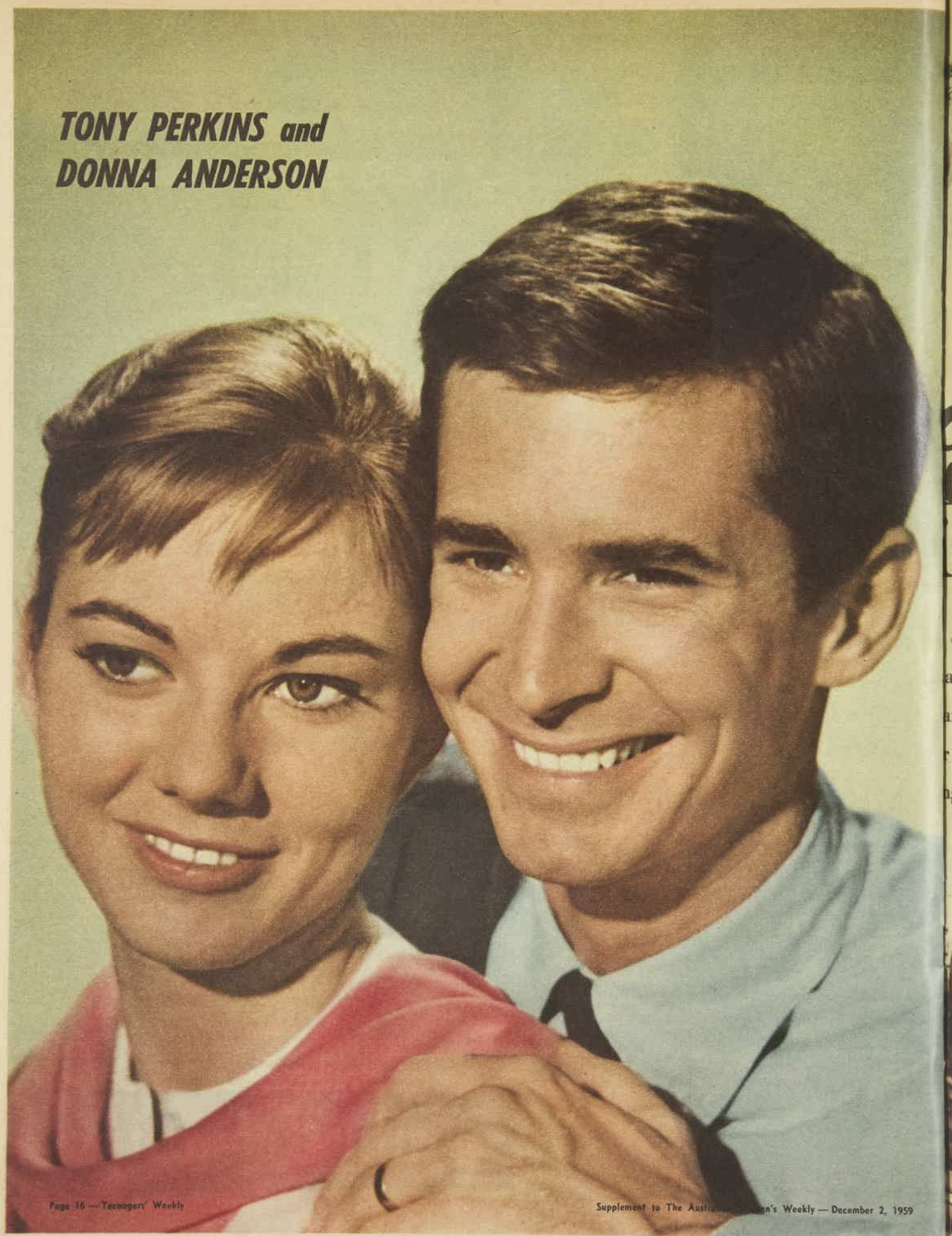
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They're good to look at and delicious to eat



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of good things
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nd serve with
friends during the
g festive season.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food
and Cookery Expert

COFFEE DELIGHTS

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 10oz. flour, 2oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg-yolks and coffee essence, mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients until well mixed. Fill a little mixture at a time into biscuit forcer fitted with end sections of various designs. Press out on to well-greased oven trays and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Loosen with a knife, leave on trays until quite cold.

To decorate: Join with lemon-flavored icing or mock cream, top with a little icing, decorate with walnut halves, almonds, cherry pieces, colored jellies or jubes cut into fancy shapes.

Note: If a biscuit forcer is not available, roll biscuit mixture out on floured board and cut into fancy shapes, or roll mixture into small balls, place on oven tray and press with a fork to flatten slightly.

ALMOND SNOWFLAKES

Three cups flour, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 8oz. butter or substitute, 2 egg-yolks, water.

Topping: Two egg-whites, 2 cups sifted icing sugar, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup chopped almonds.

Sift flour, sugar, and salt into basin, cut in butter until it is the size of small peas. Beat egg-yolks slightly, add sufficient water to make up to 1-3rd cup. Sprinkle over flour mixture, mixing lightly with a fork until dough is moist enough to hold together. Form into a ball, chill while making meringue. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add icing sugar, beating constantly. Add cream of tartar, continue beating until very light. Fold in vanilla, cover with a damp cloth while rolling out dough.

Roll out half the chilled dough at a time on floured board to a 10in. x 8in. rectangle. Spread each piece with meringue, sprinkle combined sugar, cinnamon, and almonds over meringue. Press on lightly with spatula. Cut into 2in. squares, place on ungreased oven-trays. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned and cooked.

WALNUT LOGS

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Walnut Topping: Two eggs, ½ cup golden syrup, ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, ¾ cup chopped walnuts, extra walnut halves to decorate.

Beat butter with brown sugar until creamy, add sifted flour and baking powder, mix until mixture resembles coarse meal. Stir in walnuts, mix well. Press firmly over base of greased slab-tin, bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes Meanwhile prepare topping. Beat eggs until thick, stir in syrup, sugar, flour, salt, walnuts, and vanilla. Pour over partially baked crust. Return to moderate oven and bake further 30 to 40 minutes. Remove from oven, mark into finger-lengths, press a walnut half into top of each. When cold cut into bars.

MERINGUE KISSES

Four egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, 1½oz. cocoa, 1oz. icing sugar, mock cream, vanilla essence, chocolate decorettes.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, then gradually add half the castor sugar, beating constantly until mixture is smooth and thick. Combine remaining castor-sugar with cocoa and icing-sugar, mix well, fold into beaten egg-white mixture. Fill meringue into a large piping bag with a plain tube, and pipe 2in. lengths on to a greased oven tray. Place in a slow oven and bake 1½ to 2 hours. When thoroughly dried out remove from oven, allow to cool. When cold join two meringues with vanilla-flavored mock cream, sprinkle cream with chocolate decorettes.

PEANUT CRISPIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. finely crushed peanut brittle.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until creamy; add egg and mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and lastly peanut brittle. If mixture is a little soft, chill in refrigerator until firm. Shape into small balls, place on greased oven-tray, and bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Loosen with knife, allow to cool on trays.

LEMON HONEYS

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ¼ cup honey, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2¼ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, extra sugar.

Cream butter with sugar, honey, and lemon rind, add egg; mix well. Work in sifted dry ingredients and lemon juice. Shape into a roll approximately 1½ inches in diameter; wrap in waxed paper, chill 2 or 3 hours. Cut into ¼in.-thick slices, place on greased oven-tray, sprinkle lightly with extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes or until cooked and lightly browned.

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PORK BUFFET DISH can be served from one large bowl and eaten with a fork only. As a variation spaghetti mixture could be filled into individual ramekin dishes and reheated in the oven before serving.

Pork recipe wins £5

● This week's prizewinning recipes for pork and mock chicken dishes are just the thing for Christmas buffet parties. They are simple to prepare and easy for the hostess to serve to her guests.

A JELLIED mock chicken mould wins a consolation prize of £1. For a change vary the flavor by using well-drained tinned salmon or tuna, or cooked lamb or beef in place of the rabbit.

A recipe for butterscotch fruit squares also wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements are level.

PORK BUFFET DISH

Two pounds pork fillets (or use lean pork chops), 1 tablespoon fat, 1 onion, ½ cup diced celery, 1 large tin tomatoes, 2 tablespoons mustard sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 8oz. spaghetti, ½ cup shredded tasty cheese.

Cut pork into 1in. cubes and brown lightly in heated fat in pan. Add chopped onion and celery; cook 5 minutes. Drain off excess fat, then add roughly chopped tomatoes and liquid, sauces, sugar, and seasonings; cover and simmer 40 minutes. Add cornflour, which has been blended with a little water, stir over heat 5 minutes longer. Cook spaghetti in usual way, drain, and rinse. Fold spaghetti into meat mixture, fill into large serving-dish. Sprinkle with cheese, garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Miss B. Campbell, Box 5, Post Office, El-Arish, via Tully, North Qld.

MOCK CHICKEN MOULD

Two small rabbits or 1 large one, 1 stick celery, 1 carrot, 1 onion, 1 bay leaf, 1 pkt. chicken noodle soup, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 cups boiling water, 2 tablespoons gelatine softened in ¼ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ cup chopped blanched almonds, 1 cup medium-thickness white sauce, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Soak rabbits in cold salted water ½ hour; drain thoroughly. Place in saucepan with chopped celery, carrot, onion, bay leaf, soup, water, and salt; cover and simmer 1 hour or until meat is tender. Lift rabbits from saucepan, remove meat from bones. Allow liquid in pan to cool; skim off fat and strain. Measure 3 cups of the rabbit stock, add softened gelatine, and stir over heat until gelatine is dissolved. Remove from heat, add lemon juice; cool. Chop rabbit meat roughly (there should be 2½ to 3 cups), place in basin, add parsley, almonds, white sauce, mayonnaise, and curry powder; mix well. When the stock is beginning to thicken, fold in rabbit mixture; correct seasoning. Pour into a greased or wetted mould or ring-tin, chill until set. Unmould and serve with salad.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Tilgner, Tone Rd., Wangaratta, Vic.

Holiday hazards

By

SISTER MARY JACOB, *our Mothercraft Nurse.*

Soon schools will be breaking up and families will be spending holidays away from home.

Different water and milk supplies may upset young children and severe sunburn may occur if the weather is very hot. When you are away from home and your family doctor, it is a good thing to know how to treat these emergencies.

A free leaflet describing some of them and the required treatment can be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send a stamped, addressed envelope for your leaflet.

FAMILY DISH

SAUSAGE-STUFFED cabbage rolls, this week's family dish, cost approximately 7/3 and serves four to five.

SAUSAGE-STUFFED CABBAGE ROLLS

Ten large cabbage leaves, 1½lb. sausage mince, 1 large egg, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1½ cups tomato juice, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Pour boiling water over cabbage leaves, leave a few minutes to soften, drain well. Combine sausage mince, slightly beaten egg, breadcrumbs, ½ cup of the tomato juice, salt, pepper, onion, and parsley. Divide into 10 portions, place one on each cabbage leaf, fold up into a parcel, secure with cocktail sticks or tie with thread (remove before serving). Place in ovenware dish or baking-dish with remainder of tomato juice. Cover, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Stockley, 46 Glenroi Ave., Orange, N.S.W.

BUTTERSCOTCH FRUIT SQUARES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2oz. chopped dates, 1oz. chopped shredded peel, 1oz. chopped preserved ginger, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, juice of 1 orange.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until light and creamy. Add egg-yolks, beat well, then add fruits and nuts. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with orange juice. Press mixture into greased slab-tin and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes or until cooked. Remove from oven, mark into squares with sharp knife, allow to cool in tin.

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PEANUT COOKIES

Cream 2 ozs. butter, ½ cup peanut paste, 1 cup sugar. Beat in 2 eggs, one at a time. Add 1 cup chopped raw peanuts. Sift together, then add gradually 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon baking soda, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Roll dough in small balls, place on baking trays, flatten with fork, decorate with raw peanut halves. Bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) till crisp. Yields 4 to 5 dozen delicious biscuits.

CURRIED PEANUT MEATBALLS

Mix 2 teaspoons curry powder into ½ of small can tomato soup; add 1 lb. minced beef steak, ½ cup uncooked rice, ½ cup chopped salted peanuts, 1 beaten egg, 1 chopped onion, herbs to taste. Shape into balls and brown in 2 tablespoons melted butter with 1 crushed clove garlic added. Mix remaining soup with 1 cup hot water and pour over meat balls. Cover and simmer about 45 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

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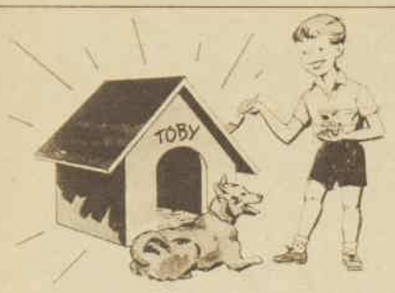
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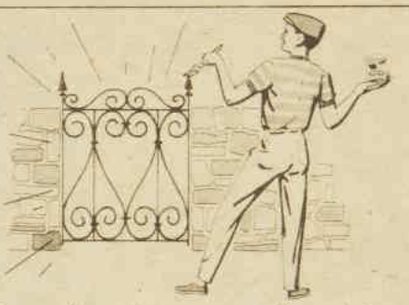
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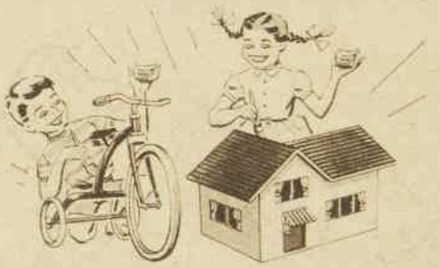
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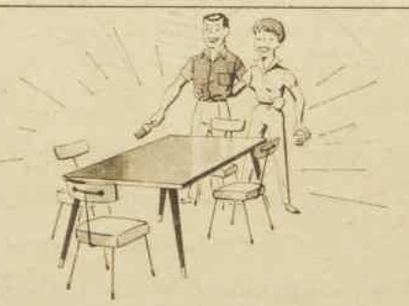
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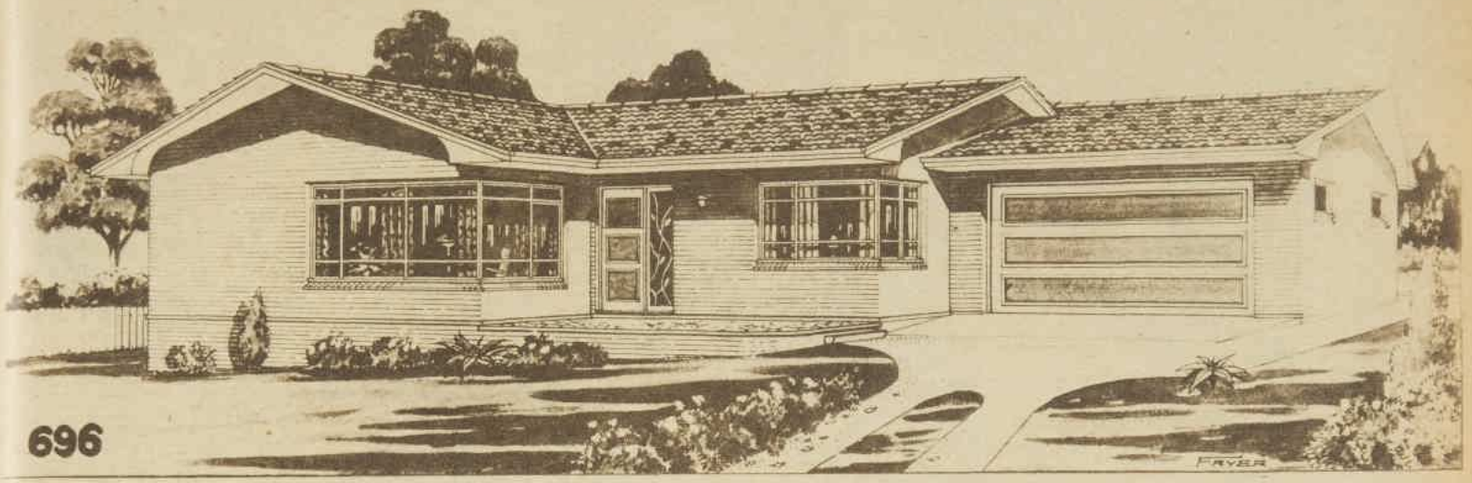




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Designed for family living



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Home Plan No. 696 shows an attractive brick house with spacious corner windows. Wide eaves give good protection against bad weather and strong summer sun. The construction is of face brick and the roof is of cement tiles. Fly screens are fitted throughout.

● Next month the Master Builders' Association of N.S.W. is holding an exhibition of nearly 40 homes, which are now being built at the Cherrybrook Gardens Estate on Sydney's North Shore. The home on this page can be inspected by the public on Lot 41.

PLANS for this attractive four - bedroom house, No. 696 in our series of Standard Home Plans, can be bought for £9/9/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, whose addresses are listed in the panel at right, below.

The Parade of Homes exhibition is the latest idea in home-buying. Visitors can inspect all the houses, which will be fully furnished and have landscape gardens, and can buy them or order similar ones built on their own land.

The Parade will open during next January for one month. Houses of various sizes and prices to suit everyone will be on show.

The object is to improve the standard of building and illustrate the advantages of employing a member of the Master Builders' Association to erect a house to ensure good work at a reasonable cost.

The house we show on this page is being built on Lot 41. The land is 90ft. wide and 120ft. deep and has a pleasant open aspect backed by trees. It looks out across the entire estate and has a fall to the front which lends itself to landscaping.

Play area

Designed and built by B. W. Stafford and Son, the accent in this house is on family living. There is a children's play area with cupboard space for toys and books which has direct access to the rear patio.

Its feature wall is in imitation random stone — a durable and washable substance.

The master bedroom has been planned on the side of the house to give it privacy and the benefit of the morning sun.

Ample wardrobe space has been provided in all the bedrooms as well as storage space above the wardrobes.

A bathroom, separate toilet, and separate shower are situated conveniently near all the bedrooms. Separate toilet and shower are important planning points in a family home.

Spacious room

Lounge and dining-room measures 19ft. 6in. x 14ft. 6in. and has sufficient space to accommodate two suites of furniture, which are often a necessity for large families. In this room a glass screen wall with a plate-glass sliding-door gives an angled entry from the entrance lobby. The room is also fitted with a gas fireplace with bookcase attached.

In the unusual entrance lobby there is a decorative wall of masonite. The back of this wall houses two cupboards — a clothes cupboard which opens into the lobby and a broom cupboard in the family room. It also contains the refrigerator in a full recess.

The family room is a spacious area which contains the cooking section, a general family living area, and a snack bar for quick meals. From the kitchen sink there is a pleasant outlook over the rear patio and the children can be seen in their play area.

A laundry leads off this room, which also has direct access to the garage area.

The house has a northerly aspect and the living areas have been designed to take advantage of the sun throughout the day. Steel frames complete with fly screens are fitted on the windows and outer doors to give maximum ventilation and protection from flies during summer.

Timber trim inside the home will be light maple and the wardrobe walls in each bedroom will have feature timber or plywood finish.

Face brick has been used for the construction and the roof consists of grey-green cement tiles of English pattern. The area of the house is 18.76 squares, which includes the garage of 3.6 squares.

An approximate price on a level site, excluding fencing, paths, and septic tank, in the metropolitan area of Sydney is £6850, but for more accurate costing in your own area please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

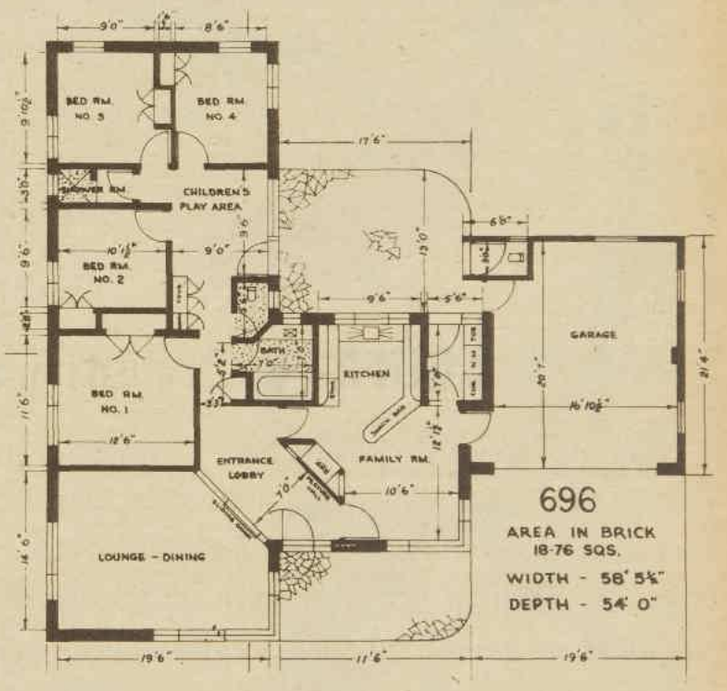
For economy reasons this house could be constructed without bedrooms 3 and 4 and the playroom could be used as a third bedroom. The garage, too, could be built at a later date and all these areas added without any costly alteration.

Home plan

Like all our other Standard Home Plans this house is available in the mirror reverse position at no extra cost. This may make it more suitable for your site to take advantage of aspect, sun, and breeze.

If you would prefer a design of your own specially drawn for you our Centres will arrange this special service for the fee of £1/1/- per square based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

You can use any of our standard designs as a basis for your own individual design and add ideas of your own to the features you have selected. Representatives at our Centres will advise and prepare the new drawings for you.



FLOOR PLAN shows spacious family room and kitchen combined. The garage and bedrooms 3 and 4 could be added at a later date without any costly alteration to the original building. The children's play area has direct access to the rear patio and contains cupboards for books and toys.

WHERE TO BUY THIS PLAN

THE plan on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set at any of our Home Planning Centres. These Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, offer a comprehensive service to the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specification. Fee £9/9/-.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

If you feel you need assistance to plan a house to suit your block of land, our Centres will arrange for a representative to meet you on the site to discuss the design with you. The fee for this varies according to the situation of the allotment, but the cost in the metropolitan area is £5/5/-.

Every plan is guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building material to be used. Please include fee with your order.

Addresses of the Centres are:

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: Our representative attends the Myer Emporium every Friday and Saturday.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 26

brought her an armful of hay from the barn to make her a bed.

Then he'd gone round to the lowyards, making the excuse when he met his father and his brother that he'd forgotten his morning job of cleaning the drinking tins, and taken a handful of bran and half a dozen eggs. He mixed some of the bran with one of the eggs in a flat tobacco tin he'd found in the yard, but though the cat sniffed at the claggy mess she wouldn't eat it.

When he tried to take the other eggs out of the pockets of his shorts one of them fell with a splosh on to the bricks of the floor and the cat was on to it in a second, licking it greedily, half crouched, with a noise like a fast-dripping tap. He gave her the other four eggs, neatly broken for her in a row on the bricks, and after she'd eaten them all she went back to the hay and started washing herself.

Tim squatted in front of her, watching. His heart was still beating fast with the excitement of having found her, and with the pleasure of watching her because she was beautiful, unique, secret, and his.

Once or twice the cat stopped in mid-lick to stare at him, making a soft crooning sound, with the tip of her tongue still showing between her lips.

He took the collar out of his pocket to look at it again. It was made of flat silver links, studded with what were clearly rubies and emeralds. It made him uncomfortable because it was obviously worth what they called a king's ransom, and he thought he had better get rid of it as soon as he could.

When he left her, because he had heard the cows coming into the yard for the evening milking and knew that the others would begin to wonder where he was, the cat had finished her washing and gone to sleep.

There were things he wanted to warn her about — not to cry, in case the others heard her; not to try to go out, because, of the dogs; not to answer if she heard old Black Mac yowling when darkness came — but when he spoke to her and stroked her back she tightened herself irritably, nose down, into a firmer ball, and it was clear that she didn't want anything to do with him just at present.

In the night he woke several times and felt at once for the jewelled collar which he was wearing strapped around his arm under the striped sleeve of his pyjama jacket. The third time he woke he heard Cocoa bark in the yard, and he thought that perhaps he'd heard the cat cry just before it. When he went out the house was dark and so quiet that he thought it must be late and his parents asleep.

Cocoa was sitting outside his kennel and he jumped and made a racket with his chain when he saw Tim passing, but Tess, who was old and wise and much more of a threat to the little cat's safety, just thumped her tail against the boards of the kennel, and stayed inside.

The cat was crying, with a small, thin, lonely cry interspersed with deep fluting notes of anger at finding herself shut in. When Tim opened the door she came out crouched, looking upwards, and paused in the doorway, staring cautiously about her. He couldn't see her eyes in the darkness, and her coat looked a blurred sort of grey and her head and legs and tail were pitchy black.

He wanted to take her to the house, but when he picked her up she stiffened herself and struggled out of his arms, jerking her tail up and down with irritation. But when he set off towards the house she followed him, not coming out into the open, but tacking quickly from point to point into the shadows of buildings and bushes and posts. He took her the long way round, by-passing the dogs, and they went into his room through the open window.

He got back into bed and she stood up against it on her hind legs to look at him, and when he lifted the sheet invitingly she was up and into its cover, and he went to sleep with the little cat curled against his chest.



"That jet only just missed me."

He woke to disaster. The cat was growling, crouched on the far side of the bed against the wall, and his mother and his father and his two brothers were looking down at him with the clear-eyed advantage of people who were wide awake.

It seemed that he had slept later than his usual time, and his three-year-old brother Billie had been sent to wake him. Billie had rushed back to the breakfast table in the kitchen with the deafening falsetto news that there was a possum on Tim's neck and it seemed to be sucking his blood.

"Be careful," Joan Harvey said to her husband. "It looks like a wildcat."

"Looks more like an r-e-g-i-t to me," Peter said.

"It's mine. I found it," Tim said. He sat up quickly, pulling his legs under him and reaching for the cat, but she jumped away and spat nervily at him.

Jim Harvey reached across the bed and picked the cat up by the neck.

She let out a screech of terror and went rigid, with her long, whip-like tail held flat against her belly between her legs.

"A female, and in kitten, too," Jim Harvey said. The cat growled and began to struggle, lashing up with her front claws to get at the hand that held her neck. When he dropped her, she crouched and spat so savagely that a thick, viscous froth coated her jaw and hung in runnels to her chest. The outer margins of her tongue had gone flame-colored with her need to frighten them, and a line of raised hair ran from her bushed-up tail right up to her shoulder-blades.

Tim stared at her, not seeing her anger. What his father had said explained everything—explained why she had seemed to remind him just a little of his mother and why, though she was small and a hungry stray, she had seemed to him to be older than he was himself.

"Have you ever seen anything like her eyes?" his mother said. "They're blue, Jim, really blue. Whatever sort of a cat do you think she is?"

"She's a new one on me," Harvey said. He looked sympathetically towards Tim. "I'm sorry, son, but you can see for yourself we can't keep her. She's too wild, for one thing, and we can't afford to keep a cat that's going to give us a litter of kittens to feed three or four times a year."

"It won't cost anything," Tim said quickly. "I can trap rabbits for them."

"No go," his father said. "Sorry. But I wouldn't let Peter have that dog he wanted from the Thomas' last year, and I can't let you have the cat either. It wouldn't be fair."

"Timmie, you know what the rule is," his mother said, starting towards him and then stopping because of the cat. "We can't have pets on the farm, not for a long time, not till things begin to pay."

"And, besides, if there's one job that really turns me up, it's drowning kittens," his father said. "And I know darn well that'd be left to me."

"Gee, she's ugly. Just look at her," Peter said. "She looks like a mad cat that's fallen in a bucket of mud. Where did you find her, anyway?"

"Down at the creek," Tim said. He spoke with difficulty because he could see that the cat's peculiar magic didn't affect the others.

"Hop up and bring her out into the yard," his father said, turning away.

"I won't," Tim said.

"What?" said his father challengingly, turning back towards the bed.

JOAN HARVEY broke in. "Never mind, I'll bring her," she said, and then paused, deterred by the cat's ferocious anger.

"Don't you touch her," Jim Harvey said, pushing her aside. He grabbed at the cat, evaded her slashing forepaw, and carried her out, held at arm's length, with his wife and the two other boys following him down the passage towards the back door. Tim stayed where he was, powerless with anger against the rest of them.

When they got to the yard Jim Harvey dropped the cat, and she went off sideways, watching them, arched, bushed, and flecked with the spit of fear.

"What are you going to do, Dad?" Peter asked.

"Turn the dogs loose."

"Oh, you can't. You said she was in kitten," his wife said quickly.

"They won't touch her. They've got more sense," Harvey said, going off towards the kennels to let them go. "She'll clear out soon enough when she finds there are a couple of dogs around the place."

When he'd freed the two sheep dogs they came around from their kennels, which were out of sight of the yard, and began blundering around looking for the cat they could smell.

She'd seen them at once and had gone up in a floating, sidelong bound on to the tank stand on the farther side of the yard. By the time the dogs found her there Tim, unable to keep away, had come to stand in the doorway and watch what was happening.

Tess jumped a few times to try to reach the cat, who stood arched against the rungs of the tank on the stand, but when she found she couldn't reach the cat she sat down and barked, with her ears pricked, her jaws wide and her tail sweeping great swathes in the dust. But Cocoa, who was young and silly and never did what he was told but only what he thought was expected of him, was running at the tank stand and jumping in great bounds, which were bringing his head nearer and nearer to the reach of the cat.

Jim whistled them off, and Tess came obediently to heel at once; but Cocoa, deaf to everything, had to be grabbed and dragged away by his collar. "Tie the silly ass up again," Harvey said, giving him to Peter. "I'll go in and get my rifle."

"Don't, don't!" Tim screamed, running towards his mother. "Oh, stop him, stop him!"

Jim, going towards the house to get the rifle, shot out an arm and stopped Tim as he tried to run past to get to his mother. "Use your head, fella," he said. "What did you think I was going to do? Shoot her?"

"I'll fire a couple of shots and scare her off. Don't worry. There are plenty of farms around here. Someone'll take her in. Go on, in you go and get some clothes on," he said, giving Tim a little push towards the house.

Tim turned and began to walk slowly away across the yard and down towards the sheds. He heard his father begin to say something, and then his mother's voice saying: "Leave him for now, Jim. He'll come around, soon."

He had to pass the tank stand as he went, but the cat was still arched with fear, and she frowned and spat at him when he went past. He looked away from her, knowing that nothing could pass between them during that morning.

He was walking towards the harness-room when he heard two rifle-shots, and he didn't look back. But he heard Peter's excited yell: "Hey, look at her! She went like a t-e-j."

He didn't go back to the house until the middle of the afternoon, when he knew that Billie would be asleep and there'd be nobody about but his mother.

"Aren't you hungry?" Joan Harvey asked him when she saw him standing in the doorway, still in his rumpled pyjamas.

"No. I feel sick, rather," he said.

"Timmie, that's just because you've had nothing to eat," she said. She brought a glass of milk and the salad she'd had ready for his lunch and put them down for him on the kitchen table. "You eat this now, and there's some caramel pudding, too, if you want it."

"She wasn't wild," he said, catching hold of his mother's hand so that she'd have to listen to him. "Really and truly she wasn't wild. She was just . . . just different." But it was no good; he couldn't explain it, and he started eating the food.

All the morning and most of the afternoon he'd been wandering about the farm, barefooted, empty, and angry, calling the cat and looking for her without any real hope that he'd find her. And all the time

To page 52

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



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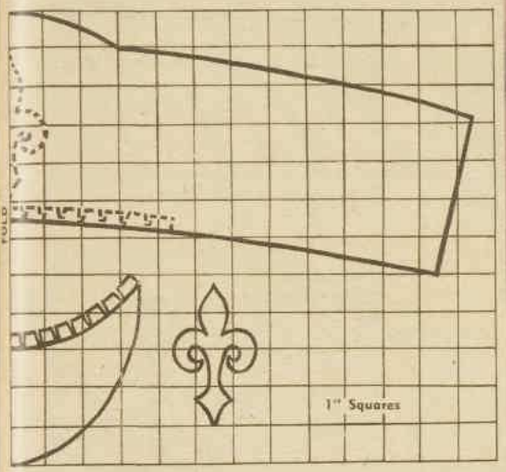
In its aristocratic setting of priceless furniture, ancestral portraits and rare Ming vases, it epitomizes luxury and poise, the two qualities women instinctively associate with MODESS.

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FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS PARTY

Nimble fingers, a little time, and inexpensive materials will produce the gay Christmas favors shown here and overleaf.





COLORFUL party decorations and favors (right) are quickly made from inexpensive materials. The diagram above gives a pattern for the party cap made of cardboard.

PARTY CAP

Materials required: 1 sheet cardboard 12in. by 26in.; water or poster-paint; glue.

Directions: Draw diagram on sheet of paper, making each square 1in. in size. Cut out paper patterns. Place on cardboard and cut out crown, peak, and emblem. Paint these pieces in contrasting colors. Alternatively, they can be cut out in colored cardboard.

Glue narrow ends of crown together and glue peak to crown, matching indentations. Glue emblem to crown where indicated.

CHRISTMAS CIRCLES

Materials required: Egg carton; poster-paint; strong cotton; glue; tinsel.

Directions: Divide cups of an egg carton into two rows of six. Trim around lip of each cup, leaving half-inch joining them together. Paint outside of cups with poster-paint. Paint insides a contrasting color. When dry, gently form into a circle, with hollows facing out. Stitch through ends and tie together, leaving long thread for hanging. Paint glue on hollows in sides of cup and sprinkle with tinsel.

To make pretty bells, use single cups, paint, and decorate with tinsel.

CARNIVAL STICKS

Materials required: Magazine pages or colored paper; motifs cut from magazines; cardboard; crepe paper; glue; peppermint sticks.

Directions: Roll and glue a magazine page or a sheet of stiff colored paper into a cylinder just large enough to hold a peppermint stick. Cut a suitable small colored picture from a magazine, paste on to cardboard, and trim around edges. Cut crepe paper into streamers and glue to top of cylinder with motif. Hold the wrapped peppermint stick inside the cylinder with a piece of adhesive tape across the bottom.

(Directions for toy drum overleaf.)



LANTERN (above) makes an attractive Christmas decoration. Complete instructions and diagrams above.

★

BON-BON (right) holds chocolates. To make, glue magazine sheets into cylinder. Close ends with cardboard, trim with flowers, lace, and ribbon.

LANTERN

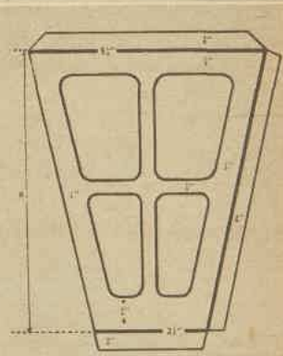
Welcome holiday visitors to your home with this cheery lantern.

Materials required: Empty breakfast cereal boxes or sheets of strong cardboard, white paper, cotton-wool; poster-paint; curtain ring; glue.

Directions: Cut out paper patterns enlarged from diagrams at right. Place on cardboard and cut out four shapes for lantern sides, four roof pieces, and one square for base. Cut strip of white paper for candle and cut out candle flame.

Roll strip of paper into cylinder and glue. Fill top with cotton-wool and glue on flame. Glue more cotton-wool to base of candle and glue this to lantern base. Bend roof and side shapes on heavy black lines indicated in diagrams. Glue together, setting base in last.

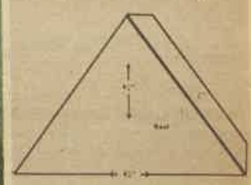
Paint outside of lantern black, underside of roof yellow, and remainder of inside red. Paint flame-red and yellow. Attach ring to roof and glue on cotton-wool to represent snow.



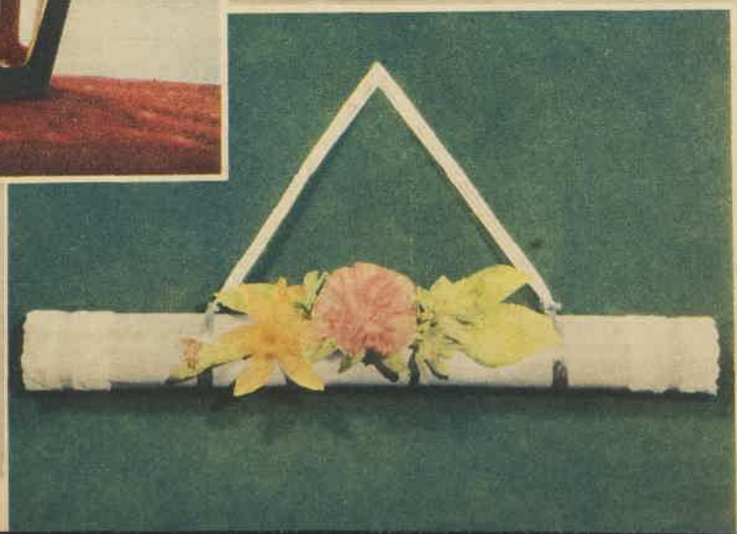
FOUR shapes cut from cardboard make sides of the Christmas lantern.



ONE square makes lantern base. Shape for flame is at right.



CUT four shapes to make roof of lantern.



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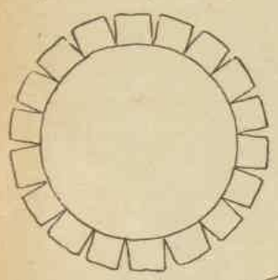
PARTY BUCKETS

● Oaken buckets filled with sweets will be favorites at children's Christmas parties. Directions below.

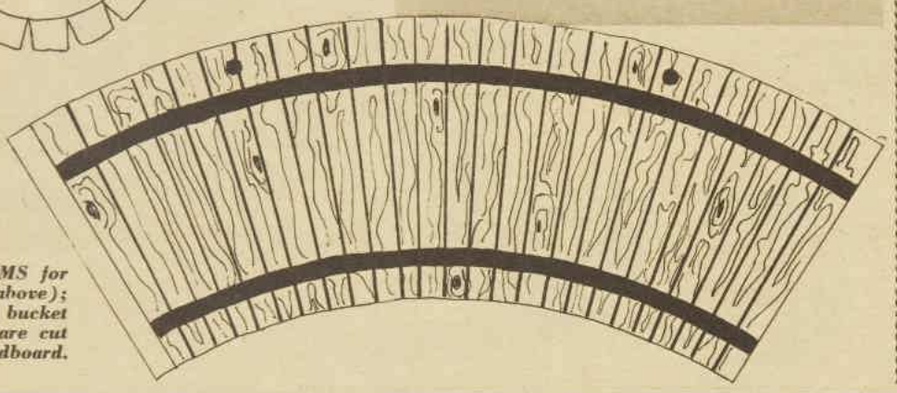
Materials required: Cardboard or empty cereal box; brown paper; brown pencil; wire; glue.

Directions: Cut shapes for wall and base of bucket from cardboard, using diagrams below. Glue brown paper over wall piece. When glue is dry, mark grooves, knots, and bands with brown pencil on brown paper. Join ends of wall strip together, cut flanges on base and glue base to wall. Roll strip of brown paper around centre of 7in. length of wire to form handle. Insert on either side of bucket.





BUCKET (right) could be made in several bright colors and hung on the tree as a decoration.



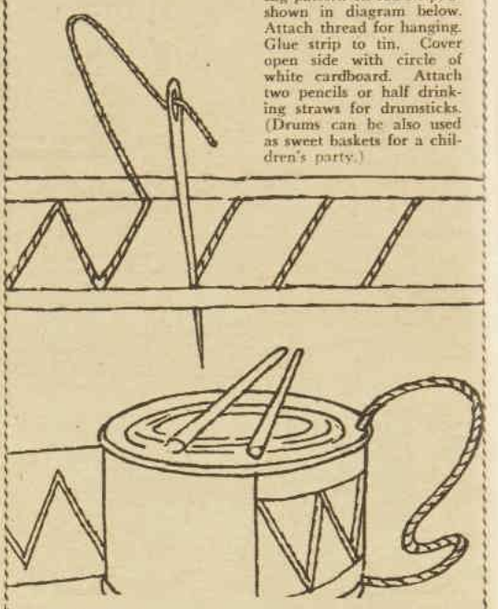
DIAGRAMS for base (above); sides of bucket (right) are cut from cardboard.

TOY DRUM

● Toy-drum decoration, illustrated in color on previous page, can also be used to hold trinkets. Directions below.

Materials required: Empty, round meat-tins; red, blue, white soft cardboard; white wool; two small pencils; glue.

Directions: Cut strips of red cardboard to circle the tins. Glue strips of blue cardboard along each edge. Stitch white wool in a zigzag pattern on red strip, as shown in diagram below. Attach thread for hanging. Glue strip to tin. Cover open side with circle of white cardboard. Attach two pencils or half drinking straws for drumsticks. (Drums can be also used as sweet baskets for a children's party.)



DIAGRAMS for toy drum; strips of red and blue cardboard with a zigzag pattern in white wool encircle the tin, as shown above.

Frank talk on a hush-hush subject

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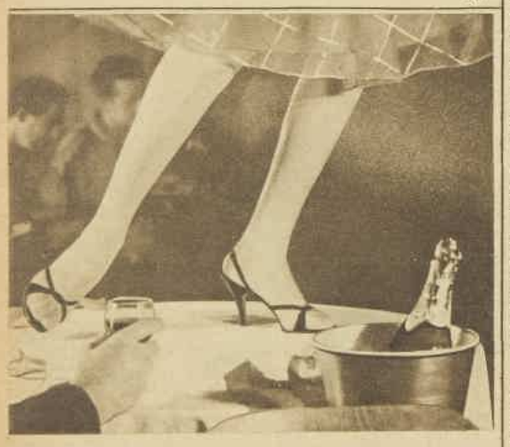


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Continuing . . .

HALF ANGEL

from page 47

he'd had words out of hymns and words out of stories in his mind, like "abide" and "glory" and "enchantment" and "bewitched."

It wasn't that he believed that she was anything different. She was just like you'd imagine a cat would be if a fairy princess had been turned into one, but he knew she was just a cat and, besides, he'd seen her scratching, and even the people who made up stories would never think of a fairy princess with fleas. It was just that she was what he'd always wanted, though he'd never known it. It was just that he'd nearly got something that would have made up for everything, and now it'd be worse than ever because he'd lost it.

.

To Joan Harvey, who had come to her marriage from a matriarchy where things were done by rote rather than fancy, one of the greatest pleasures at the end of the day was to lie in bed with Jim, worrying gently about the boys, the wool-clip, and the probable yield of the crops, without regard to the fact that milking would start at 5 o'clock the next morning.

"He's a queer little egg," Jim said. Joan had told him how Tim had come in, sick with hunger, in the middle of the afternoon, had something to eat, and then gone to bed without even mentioning the jobs around the place he was supposed to help with in the late afternoon.

"When I took his tea in to him he said he didn't want it," Joan said. "He'd been crying his eyes out, but when I asked him what was the matter he just stared at me with his poor little face all bunged up and said he hadn't been crying at all; maybe he'd caught a cold."

"Well, that's what I mean. Tim's secretive," Jim said. "He'll never let on about anything. Now, Pete's different. If you annoy him he doesn't try to hide it, and if you give him a clout for something he'll howl his eyes out and then forget all about it. I don't know what it is about Tim. Sometimes he gets me worried. He's so different from the other two, and from you and me."

"But of course," she said. "You can't expect them all to be the same, darling, and how dull it would be!"

He grinned. Her habit of regarding the boys as a litter of pups, all different but rather likeable, often amused him; he envied her the way she could take a long, cool stare at them without feeling his need to alter them, mould them, shape them.

He supposed he was as fond of the boys as she was, but he suspected that when she looked around the table at their three faces she saw them just in the present, as her three children; what he saw, often enough, when he looked, was his responsibility to turn them into decent, hard-working men.

"After all, he's only seven," Joan said, as though she had followed his thought.

"He knows the rules," Jim said.

"Yes, I know, but it was hard," she said.

"That's the trouble with Tim. He always expects exceptions in his own case. He's not tough enough. Not by a long way. Tim's always being hurt by things the others would hardly notice. I hope he's not going to be one of those sensitive people."

"Don't you worry; he'll be all right," Joan said confidently. He didn't know whether her attitude was particularly good for the boys, but it suited him, since it left him holding the major place in her concern.

"Half the trouble is we make things too easy for them," he said.

Joan laughed, because this was an old argument. "I know," she said. "At eighteen months you were climbing the windmill to replace the vanes, and at two and a half you'd taken over entire charge of the farm."

"No, but, joking apart, kids have it easy nowadays, Joanie," he said. "We had no milking machines, for a start, and when we were kids it was all hands down to the cowsheds at six in the morning. I was milking four cows, morning and night, by the time I was Timmie's age, and doing a fair hand's turn round the place at the weekends and in the school holidays as well."

He knew that she understood what he meant. He didn't want to see the boys working the way he'd been made to, but he'd like to have seen in them some of the know-how and self-reliance that work had given him.

.

They were at breakfast the next morning when Charlie Rush came into the kitchen for his orders. Charlie worked for the Harveys only intermittently, but they gave him the cottage up on their upper boundary so that he was there when he was needed. He was a capable enough bush carpenter, and when things were slack on the farm he could usually pick up some work on other places in the district.

THERE had been no talk of the cat till Charlie Rush came in, because Billie had forgotten it already and the others were respecting a mood of Tim's which they usually described as sulks. What he felt, when he was unhappy, was not sulkiness, but a powerful urge to throw himself, bodily, in the arms of his family, for comfort and succor. But since he had never noticed, even in his mother, any response to this passionate affection of his, he had taught himself to be quiet and say absolutely nothing until the empty feeling inside him had got filled up with the other doings of the day.

"Some galah up on the range reckons 'e's found that cat," Charlie said, propping himself against the side of the door.

"Cat?" Joan and Jim Harvey said together. Tim kept his eyes down. He'd always known that she must have an owner somewhere.

"I told yer," Charlie said. "Three-four weeks back, when the fires was on."

"I don't remember," Harvey said.

"Well, it was that day she was burnin' down Brogan's," Charlie said. "I was comin' up and I seen this car, parked, no one in it, see, right there on the side of the main road. So I pulls up to 'ave a bit of a look-see, and after a bit these two come outa the scrub. Dressed upta the nines.

"There she was this woman, plodding round in 'igh-'eeled sandals all studded with bits of glass. You oughta seen 'er face! Fire was burnin' not more than three-quarters of a mile away, see. She looked like she'd been fried. They reckoned they'd been walkin' round there two hours or more, lookin' for some sort of a fancy cat."

"What sort of a cat?" Joan

To page 53



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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 52

aked, warning Peter with her eyes.

"Some sort of a foreign cat," Charlie said. "Blowed if I can remember . . . yeah, that's right, a Siamese cat, that's what they said."

Peter exploded with laughter. "A Siamese cat?" he said. "What did it have? One body and two d-a-e-h's?"

"Come again?" Charlie said. He wouldn't ever bother with Peter's conversational tricks.

"One body and two heads, you know, like those Siamese twins we saw in a magazine."

"I'm blowed if I know," Charlie said, delighted with the idea. "I never saw the darn cat. Maybe that's why they reckoned it was so valuable. They were goin' to pay a reward to anyone that found it—five pounds, they reckoned," he said, halving the sum automatically in case he might be called on to act as middleman in any transaction.

"Anyway, Dawkins reckons he's seen it, up back of 'is place. Well, I better get started," he said, unpropping himself from the doorway and starting down the steps. "Anytime there's a cuppa tea going I'll be within cooee."

As soon as he'd gone Peter burst into an excited babble. "Gee, if they're offering five pounds," he said, "and if we could find her . . ."

"Forget it, son," his father said. "We don't even know it was the same cat, and anyway she's gone. Now just let's forget all about it." He glanced towards Tim, but Tim was watching his mother, and didn't appear to be taking any notice of their talk.

Joan had just put her hands on the table in front of her and eased herself up from her chair to go to the stove. He'd been thinking about the little cat lost and homeless and, if his father was right, soon to have a litter of kittens, and it was then that he noticed his mother. He supposed there must have been talk about another baby, but he hadn't listened. He glanced towards his father with, under his temporarily implacable hatred over the cat, a new sort of respect.

After the others had gone he asked his mother about it. Because he was still not really speaking to any of them he found it a little awkward, but when she started the washing-up he took a tea-towel and stood beside her without being asked to do it, which gave him the right to talk to her if he wanted to. "Are you going to have a baby?" he asked her suddenly while he was drying the forks.

"Yes, of course. Surely you knew?" she said, turning towards him.

"Timmie, you must have known. It's been mentioned dozens of times for ages and ages."

"I hadn't been noticing," he said. "Are you glad about it?"

"Of course," Joan said, smiling at him. "Aren't you?" She didn't believe at all in the idea that children minded additions to the family, and her own boys had never given her any reason to change her views.

"Yes, I s'pose so. I hadn't thought about it," Tim said. "What do you think it's going to be? A boy or a girl?"

"A girl," Joan said. "Don't you think that'd be nice, for a change?"

"Do you really want a girl?" Tim said, surprised.

"Why not?" she said, laughing.

Had we no faults of our own we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.
—La Rochefoucauld

"Well, females are always more trouble, aren't they?" he said, thinking of his little cat.

"Depends how you look at it," Joan said, aware of his thought. "It doesn't matter with horses, but heifers are better to have than bull-calves, aren't they?"

"No, but what about with people, I mean?"

"I don't think it makes much difference, Tim, do you? Only we've got three boys already to help Dad with the farm. This time it'd be nice to have a girl to help me."

"How long will it be before they're born?"

"They?" she asked, and laughed. "Good heavens, Timmie, I hope I'm not going to . . ."

"The kittens," he said.

"Oh, Darling, I don't know. Pretty soon, I should think. But I don't really know about cats."

"If I could have had her I would have called her Amanda," he said. He waited for his mother to ask him why, but she was busy scraping the remains of the breakfast egg from the frying-pan. "It's not fair," he said. "I don't see why he wouldn't let me have her, do you?"

"One cat's enough, Tim," she said firmly. "We don't want any more."

"What's so wonderful about old beastly Black Mac?"

"He works for his living," Joan said, turning back to the sink.

"So would she of," Tim said.

"Have," Joan said automatically.

SUDDENLY he remembered the way the cat had looked up at him when he held her between his knees, and the soft oyster-colored fur on the insides of her elegant brown forelegs. He flipped sullenly at the legs of the kitchen table with the corner of the tea-towel he was holding.

"I don't see why everything has to be for something," he said. "Some of the best things are for nothing, you'd think even he'd know that."

"What things?" she asked, turning towards him.

"Oh, I dunno," he said irritably. "But it's true, isn't it? You know it's true. And it wasn't the cat Charlie Rush was talking about."

"Wasn't it?" Joan asked. "How do you know?"

"Of course it wasn't," he said with ill-concealed cunning. "How could it have been? That was a wildcat. You know it was. You and Dad both said so, didn't you? Don't you remember?"

He knew, now, what he wanted to know, and he didn't see much point in going on with the drying-up for nothing, when he hadn't even been asked to do it. He tossed the tea-towel towards the back of a kitchen chair, missed, and watched it slide to the floor.

Joan watched it too, weighing the need to make him finish a job properly against the pleasure of being able to get on with her work quietly without having to listen to his chatter, and waved him out of the door.

After a moment his head came back. "Billie won't like it a bit when he hears about the baby," he said with satisfaction.

Black Mac was sunning himself in the yard, close to the edge of the verandah. He was lying on his side, flat out, so deeply abandoned to the job of sunning himself that even his battle-scarred radar ears had stopped receiving. Tim ignored the steps and jumped from the verandah, landing heavily on both feet just beside the sleeping cat.

Black Mac shot up into the air and landed four feet away, lashing his tail and bristling with righteous anger. Tim knew he'd pay for it later. Black Mac had the very devil of a temper and he bore grudges, working them off by sudden slashes of his claws from under the kitchen table during meals.

. . . .

When he found her it was as though all the good things he'd ever heard of happening to other people had happened to him at once.

It was six days after the morning when his father had set the dogs on her and then driven her off by firing over her head. In those six days Tim had really done nothing much but look for her, walking about the farm in a dreary, mooching sort of way without really expecting ever to see her again.

She was close to the creek, about a mile away from the house. She was lying on the trunk of a fallen tree and she must have seen him long before he saw her, for her big brown ears were pricked sharply forward, and she was staring at him with a hard, frightened intensity.

He didn't move at first and he didn't speak to her. It was not that he was afraid of scaring her away; he felt that she must have been looking for him, too, in that long six days. It was just that she looked even more beautiful and distinguished than he'd remembered, and he was dumb for a moment with the magnitude of his love.

He was perhaps twenty feet away from her when he first saw her. When he began to walk softly towards her she stood up and he knew that she was frightened, because she didn't stretch herself.

"Amanda?" he said questioningly. She answered him with a low, rough note that seemed to come from the very back of her throat. When he was a yard away from her he held out his fingers to her at arm's length and he saw the tip of her dark nose crinkle with her effort to scent his intentions through the intervening air.

He could see that she was not yet satisfied and that under the sleek, close-lying coffee-colored coat she was holding her muscles ready for movement if he came on. He squatted on his heels, wanting to give her time to decide in his favor.

The cat stood looking down on him from the trunk of the tree, which was above his head now that he sat on his heels. Twice she called to him in the same throaty, questioning way, and after a moment or two she sat down again, still watching him unblinkingly. He couldn't think for a moment how to talk to her.

The only other cat he knew was Black Mac and they all talked to him the same way with "Hi, you old devil" or "Was it a good cat, then?" When he

To page 55

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—says Kay Windsor

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

began to talk to her, quietly and with a gentle courtesy which would have amazed his mother, his voice soothed her so that her eyelids gradually relaxed a little, taking the look of fright away from her face.

He explained to her how he had looked for her, how he had worried because he thought she was hungry, how he had a place to take her to, a new place, where the others would never find her.

He noticed that every time he stopped speaking at the end of a sentence, she spoke in her curious, rasping, untidy voice; and he thought again how different she was from Black Mac, who never answered anyone and never talked about anything but the state of his stomach.

After a minute or two he got up and tried to get close enough to touch her. She waited until his hand was just above her head and then she took three or four crouched, shuffling steps hastily backwards away from him.

He waited a few seconds and then he tried again, and again she retreated. When she came to the end of the trunk, where the roots which had been ripped from the soil where the tree fell stood up against the sky in a twisted bunch, she jumped quickly and went sideways into the shadowy cave of clay underneath the bole. From there her voice came to him with a sad, plaintive note, and he knew that she wanted to come out, but that she was too much afraid.

He thought angrily of his father. Of course, she was afraid. She remembered the dogs, and the gun, and perhaps she even thought that he was to blame.

He went back to the other end of the tree and sat down among the fallen branches with their tufts of brittle, curled, dry leaves. He wanted to think of a way of making her do what he felt quite sure was the best thing for her. This was a new situation to him.

"Act first and moan later about the results" was what his father, who had found him unpromisingly impetuous with the farm animals, always said he did. But everything about the cat and about his feeling for her was so new that it seemed to him quite natural that even the problems should have to be solved by new methods.

He had somewhere to take her to, because although he had never really believed that he'd find her, he had taken the precaution of getting a home ready for her.

Not more than a quarter of a mile from the house, but over the brow of a low hill and so out of sight, was the shell of an old wooden barn that must have fallen into ruins twenty years before Jim Harvey and his family came to live at Glenhaven.

It had been built originally of upright planking and the planks, softened and faded with age, had loosened and dried away from their nails and split in the sun and wind and fallen outwards like a rosette of grey petals. The boys had liked to play there when they were younger, but when the ridge-pole had fallen in a winter storm, the old barn had been declared out of bounds to them.

Nothing remained now of the original peaked roof at all except the crosspieces, but a few years before when Charlie Rush had first come to the farm he had put in a sort of sub-roof of galvanised iron in one corner at the height of the top of the walls. This was in the days before the cottage Charlie lived in now was available for him, and he had made himself a rough sort of room in the old barn, eight by twelve, of the fallen timbers nailed up roughly under the iron roof.

He had fitted a door that he bought for a few shillings at one of the local auctions with painted panels and an exquisite china handle, badly chipped on one side. He had furnished the room with a cupboard and a table and a bunk of wire-netting slung between parallel poles, and he'd used more of the fallen planks to lay an undulating floor over the tamped-down earth.

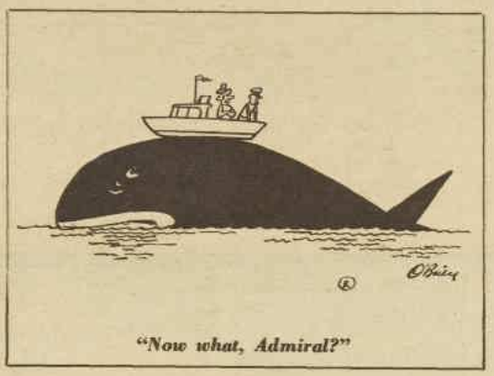
Charlie prided himself on his skill as a rough carpenter, but glazing the window proved too much for him. When he cut his hand on the second pane of glass he'd broken before he could putty it he gave up the idea of having glass in his window, and nailed a piece of fly-wire across it instead.

from page 53

called, and she stood up and stretched and then sharpened her claws in the rotting bark of the tree.

As soon as he saw her jump down to follow him he turned and walked away, and all the way across the paddock he knew with such certainty that she had made up her mind to come that he didn't need to turn around again to look at her.

At the corner of the paddock there were sheep camped



"Now what, Admiral?"

Now that Charlie no longer used the room it was more than ever put out of bounds for the boys, since Jim Harvey had hit on it as a good safe place for the small stock of gelignite and blasting powder he kept for clearing and damming.

Now, on top of the box of explosives in what had been Charlie's cupboard, there were four eggs, two tins of sardines Tim had pocketed while his mother was putting the grocery order away, one end of candle, some matches, a gallon jar of water (to save too-frequent trips back to the tank at the house), and a pint of milk, soured and thickened in the sauce bottle in which he had brought it up from the dairy.

His own dressing-gown, which wouldn't be missed till the winter, had been put on the wire of a bunk to make a bed, and he'd cut a kerosene tin in half longitudinally with the tin snips, turned down the sharp edges and filled it with sand since his plan had been, if he found her, to keep her permanently shut up away from the house.

Sitting among the branches of the dead tree, he was so absorbed in thinking of ways of getting her to the old barn — anything from waiting until she went to sleep and trying to grab her to trailing a sardine for her on the end of a string — that he didn't notice at first that she had come out from under the tree and was sitting on the trunk washing herself only a few feet away from him.

When he spoke to her, calling her by the name he had chosen for her, she flicked a glance quickly in his direction, and then went on washing with apparent unconcern. Perhaps she, too, had been thinking of ways and means, under the tree. His new patience stopped him from moving towards her straightway, because he was very anxious not to make any mistakes.

When he did decide to move he stretched out the leg on the side opposite to where she was, so that she, watching, could see that he meant to go away from her. Then he got up and walked slowly off through the trees, away from the creek, and out into the dry summer grass of the open paddock.

The cat watched him go. When he turned she was sitting, he thought, a little forlornly, with her head turned across her sleek shoulder to watch him. He on the bare, scuffed-up earth near the gate, and he stopped then, thinking that she might be afraid of them. The sheep watched him with anxious interest, but they took no notice of the cat, who walked past them with her tail held stiffly erect. Apparently, in the last weeks, she had come to terms with the sheep.

The top of the hill was the only bit of the way where they might have been seen by anyone from the house. When they got there Tim stopped to look at the house and make sure there was no one on the verandahs or in the yard. Then, when he saw that everything was clear, he began to run down the slope towards the safety of the old barn. The cat ran, too, keeping level with him, in long, floating bounds, with her thin, brown, streaming tail ruddering the swoops with which she avoided unevenness in the ground.

WHEN they got to the barn Tim pushed the door open and flung himself, panting, on to the wire of the bunk. The cat stopped in the doorway, her tail flung out to one side in an S-bend and her body slightly crouched as she sampled the air of this unfamiliar place.

When at last she came in, catfooting nervously on the uneven boards with her head pushed forward so that it seemed to be flattened to give her a hundred and eighty degrees of instant vision, Tim rushed to the door and slammed it shut in triumph. The cat sprang away at the sound and then, with a maniac yowl that seemed to lift the hair at the back of Tim's neck, began a frenzied search for a way out of her prison.

\- - - -

The weeks during which the little cat, hidden away in the sanctuary of the barn, slept and swelled her way towards the birth of her kittens seemed to Tim to be the happiest of his life.

Before the coming of the cat the summer holidays had been a tedious time when the farm's small term-time pleasures of dams and earth and trees and animals had lost their point by having to be expanded into day-long industries.

Term-time, with its daily walk to the main road and the bus, the regimented hours and the jobs about the place he had to do when he came home from school left him just enough free time to make the things he was doing urgent and interesting. But the holidays had always been, for him, long stretches of rather aimless wondering what to do. He would have liked, in some ways, to be the image of his father, but Peter had thought of that first, and he was better at it.

It had often seemed to Tim that he must have been an accident in the family. If he had been a girl, to copy his mother, then the family would have been complete without the need for Billie and this other coming baby.

These were the things that had troubled him before the coming of the cat.

Now he had his own home in the barn, and he went back to the house only to eat and sleep and weave the intricate web of deception which allowed him to keep his secret and pilfer food for it.

At first, enclosed, the cat had been shy and stiff with him, and had pulled her lips back into a silent, spitting grimace whenever he moved suddenly and startled her. But there was something in his own need which made him understand that she was older and more cautious than he was, and he was content to wait.

He felt that if she had been a kitten he would have known how to comfort her, but, in spite of her being a cat, there was something of the indefinable oddness about her that made it so hard to understand adults. "You know I'm only a boy," he said to her once, while she stared at him with her comforting blue candor.

It wasn't a thing he'd ever wanted to do before, to change himself to fit in with other people. I'll have to be very careful with her, he thought. And he meant not so much care in keeping her warm and dry and fed and brushed and happy as care in understanding what she wanted of him. By the end of the second week she had accepted his love and the provision he had made for her, and she no longer tried to get out of the barn except when he had come to take her into the scrub for exercise.

It was soon after this, coming to her at night as he usually did when all the lights were out and the rest of the family asleep, that he picked up in the beam of his torch the words ERAWEB! DAM TAC NI EREH!" scrawled in chalk on the door.

He pushed the door open and swept the beam of his torch wildly around the walls and across the bed, and it was a second or two before the cat spoke from her usual place in the darkness at his feet, and he knew that she had been listening for him and had heard him coming barefoot across the paddock. He stood the torch on its end so that it made patchy circles of light on the corrugations of the roof iron, and picked the cat up and held her tightly against his face.

She licked the line of his jaw twice with her sandpaper tongue and snuffed at his hair, but then she stiffened herself and he could feel, against his constricting arms, the first scratchy grumbles of protest in her chest. He could feel his heart in his own chest, thumping with fear of what Peter had done to her or might plan to do.

When he had fed her (two front legs of rabbit filched from Black Mac's supper and a slice of dry bread which she always seemed to like quite as well as the meat) he took her out into the paddocks, going in a direction which led them away from the house.

This, to Tim, was a nightly sacrifice that had to be made for her: for, unlike Peter, he was afraid of the dark when it wasn't enclosed by four walls, and he could never decide whether it was safer to walk in the dark or shine the torch for comfort and risk making himself a target for hostile eyes.

The cat ran ahead of him, losing herself in deep shadow, darting from cover to cover, charging halfway up the trunks of trees and coming down, from head height, in a twisting jump to go careering off at a tangent, with her plume high and her ears flattened with the joy of feeling the wind of her own speed dragging at her whiskers.

Twice on their nightly walks she had caught young rabbits, and growled at him in defence of her right to carry them back to the barn without his help. There she had been impatient of his attempt to skin the rabbits for her, and had leaped and pushed and grabbed so greedily for them that he had given in and let her eat them, whiskers, skin, tail, and all.

When she had had her run and was happy to settle and wash herself on the dressing-gown Tim had given her for a bed, he closed the door and scrubbed off the chalk words with his balled-up fist.

Then he walked quietly back across the paddocks, dragging his bare toes through the night-colored summer grass and forgetting to be afraid because he was wholly bound up with the problem of what to say to Peter.

In the corner of the home paddock he passed Rowley lying in the dust near the trough, and he knew that if what Charlie Rush always said was true about horses not making camp and lying down until two o'clock in the morning, there wasn't much more of the night left to him for sleeping.

When he did sleep his dreams were filled with violence and guns and buckets, and, surprisingly, his younger brother, Billie, laughing and laughing and laughing.

In the morning he avoided Peter while they helped with the cows and the fowls and while they were eating their breakfast. He avoided speaking to him, and he avoided looking at him as well because he had found no answer to the question of how Peter, who always led, could be made to follow.

As soon as he was free of jobs he took a wide detour, setting out from the house as

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Don't you agree? There ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's® Corn Flakes. They deserve it!
Those big crunchy Kellogg's Corn Flakes, so full of energy from the sun, provide a better-tasting, more sustaining breakfast and are good in cooking, too! They work miracles with meat loaves, produce beautiful golden toppings for pies and casseroles.

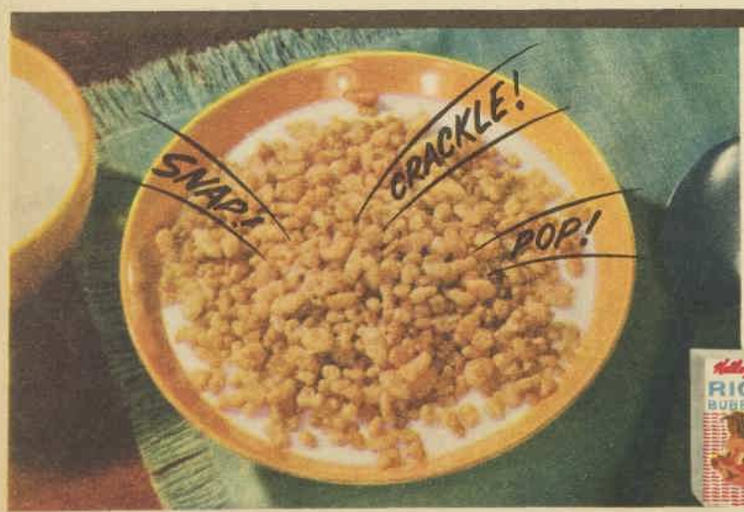
Macaroni and Cheese with **Kellogg's Corn Flakes Topping** — cook 8 ozs. macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Melt a tablespoon butter, add 1 tablespoon flour, blend; add 2½ cups milk and, stirring, cook until thick; season with salt and pepper. Add 1 cup grated cheese and cooked macaroni, pour into greased casserole. Combine 2 cups crushed Corn Flakes, and 1 oz. melted butter, sprinkle over macaroni. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes.





Reach for regularity the natural way with nut-sweet All-Bran. All-Bran, made by Kellogg's is a food — not a medicine. All-Bran replaces vital bulk lacking in your system.
You will have tried and enjoyed it for breakfast, but have you ever tried cooking with All-Bran? It is especially good in tea loaves, quick breads and muffins, for All-Bran has its own distinctive, wholesome nut-like flavour.

Golden Nugget Cake — Moisten 1 cup All-Bran with 1 cup milk. Cream 4 oz. butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, rind of one orange. Add 2 beaten eggs, beating well. Stir in All-Bran, milk and juice of one orange. Sift together 1¾ cups S.R. flour, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Fold in, mixing evenly. Bake in 2 greased, 7" cake pans in moderate oven 25 minutes. Cool, frost with orange icing.





Hear them Snap! Crackle! Pop! with goodness when you pour on the milk. Those happy, snappy golden bubbles of flavour are bursting with goodness. Kellogg's Rice Bubbles give you all the good grain nourishment of rice in its brightest, crispest form.
Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are a popular main ingredient in biscuits, macaroons and pie shells, making them the lightest, crispest, best tasting goodies ever to come out of a kitchen . . . You'll want to make this luscious-looking Mocha Chiffon Pie with its easy, no-bake pie case of crushed Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

Mocha Chiffon with **Kellogg's Rice Bubbles** case: **Cereal Case:** Crush 4 cups Rice Bubbles into fine crumbs, combine with 2 tablespoons sugar and teaspoon cinnamon. Melt ½ cup butter and stir in Rice Bubble crumbs, mix well. Press evenly and firmly around sides and bottom of a 9-inch pie plate. Chill. **Filling:** Combine 1 rounded dessertspoon gelatine with ¼ cup cold water, ¾ cup sugar, 1 level tablespoon each instant coffee and cocoa, and heat until dissolved. Cool. Whip 1 cup chilled evaporated milk. Fold in gelatine mixture. Pour into cereal crust. Chill. Decorate with cream.

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Enriched with glucose, Kellogg's Bran Flakes give you quick energy when you need it most — first thing in the morning.

Easily digested and mildly laxative, because they contain extra bran, Kellogg's Bran Flakes are ideal for the whole family for breakfast and add interest to many baked dishes, too. Toss drop biscuits in lightly crushed Kellogg's Bran Flakes before baking or use as an ingredient instead of nuts.

Yum-Yums: Cream together 6 oz. butter and 4 oz. sugar. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1½ cups sifted S.R. flour, salt, and 2 cups Bran Flakes, finely crushed. Mix well.

Roll into small balls and press with a fork. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven. An almond or walnut piece can be placed on each biscuit before baking in oven.





Coco-lossal! Kellogg's New Coco Pops . . . cocoa 'n rice 'n everything nice, covered with a wonderful chocolatey flavour. Tastes like a chocolate milk shake (only crunchy). Coco-lossal as a nourishing breakfast cereal that builds fast energy . . . a sweet surprise snack anytime, straight from the packet.

Kellogg's new Coco Pops make a wonderful topping, too, for ice cream and other desserts. Try them soon. Available only in eastern States of Australia.

The only cereal made especially for the young cowboys and cowgirls in your family — Kellogg's Sugar Frosties. They're shot with sugar, packed with muscle-buildin' energy. Eat them for breakfast — or straight out of the packet for sweet eatin' anytime!

Kellogg's Sugar Frosties make a wonderful **Wild West Sundae** when sprinkled over ice cream and desserts, too.

New treats from Kellogg's — deliciously different



Isn't it wonderful? There's more to a cereal than serving it as a breakfast food. These popular Kellogg's cereals, enjoyed all over the world each morning, are just as delicious and appetising in your cooking.

It's a clever housewife who makes use of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, All-Bran and Bran Flakes to add crunchy crispness and an excitingly different flavour to all kinds of dishes.











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Fragrant gifts in pretty dress ... so you can play Santa in style



Take a peek! Here are gifts from Potter & Moore capturing the magic mood of Christmas.

Delightful Talcums and Skin Perfumes in charming gift-wraps . . . packs styled by a fashion designer.

Choose tasteful combination gifts with matching perfumes — Lily of the Valley, Gardenia, Apple Flower or Lavender.

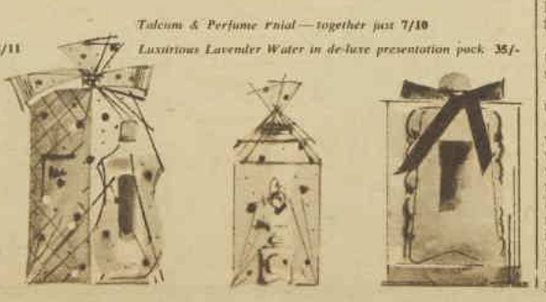
Skin Perfume — 9/11
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Talcum & Perfume Phial — together just 7/10
Luxurious Lavender Water in de-luxe presentation pack 35/-

Potter & Moore for him, too!

Give the man in your life a handsome present. Select Potter & Moore Brilliantine, Shave Cream or After Shave Lotion — alone, or gift-wrapped together.

Good grooming pack — Brilliantine and Shave Cream 7/3



PM9.

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

though he were going north towards the boundary and Charlie Rush's cottage, and then circling back so that he could get to the barn without being seen by anyone. He was still debating the question of how to deal with his brother when he opened the door of the barn-room and found Peter sitting, grinning, with the cat beside him on the wire-netting mattress of the bed.

He started across the little room and reached for Peter's shoulders, with the easy tears of anger and jealousy blinding him as they scuffled. The cat had leaped away at the first outburst of their wrestling, and now watched them, with a very moderate interest, from her perch on the window-sill.

Peter had taken it, at first, to be one of the regular bouts in which he, god-like, always held back a bit of his strength to give his young brother a go; but when he found that Tim was sobbing with anger and seemed to have developed a cowardly yearning to bite him he cuffed him a couple of times hard on the head and yanked his right arm up behind him in the policeman's hold which was the pride of his fighting prowess.

That was enough. Tim gave up fighting, swept by the terrible injustice of having to live in a world where everyone was stronger than he was.

After a moment Peter released Tim's arm, and sat down again on the bed. "Anyway, what's the matter with you?" he said. "You gone mad or something?"

Both the boys had forgotten the cat while they were fighting. Now they looked towards her. "You leave her alone, see. Don't you touch her. She's mine," Tim said, wiping the back of his hand across his eyes.

"You don't think I want her, do you?" Peter said with genuine surprise. "What would I want her for?"

"And if you snitch on me I'll tell Dad what really happened to the chaff-cutter," Tim said belligerently.

Peter flushed, not with guilt over the chaff-cutter, which he had wrecked and then denied all knowledge of, but at the gross suggestion that he would ever be likely to go running with tales. He searched about in his mind for the most hurtful thing he could find to say to Tim.

"I can't think whyever I liked you better than Billie," he said. They stared at each other as silence gathered about the dreadful words. For Billie was a nothing, a three-year-old blob with no foreseeable use.

The cat, curious, stretched and jumped down from the window-ledge and came to stand between them and examine their stillness. Both of the boys were glad to turn towards her.

"You'll get the most awful hiding when Dad finds out," Peter said.

"I don't care," Tim said. But it wasn't true. He would prefer at present not to have any extra reason for hating his father.

"What's wrong with her, anyway?" Peter said, crouching to look at her. "Her hind legs are about a mile longer than her front ones. She's deformed. Look how she has to cross her front legs when she walks."

"She's all right. That's how that sort of cat has to be," Tim said.

"How do you know? You've never seen one before."

"Well, I do know," Tim said with complete conviction. He watched jealously as the cat went towards Peter in obedience to his flipping fingers, giving the leg of the bed a token rub as she passed six inches away from it. She stopped a foot away from the older boy. "She won't come to you," Tim said triumphantly.

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"Deformed cat," Peter said.

"She won't go to anyone, 'cos she doesn't like anyone but me."

"How do you know she likes you?" Peter asked, still trying to woo the cat with an outstretched hand.

"She loves me," Tim said with confidence. "You want to know why? 'Cos sometimes when she's just looking at me she purrs, just looking at me."

In the face of such evidence Peter could claim no particular power over the cat when she came a step nearer, allowing him to rub the side of her face. He shuffled a little closer along the bed and bent to stroke her, feeling her strong spine arching under his hand to receive his touch. "Poor puss," he said. "Poor, poor old deformed ugly puss. Why don't you give her a name?"

No matter what side of an argument you get on, you will always find some people with you that you wish were on the other side.
—Jascha Heifetz

"She's got a name," Tim said.

"What?"

"Amanda."

"Amanda?" Peter said, and laughed. "What a soppy name."

"Out of that book of Billie's, you remember, Pete," Tim said. "You know—she was the good fairy, with the blue eyes." He spoke defensively, but he would have been willing enough to change her name if Peter could have suggested a better one.

"I call her Mrs. Fuzzy-bottom," Peter said, as though that was that.

Tim looked at the sleek, short hair lying close to conceal the steel-spring strength of her long hind-legs, and he felt for the first time in his life that Peter could be, sometimes, just a bit silly.

"Hey, what are we going to do with all the kittens?" Peter asked.

"They're mine."

"All right. Then what are you going to do with them?" Peter said.

"I don't know. I'll give you one, if you like."

"Will you?" Peter said, delighted. "Good, give me a male one, and then it can sleep on my bed and everything."

TIM nodded. It hadn't, as a matter of fact, occurred to him that any of the kittens would be males, nor had he bothered yet to think how he would manage when he had not one cat to conceal but perhaps half a dozen.

"All the same, I can't see why you're so gone on her," Peter said, genuinely puzzled. "She must be about the queerest-looking cat that was ever born in the world."

Tim didn't answer. He got up instead and went to the makeshift cupboard and took out a tin of sardines to feed her with.

"Sardines!" Peter said admiringly. "You better watch out, or Mum'll find out you took them." When the tin was open Tim offered his brother one, and Peter put it whole in his mouth and licked the delicious oil from his dirty fingers. Though Tim liked sardines as well as any food he had ever tasted, it seemed to him quite natural that he should put the rest down, untasted, for his cat.

He was busy still, in his mind, with Peter's question as to why he loved her so much. He had a sort of feeling about it that wouldn't go into words, and that wouldn't have been a suitable thing to tell Peter even if it would. The fact was that he found her color and her markings and the dignity and dependence in her eyes a sort of miracle that had made him invest in her all the clamorous loose-ends of feeling for which there was no room or time or place or sympathy in the rough and tumble of their practical family life.

When they got back to the house they found Billie shut in the wired-in playpen in the backyard. Tim passed him without even noticing that he was there, but Peter went over to talk to him through the wire.

He had been crying at some time and had smudged his face with dirt, and he was sitting beside the gate of the pen looking angry and defeated. "I've been all by mineself for hours and hours and hours," he said resentfully.

"Where's Mum?" Tim asked, coming back to stand near the pen.

"Gone," Billie said, getting up and starting to shake the gate as Peter was trying to undo it.

"Where to?" Peter asked.

"Just gone," Billie said. "And Dad's gone, too, in the car, and there was a great big snake, big as from here to the tank, and it looked at me and looked at me, and then it was going to eat me."

"There wasn't any snake, Billie," Peter said, picking him up and carrying him to the house. "You only thought that." All this had happened once, on a smaller scale, and Billie was forever seeing snakes as a protest against being left alone to amuse himself.

In the kitchen Peter put Billie into his highchair and, with Tim's help, set out bread and butter and milk and the leg of cold lamb on the bare linoleum of the table. If his mother had gone where Peter thought she had gone, he knew that they needn't bother with a cloth or table manners for the next ten days or so.

While they were eating Charlie Rush came in across the verandah and propped himself at the door. "You got 'im," he said, looking at Billie. "I thought I'd gone and lost the little blighter."

"You left me all by mineself," Billie said, lowering his mug of milk to stare at Charlie accusingly.

"Yeah, and he saw a snake, Charlie," Peter said, grinning.

"Go on! What was it this time? A blue one, with white spots?"

"White," Billie said, and began to blub at the awful revelation.

"Poor little beggar, he's not 'alf going to 'ave 'is nose put out of joint," Charlie said, looking at him with affection.

"Where's Mum?" Peter and Tim asked him together.

"She was took bad, so your dad's run her in to the 'ospital," Charlie said. "'E said to tell you to 'ave yer dinner and keep an eye on young Billie, and 'e'll be back in a matter of an hour."

Peter leaned across and put another slice of meat on to Billie's plate, but he pushed it away and tried to struggle out over the side of the chair, crying for his mother.

Ha — Tim thought, watching him without any sympathy. Now he's going to find out what it's going to be like.

The sound of the car and the sight of his father coming in through the kitchen door comforted Billie. He insisted on sitting on his father's knee while Jim Harvey made a meal from the remains of their lunch which

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JOAN WINFIELD OF WHITE WINGS TEST KITCHEN SAYS:

"Magical! A baked dessert that makes its own sauce!"

White Wings Sponge Pudding Mix







You never *saw* anything like them — magical mouth-melting puddings that form their own sauce as they bake.
You never *tasted* anything like them — cake as light as home-made butter-sponge, sitting pretty over lashings of rich sauce!
You never *served* anything like them — second helping sweets that add a party touch to meals, yet save you so much time, so much trouble. You can be sure they're good — they're White Wings.





1. SURPRISE! You get the Sponge Mix and the Sauce Mix both in the one packet.



2. SURPRISE! Just sprinkle your dry sauce portion over the sponge batter, *no further mixing required!*



3. SURPRISE! Pour boiling water over a spoon onto sponge batter – don't stir – pop in oven.

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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

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the boys had left on the table. "Mum's all right," he told the two older boys. "There's no need to worry. It'll be an hour or two yet before we hear any news."

But Tim thought he looked worried himself, and he noticed that he kept close to the house and within earshot of the telephone during the afternoon. He sympathised with him, because he could understand the questions of sex and color and size and number that were bothering his father.

He stayed close to the house most of the afternoon himself; but after a while this waiting for news of a birth made him worry about the cat, and he slipped away from the house and ran as fast as he could to the barn through the heat of the afternoon to make sure that she hadn't been having her kittens while he'd been thinking about his mother.

She was lying stretched on the wooden floor to cool herself, and she was so pleased to see him at this unexpected hour that he stayed a little while to play with her, and so missed the first announcement of the news that his mother had given birth to another son.

Peter told him about it when he got back to the house. "Dad's gone down to see it, but we're not allowed to go till it's four days old," he said. "It weighs nearly seven pounds, and they're going to call it Edward."

"Gee, what a soppy name!" Tim said, and they burst into roars of laughter at remembering their secret and the way Peter had used those very same words only that morning.

"Dad says he might be late and one of us has to go up and tell Charlie he's got to look after the milking," Peter said.

Tim offered to go and tell him, because there was something he'd been wanting to talk to Charlie Rush about as soon as he could find him on his own.

"All right," Peter said. "Take Billie with you. It'll keep him quiet for a while."

"I can't go, 'cos I've only got my bare feet on," Billie said, pounding the floor with his heels to emphasise how impossible the journey would be. He knew from experience that if he went Tim wouldn't wait for him, wouldn't talk to him, and wouldn't go slowly enough.

As he went through the yard Tim let the young dog, Cocoa, off his chain. He thought that with any luck Cocoa might put up a rabbit on the way, and that would save him having to set a trap himself, or else having to hang about waiting for old Black Mac to be fed so that he could steal something from his plate.

Charlie Rush's cottage was right at the northern boundary of the farm, and as Tim came up to it through the trees and the outcrops of rock which showed grey against the dry grass of the hill, he heard Charlie's radio blaring, and thought it must be Saturday.

He pushed open the door and saw Charlie sitting on his unmade bed with his ear against the speaker of the set so that he shouldn't miss a word of the harsh, frenetic racing commentary which Tim had been able to hear fifty yards away from the house.

"Done me dough once again," Charlie said as it ended, and he switched the set off and lay back against the pillow. In the silence they could hear Cocoa barking hysterically down in the blackberries at the foot of the hill. "You won't 'alf cop it if your Dad finds out you let that Cocoa get out after rabbits," Charlie said, reaching out to the kerosene case beside his bed for papers and his envelope of tobacco.

"He won't know, and, anyway, Cocoa likes rabbiting."

"Yeah, maybe," Charlie said. "But it don't do a sheep dog no good.

"Anyway, young Tim, what's the news down your part of the world?"

"That's what I came up for," Tim said. "Dad wants you to come down and look after the milking for him."

"Yeah?"

"Mum's got a baby—a boy—and Dad's gone down to see her, and he might be late, that's why."

"'As she now?" Charlie said, and he sounded delighted. "Another boy! Well, well, well, whatteryouknow?"

"I expect she isn't too pleased," Tim said. "This time I think she thought she was going to have a girl."

"Bit of all right, then, the way it turned out," Charlie said. "Don't want the place cluttered up with a lot of females."

"You've got to have some. Who's going to cook and things? When you get a place of your own you'll have to get a woman," Tim said, to tease him.

"Don't you worry about that, matey," Charlie said, holding a match to the end of the cigarette he'd rolled. "I only had to do with one woman in my life, and that did me. That was my old lady. She was a corker, she was. One minute she'd be as sweet as pie, and the next—look out!" This was an old complaint of Charlie's. It seemed to Tim that Mrs. Rush must have been a hard woman, with hard skin.

"What was she like, the lady you met on the day of the fire?" he asked Charlie.

"What day was that?" Charlie asked. He rolled to the farther side of the bed, making room for Tim. "Don't stand there like a dope," he said. "Come and sit down."

"You know, the lady that said she'd lost her cat," Tim said, climbing to sit on the iron end of the bed with his bare feet on the dusty ticking of the mattress.

"Aw, her," Charlie said. "She wasn't nothing to write 'ome about."

"No, but what was she like?" Tim asked, because it seemed to him that knowing would help him wrestle with some of the moral problems. "D'you think she was awfully sad because she lost it?"

"You lose that sort of cat it hurts in the cheque-book," Charlie said without much interest.

"Was she awfully rich, d'you think? Could she buy a new one?"

"By now she's probably got 'alf a dozen more'f'em," Charlie said. "Why are you so interested, anyway?"

"Oh, I just wondered," Tim said. "It seems sort of funny, don't you think, just losing a cat like that and never come back again to look or anything?"

"Well, they did," Charlie said. "Y'see, they'd been up Surfers' or somewhere, three weeks later they were back down this way, they called in there at the store and asked. 'No,' Mrs. Fraser told them. 'We've inquired round but no one's seen your cat, we've all been that busy with fires and that.' So off they went. Said something about if anyone 'eard to let 'em know. Said there was two or three quid in it for anyone that wrote."

"You said five pounds last time, Charlie," Tim said.

"Did I? Well, could be. I've forgotten now," Charlie said. "You want to light up the primus for me, matey? We'll have a cuppa, and then I'll get on down to the sheds there for your dad."

Tim crossed the room to the bench that was all Charlie had in the way of a kitchen, poured methylated spirit into the cup of the primus and set a match to it. "If you got married you'd have someone to do all this for you," he said, watching the clear blue flame.

Charlie laughed. "Lay off, will yer?" he said. "I'm doing all right.

"You get a woman in the house, you got trouble straight off. Nag, nag, nag, gimme, gimme, gimme the whole time."

"Mum's not like that," Tim said. The flame in the little bowl had burned down to a whisper, and he tightened the tap and began to pump air into the tank of the primus.

"No, your mum's all right. She's one right out of the box," Charlie said loyally, keeping his reservations to himself. "She's going to have 'er 'ands full now, what with young Billie to take care of, and the new one."

"Billie'll have to learn to take care of himself," Tim said, pushing the lidless kettle down into the bucket of water beside the bench, so that it filled, leaving a floating scum of soot on the water left in the bucket.

"Well, now, listen, you go easy on young Billie," Charlie said, being reminded again of the implacable coolness with which he had noticed Tim always treated his little brother. "He's not a bad little bloke—you give 'im a fair go."

Tim was busy with the primus, and he didn't answer. He knew that Peter hadn't really meant what he had said to him that morning, but the fact that the words had been spoken made him gladder than ever that Billie was going to be done to as he had done.

When the water was beginning to sing in the kettle Tim left and went out to collect Cocoa from the blackberries and go home. He hadn't come for tea; he'd come for information, and Charlie had given him that. If the lady really had lots and lots of money, then he didn't see why he should worry about the cat.

. . . .

The days while their mother was in the hospital in the town with the new baby gave the boys even more freedom than they usually had. They had their regular morning and evening jobs to do in the yards and sheds, but in the afternoon, when their father had taken the station waggon and gone into the hospital to see their mother, they were free of anything but the duty of keeping an eye on Billie.

Their neighbor, Mrs. Meekin, came in three times a week to do the sweeping and the washing and ironing, and, though Charlie Rush was forced to call for her and drive her home again when she'd finished her work, he kept away from the house while she was there, for, as he told the boys, "Yer never safe with widows; they're always lookin' out for another galah."

The fact that his mother's baby had been born while there was still no sign of the kittens was a continuing surprise to Tim, who, without thinking of it, had been certain that the births would coincide.

Peter found her less entertaining as the days passed and she grew heavier. She would still play with the boys when they swung an end of rope for her, but now a few minutes of darting and chasing and slashing with her paws would tire her.

When she crouched to rest her hips and shoulders push up against her skin like wi bones, and they could see h kittens moving under the der fur.

In the afternoons, while the father was away and Peter ha gone off, bored with the dream inaction of the cat, Tim wou open the door for her and l her find a shady sleeping-plac outside. It seemed to him that he could never tire of si ting with her, of watching he eyes narrow into a sort smile at the sound of his voice of putting his hands softly either side of her for the faintly eerie thrill of feeling the kit tens move against his fingers.

At first he'd felt nothing but the wavelike undulation in her belly; now the movements were smaller and sharper, and some times he could feel surprising shapes — a leg, a head, or even a whole kitten — move out for a second like a startling promise, and then subside again into its shelter.

He noticed, too, how much she had changed in color. He body coat had darkened and he knew why that had happened, because he'd heard his mother complain that her blond hair had darkened a little with the birth of each of them, though he thought himself it was still the prettiest hair he'd seen.

He noticed, too, that the deep seal-brown of the upper part of the cat's legs had faded as though it were sun-bleached, leaving an overlay of gold hair against the brown.

When she sat upright to clean herself there was a hard, massy, and maternal jut beneath her breastbone, and above it the beautiful, hard, unchanging bone of the head — brown mask, blue eyes, and terrible donkey's ears — seeming smaller now above the ample flanks.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — By TIM







National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4828291

Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

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These ears of hers, like her long hind-legs, were an offence to Peter's more conventional ear.

"You could slice those ears off Mrs. Fuzzy-bottom and make four new pairs just the right size for Black Mac," he said, hoping for argument.

"They're right," Tim said, so far gone in love himself to bother any longer with other people's views.

"Yeah, but look, you can see right down into her brain."

Tim looked, because her ears were one of his pleasures. They flared open so widely at their base that he could see the creamy skin and the tender veins at their entrances, and beyond that the great whorls and mounds and pinnacles of her hearing, shiny with their own clear oil.

"They're just like shells," Tim said, but actually her ears and her eyes reminded him not so much of sea things as of the mysterious secret little jewelled worlds inside the three treasured glass paperweights Joan Harvey always gave him to fiddle with if he must stay in bed.

"What are you going to do if she yells out when she's having the kittens?" Peter asked. "They might hear her, over at the house."

"She won't yell," Tim said. "I'll be here with her."

Peter laughed. "Mr. Timothy Harvey, the famous cat doctor," he said. He was getting a little tired of Tim's preoccupation. "She will so too yell out. I know, 'cos Cliffie Morris told me."

"He doesn't know everything."

"What about Mum; d'you think she yelled out when it was born?" Peter asked, because it was a thing that had been bothering him for several days.

Tim laughed. "Mum? Yelled out . . ."

"Well, Cliffie Morris said . . ." Peter began.

"Poofie to Cliffie Morris; he doesn't know anything. Peter, sometimes you get the most craziest ideas. Mum never yells out for anything, except for mice."

"That's right," Peter said, and grinned cheerfully at his brother, glad to have the world sitting solidly again.

Tim had been with the cat and misjudged the time he should go back to the house on the afternoon of his mother's return from hospital, so that he wasn't there to meet her when she arrived.

When he came back and saw the station waggon standing by the door, he hurled himself up the steps and across the kitchen into his mother's arms.

"I thought I told you not to go sloping off . . ." Jim Harvey began. Joan Harvey interrupted him.

"It doesn't matter, Jim, he's here now," she said.

Tim didn't say anything. He was standing close inside the circle of his mother's arms, his throat tight with the sudden realisation that in ten days he had forgotten how soft her skin was and how nice she smelled. He would have been content to go on standing there, but after a minute or two Billie thought he'd managed to hurt himself by banging his leg, and was clamoring for Joan's undivided attention.

"Go on and see your little brother," Joan said to Tim as she stooped to comfort Billie. "He's in our room. Go and see what you think of him, but mind you don't wake him, Tim."

In his parents' room Tim stood and looked in at this youngest brother through the mosquito net which covered the bassinet. He didn't raise the net, as the baby was sleeping, but he thought that, through the mesh, it looked peaceful and harmless enough.

.

With Joan at home again, the hot summer days settled down into the usual holiday rhythm. It was surprising to Tim how little difference the presence of the baby made in the household's routine, though he supposed that Billie noticed it a good deal more than he did.

> **A wedding is a ceremony at which a man loses complete control of himself.**
>
> —J. M. Braude

"I'm surprised how little notice Tim's taken of the baby," Joan said to her husband one night about a week after her return.

"You can't expect kids to be very interested in a baby of that age," her husband said.

"No, but I don't mean that," she said. "Don't you remember when Billie was a baby how Tim used to hang around, watching him, worrying about him, rushing in to tell me that something had bitten him, or that he'd stopped breathing, and died. He nearly drove me mad for the first few months."

"He certainly got over it later," Jim Harvey said. "Those two are going to fight like cat and dog, when Billie's a bit older." He reached out an arm and caught her as she passed on her way from the kitchen table to one of the cupboards, and pulled her down on his knee. When they had kissed she looked at the tins of fruit she had in her hands, reached over against the support of his arm and put them down on the floor beside their chair.

"This is a fine way for me to be getting things put away," she said, pulling her legs up to the side rung of the chair so that she could settle herself more comfortably in his arms. "Darling, four's enough. Let's not have any more children," she said.

"The thing I like best about you is your mind—one track."

Joan laughed. "No, but seriously," she said. "Think what the school fees are going to be like, for a start. Boarders. And it's only two years now before Peter will have to go."

"Peter and Tim, probably, don't you think?" Jim said. "No point in separating them, they might as well both start together."

"But Timmie'd only be nine," she said, protesting. "That's too young for boarding-school, Jim. Too young for Timmie's sort, anyway."

"Be good for him. Toughen him up," Jim said. He was aware of hostility in his feelings for Tim, and he knew that she was aware of it, too. But he wasn't a fool, and he didn't take himself too much to task over it. You couldn't have four kids, and the same feelings for each of them.

Joan smiled, reserving her arguments. "Anyway, it'll be good for them," she said. "They don't have enough outside friends, living here, and they spend too much of their time with Charlie Rush."

"Charlie won't do them any harm," Jim said. "He's got a lot of screwy ideas, but he's good to the kids, and I wouldn't be surprised if he wasn't good for them, too."

"He's an old misogynist with only two ideas in his head — booze and horses."

"He's all right," Jim said equably. "He only gets on the scoot a couple of times a year, and the kids don't see him; he never comes near the place." He laughed at the memory of Charlie's receipt of the news that the baby was a boy.

"He congratulated me as though it was a personal triumph when Edward was born. You had him worried, Joanie. He thought you were going to start populating the place with girls."

"Were you disappointed?"

"Who? Me? Good heavens, no! I didn't expect anything else."

"Well, you needn't say it like that!"

"I was a bit disappointed the second time . . ."

"Yes, I know."

". . . When Tim was born. It seemed quite an idea to have a girl then. But it's no go. There's a strong streak of Lady Macbeth in you."

"What?" she said, startled.

" 'Bring forth men children only, for thy undaunted metal . . .' "

Joan laughed. "I was about to do an 'out, damned spot' act," she said, holding up her hands. "Jim, just look at them. They ought to use me as a model for the 'housework hands' thing, the before part of it."

He took one of her hands and rubbed it back and forwards along his jaw. "Bristly," she said affectionately.

"And going to stay bristly till the morning," he said. "Come on, now. Bed."

"No, wait a minute," she said. "I want to ask you about Timmie. Was he all right while I was away?"

"Yes, perfectly. Why? What's wrong with him?"

"I don't know," Joan said slowly. "But something is. Jim, he's so dreamy. Honestly, sometimes I don't think he remembers whether he's even had his breakfast or not."

"Well, there's nothing new about that. He's always been a queer, quiet little egg."

"I suppose so," she said, unconvinced. "It's not that he's quiet so much—I'm used to that. It's more the fact that he seems to have something he wants to be quiet about."

.

The kittens were born on a windy night when there was no moon to help Tim find his way across the paddocks to the barn. He had gone to see her just at dusk while Joan was running a bath for him, but he hadn't been able to stay there long, and he'd gone to sleep with his torch beside him, intending to creep out after the others were asleep. He was wakened by a soft, urgent crying beside his face, and he found her standing on his pillow and looking down at him.

This was the first time she'd been to look for him at the house since the day his father had hunted her away with the dogs, though for more than a fortnight he had been leaving her free at night, with the door of the barn open so that she could go in and out.

Now he pulled her hastily under the sheet, folding her tightly against his chest with his arms, afraid that Peter might wake, or his mother, or his father.

But the cat wouldn't stay with him. She struggled and grunted in protest while he held her, and as soon as he let her go she began her insistent cry, with a rising note of irritation in it.

"All right, I'm coming," he said, and as soon as he slid his legs out from under the sheet

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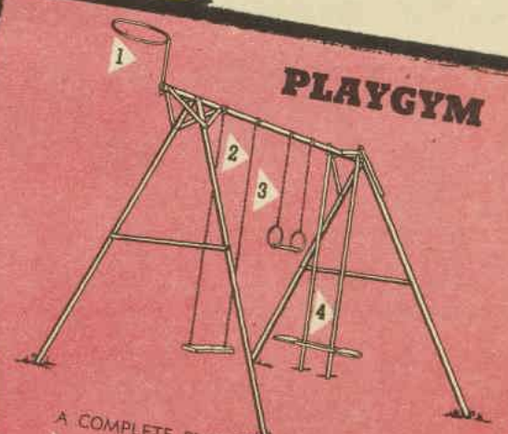
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Continuing . . . HALF ANGEL

from page 61

she sprang away on to the window-ledge. While he felt for his torch and, in a cursory sort of way for his slippers which didn't seem to be there, he noticed that she was flicking her tail in short, vertical twitches of impatience, and, though he couldn't see her outline very well, he felt sure that she'd had her kittens and had come to fetch him so that he could admire them.

When he moved away from the bed she jumped down from the window and ran off at once through the garden.

He spoke to her then, because he didn't think anyone could hear him, and she answered him with a long, importunate wail and set off in a fast, crouched trot without looking back to see whether he was following.

The cat reached the barn ahead of him, and he saw her disappear into the deeper darkness. When he switched on his torch he saw that she had gone into the kerosene case he had put for her under the bed, and that she was tearing the newspaper with which he had lined it into shreds with her teeth.

He shone the light under her and looked carefully in the torn-up paper, but there were no kittens. He felt tears of gratitude pricking the back of his nose, because she seemed to have thought of him, to have known he wanted to be there when the kittens were born, and had braved the dogs and the people to come and get him.

Tim got up, meaning to go to the cupboard, where he had hidden a hurricane lamp and matches for this occasion, but as soon as he moved the cat ran out of the box, protesting against this threat of being left.

"I'm not going. I'm going to stay with you all night," he said. But the cat didn't believe him. She came with him to the cupboard, rubbing and pleading while he lit the lamp, and she didn't settle again until he had pulled his old dressing-gown from the bed and curled up on it in front of the box, where she could see him.

After a while he turned the wick of the lamp low, so that the box and the cat and his eager face were lit, and the rest of the rough little room was in shadowy half-light. He didn't think any more of the darkness outside, nor of his distance from the house; the whole of his mind was concentrated on the cat.

From time to time she slept, and from time to time she would get up in an abstracted sort of way, tear dreamily at the paper with her teeth, turn like a tiger trampling down the grass, and then settle again, with her eyes closed into slits, her head still and only her ears alive.

Time passed, and Tim began to shiver a little and to feel faintly sick with the excitement of not knowing what to expect. It was when he had put his head down and closed his eyes that the cat grunted and he looked up quickly and saw that, still lying on her side, she was straining so that her legs moved in the torn-up paper with her effort.

Tim sat up and turned up the lamp, anxious to see, to help, to miss nothing of what was happening. The cat grunted heavily again, but when Tim put out his hand and stroked her neck she answered him with the soft mew which she'd often used when she was busy cleaning herself, or eating, and had no time for communication.

After a few more moments of effort she got up and humped herself, and in the light of the lantern her eyes were glassy with concentration. Then she began to circle, turning in the paper to find a suitable spot and trying, with her strong front legs, to get a purchase against the wood of the box. As he turned he saw that her tail was lifted, and that there was something silvery and shining showing from underneath it. Then the cat rolled sideways on to one flank, and began to lick the silvery-seeming object, tearing the sac with her tongue.

Tim pulled the lamp closer, and his empty stomach heaved with revulsion against what he saw. Something had gone wrong with her. The kitten was no good. It had an obscene, blind, piggy head like a gummy shark, it was blowing bubbles from its gaping, untidy nostrils, and its skin was soft and spongy and pink and quite without hair.

> **Only those faults which we encounter in ourselves are insufferable to us in others.**
> **—Madame Swetchine**

He closed his eyes, shuddering, while he tried to think what to do—whether to call for help, for his father, for Charlie. And then he opened his eyes and saw the miracle — when Amanda licked it it began to turn into a kitten. "So that's it, that's it," he said to himself aloud. When he'd wanted to see other farm animals have their young his father had always said, "There's nothing to see, Tim. You clear out. You'll only worry her."

So he'd had to go, but he'd always thought there was something more to it than that—some sort of forbidden mystery—and now he knew. He leaned even closer and watched as the cat's loving and gentle rough tongue turned the kitten, cleaning and drying it. Now the soft, white hair that had been invisible began to stand up with a life of its own, like a fuzz of down all over the big, doddering head.

It was then that he first heard the kitten's voice—small and angry and whining—as it fought against the push of its mother's tongue with its first, urgent craving to get back to the warmth and comfort it had left.

"Please, don't be so rough with it," Tim said to the cat. She seemed to him to be cleaning it with abandon, knocking and rolling it so that it turned on its back with its soft, useless legs waving in the cool and comfortless air.

After a few minutes of this frenzied cleaning the cat settled, but she still reached out every moment or two to give it a single, confirmatory lick. "Aren't you going to have any more?" Tim asked her. "You can't just have one kitten."

The cat leaned back against the side of the box and closed her eyes, and the room was filled with the little kitten's protests and the cat's bumpy and ragged purr of maternal pride.

Tim got up then and went to the cupboard, where he knew there was a quarter of a loaf of rather stale brown bread.

When he'd eaten about half of what there was his stomach felt a little better than it had, and he brought his knees up close to his chin and folded his arms to make a rest for his head, and after a time in the half-light, in the quiet sound of the kitten's cries and the cat's ecstatic purring, he began to doze.

When he woke some time later he couldn't think for a moment how he'd got there. Then he remembered and sat up, and found that so much had happened in the box while he was sleeping that he had to put his hand in and stir and check and count before he found that now there were four more kittens.

The sixth was born while he was still counting the others, and then the seventh one came so quickly after it that the mother had no time to attend to both.

Tim watched the sixth kitten for a moment, lying still and forlorn inside its glistening sac. He began to worry about it. He picked it up carefully, surprised at the heat he felt against his hand, and thrust it towards the cat for her attention. But she was busy with the cleaning and severing of the seventh kitten, and she had no time to spare for the one he was holding.

He looked closely at the sac that surrounded it, and it seemed to him that it was made of cellophane, and he knew that that was airtight, because Joan used it for covering jam. He put the kitten down again, and then, rather fearfully, caught up a fold of the sac and nipped it between the nails of two of his fingers. The kitten stirred and he saw bubbles appear at its nose. He picked it up again then, pulling the rest of the membrane away from its head and wiping its nose dry with the flapping end of his pyjama jacket.

When the kitten began to cry and he heard its voice he was filled with an extraordinary pride and joy in his feat. He covered his index finger with a fold of his jacket and began to clean and dry it, but this unskilled substitute for a mother's tongue made it wail so protestingly that the cat stretched out her neck, took the kitten by its scruff, and pulled it gently back to her in the box.

Tim got up then and stretched his legs, which seemed to creak with cold and tiredness. He offered the cat some dry bread, but she wasn't interested. He longed above everything now to be in bed, but he felt that the cat must have milk, and the nearest milk was walking about in the paddock not far away.

He found a jar that he'd used earlier for bringing her milk, and went out of the barn, leaving the door ajar, to look for the cows. It surprised him very much to find that the light was grey outside instead of black, and he hurried because he was afraid that he might not get back into bed before his parents were up.

He found the cows grazing their way down towards the fence closest to the yards, on their way to line up patiently at the gate and wait for milking time. He chose Jessie, who was of mild and friendly temperament, but the novelty of being milked into a jam-jar by a kneeling boy in pyjamas was too much for her, and she kept turning her head to stare at what he was doing and then moving off a pace or two so that he was forced to shuffle after her on his knees.

When he got back to the barn with the milk, still warm and frothy as it had come from the cow, the kittens had found a substitute mission in life and were drinking greedily.

The cat accepted a little of the milk, but she was tired and wouldn't go on with it. He left the rest beside her box on the floor, shut her into the barn, and ran quickly home through the grey dawn with his legs aching with sleeplessness and his mind full of the revelations of the night.

To be concluded

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GIRLS, JOBS – AND MEN



DREAM of every American college girl comes true for Hope Lange when she reports for her first day's work at the New York publishing firm of Fabian. The girls in the outer office wonder what is in store for Hope.



JOAN CRAWFORD as Amanda Farrow, a top career woman who missed out on love.



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★ ***The lives and loves of today's career girls in New York is the subject of "The Best of Everything," a 20th Century-Fox drama, in color. Hope Lange, Suzy Parker, and Diane Baker head the cast, with veterans Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne. The men in the girls' lives are shown at right.***

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Entertainment



ADVENTURE of living together as gay bachelor girls is shared by Diane Baker (left), Suzy Parker, and Hope Lange.



ROBERT EVANS, as Dexter Key, charming, rich, and a heel; and the unlucky star who shines briefly in secretary Diane's life.



LOUIS JOURDAN, as David Savage, the theatrical producer whom Suzy couldn't bluff, either as a girl or as an actress.



LIONEL KANE, as Paul Landis, a bachelor friend of Amanda Farrow, and perpetually in search of a date among the Fabian girls.



STEPHEN BOYD, as Mike Rice, departmental editor with a long-established hangover, and new secretary Hope's big problem.



STEPHAN GANT, as the unknown young actor who shares with tragic would-be actress Suzy one triumphant, but brief, curtain call.



DONALD HARRON, as Sidney Carter, the married Fabian executive loved by the firm's pretty, unhappy beauty editor Martha Hyer.

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Susan Munsie, 2½, of Lewisham, N.S.W., is the youngest competitor ever to compete in the Railway Eisteddfod. With the confidence of a veteran, Susan sang and danced her way through two solo routines. "Practice can be tiring" says Mrs. Munsie, "but a Dettol bath quickly refreshes her". A little Dettol in the bath is so pleasantly relaxing and refreshing. Try it yourself for all-over freshness!



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Smart girls use Dettol for personal reasons. Fragrant Dettol is gentle to use—harmless to everything but germs — and an excellent deodorant. That's why so many women use it for personal hygiene . . . it keeps the skin delightfully clean, fresh and sweet.



First Aid? . . . first Dettol! You'll invariably find a bottle of Dettol in the First Aid Kit. Gentle Dettol assists in promoting fast healing and helps to guard against the risk of septic infection. Keep Dettol in your home ready to kill germs and help heal the wound. No other antiseptic is so effective yet so safe.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your doctor does . . . (ask him) . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential . . . in the all-important details of body hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . to disinfect linen and crockery.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL

the safe, efficient ANTISEPTIC

AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

★★ CARRY ON NURSE

Comedy, with Shirley Eaton, Kenneth Connor, Charles Hawtrey. State, Sydney.

IN this, the second of the "Carry On . . ." series, we see most of the cast of "Carry On Sergeant," this time making light of the trials and troubles of hospital life.

While there is no real story, there are several wildly funny incidents, which, loosely connected by a sketchy romance between the staff nurse and newspaper-reporter patient (Terence Longdon), manage to make this a most amusing film.

Shirley Eaton is rather wooden as the harassed staff nurse, while Susan Stephen gives a sparkling performance as the trouble-prone probationer.

The staff and patients, played by some of Britain's finest character actors, are warm and convincing. — C.P.

In a word . . . CHEERFUL.

★ MAN OF THE WEST

Western, with Gary Cooper, Julie London, Lee J. Cobb, Arthur O'Connell. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

THE fact that Reginald Rose ("12 Angry Men") was engaged to write the screenplay suggests that this was meant to be an adult, articulate Western, with important things to say.

It is the story of a reformed killer (Cooper), who is forced to kill again when chance puts him at the mercy of his old associates. These are a crazy hillbilly gang (mainly his cousins), dominated by a deranged old uncle.

Cobb's melodramatic playing of this role robs the picture of its last claims to plausibility, which were none too strong, anyway.

Director Anthony Mann achieves fine-quality work only once—in a tense and arrestingly photographed gunfight in an empty desert town. The scenery throughout is above average.

Julie London gives her usual pallid performance as a saloon singer who—quite unnecessarily — becomes involved in the proceedings. O'Connell starts off well as a travelling card-sharp, but loses his grip on the character half way through.

In a word . . . UNSATISFACTORY.

★ RESURRECTION

Drama, with Horst Buchholz, Myriam Bru. Italian dialogue, English sub-titles. In color. Savoy, Sydney.

IN this German-Italian co-production most of the idealism and irony of the great 19th century Russian novelist Tolstoy have been lost.

The story as it emerges is very much that of the prince and the servant girl—novelettish.

Young German actor Buchholz has neither the style nor stature for the Czarist aristocrat who, 20 years afterwards, seeks to make amends for the seduction of a servant on a family estate.

As the girl, Myriam Bru, a striking brunette with dignity and maturity, is much better cast and much more credible. Her debased Caterina is a creature to arouse compassion.

The film attempts a certain grandeur, and is sometimes lavish and handsome to look at, but it lacks the subtlety and spirit which would lift it out of its old-fashioned melodramatic world.

In a word . . . DATED.

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above Average
★ Average
No star—Poor

Studio gossip

A VERY interesting gossip item, coming from both New York and Hollywood, is that it's quite a romance between **Prince Aly Khan** and dark-eyed actress **Susan Strasberg,** who is less than half the playboy diplomat's age.

Drama coach Paula Strasberg, Susan's mother, did everything she could to persuade her daughter to come out to Hollywood while Paula helped Marilyn Monroe with her lines for "The Billionaire."

But Susan preferred to stay in New York near the attractive Aly.

★ ★ ★

CAUSING excited whispers is the fact that nobody has yet been cast as the young man singer working in the bar frequented by a girl played by Liz Taylor in the controversial film "Butterfield 8."

M.G.M. think that by choosing **Eddie Fisher** they'll be pulling off the casting gimmick of the year. The singing role fits Eddie perfectly, they say, and Eddie, who would co-star with Liz, would very much like to do another movie.

Eddie's only previous movie, "Bundle of Joy," was made with former wife Debbie Reynolds soon after their marriage.

JERRY LEWIS and his wife, **Patti,** who already have a family of five boys ("worse than Bing Crosby," says Jerry), are anxious to adopt a girl. Patti has been advised by her doctors that she shouldn't have any more children of her own.

★ ★ ★

SO far it has been **Joanne Woodward's** fate to appear only in pictures where she had to wear either ordinarily suburban or downright dowdy clothes. But in "On the Terrace" she plays a New York career woman, and Fox are fitting her out with a wardrobe that's designed to make the audience sit up and take notice.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE becoming accepted as a member of The Clan—that exclusive Sinatra-Martin-dominated clique with immense influence in Hollywood—**Tony Curtis** had to put in some hard work. Now, having made the grade, he's determined to stay there.

Tony, whose favorite picture of himself is as a big-wheel, has rented a 10-bedroom villa in Rome for the 1960 Olympics, and has invited Frankie and Dean and all the rest of his chums to be his guests.



HAPPY REUNION for Leslie Caron, her English theatrical-producer husband, Peter Hall, and their children, Christopher (nearly three) and baby Jennifer. Leslie is just back in London after making "The Subterraneans" in Hollywood.

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Two other new and wickedly attractive shades: TICO-TICO *and* LAS VEGAS

TELEVISION PARADE

● New designs in television sets in mass production in America for 1960 will surely arrive soon on Australian TV designers' tables. At least they will be an inspiration for new models for the home market.

THE "hideaway" is one that appeals to me. It's a two-way job, a coffee table with a TV set that hides away in the top like a sewing-machine; it closes down, leaving a utility coffee table when the set is not in use.

Expected to be very popular is a new 23-inch model being made by three leading manufacturers. The 23-incher has an almost rectangular screen that is practically flat.

Another set has a flat swivel screen sitting like a revolving radar screen on top of its housing.

The first of this type came out two years ago and had some features that were not popular, but its swivel screen is now said to be perfected and is expected to be a hot-cake selling job.

TV sets with movable screens seem to be the year's selling gimmick. There is one that can be turned about 45 degrees on a vertical axis within the stationary set, so that the set can be adjusted for better viewing from all armchair angles.

Regarded by TV manufacturers as the most significant of all the sets is the new 1960 model with only two color control knobs. One of them is for the color, the other for the desired hue. These are the only knobs additional to the general line-up for black-and-white TV.

Color TV has been the flop of all time so far in America. The experts say its failure was caused by tuning difficulties. In other sets four knobs were necessary to register the four colors, yellow, red, blue, and black, that give the final natural color.

It was quite common with a picture out of register to have all the characters on the screen with, say, four noses. One nose in the right place would be yellow, but it would have three ghosts, each a different color.

The four-of-a-kind joke was appreciated for a moment or two, but the expensive set was quickly returned to the dealer when it couldn't be improved.

The 1960 two-knob model is claimed to be foolproof, and so efficient that a child can operate it easily.

Let us hope this is true, because the better it is in America the sooner we'll have it here.

There's good news, too, for parents who use their TV set as a baby-sitter. A new model has a built-in time clock that can be set for a time to turn the set on and to switch it off when desired.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION'S airborne horse, that helicopter from "Whirlybirds" (Channel 9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.), was in trouble during Soviet Premier Khrushchev's Hollywood visit.

The 'copter was up taking a series of routine background pictures and unknowingly got into forbidden skies. The exciting thing about it was that it was chased out of the out-of-bounds area by a police helicopter on patrol.

The story has only just leaked out, mainly because of the bitter disappointment of the two stars, Ken Tobey and Craig Hill, who just can't stop talking about their bad luck in not being involved in a real sky chase.



TV's AIRBORNE HORSE is groomed for the skies by co-star Craig Hill, of "Whirlybirds" (Channel 9, Fridays, 7.30 p.m.).

By NAN MUSGROVE

★ ★ ★

THE recent telecast of the Ampol golf tournament was really wonderful and proved again without doubt that TV is a magic eye for spectator sport.

You can see every detail (except those invisible hazards the players remove from the greens), including the worry lines and the good-stroke glee.

The telecast was the first to use a nine-camera Champions' Channel. Televiewers could see play from hole to hole on the entire 18-hole course.

Such a set-up was only possible because the three Sydney channels, 9, 7, and 2, combined their resources. It is believed to be the first complete cover of any golf tournament in the world.

I imagine that the golf telecast renewed many people's interest and took them out for a game in the weeks that followed it. I wasn't particularly carried away by the telecast until the last day.

I had noticed that in the city it notched up the biggest lunch-hour crowd of TV window watchers I've seen for months, but I had no idea it would be the day out it was—a day out in a comfortable armchair with the rain pouring down outside and unlimited licence to criticise the champions out loud.

I'm sure lots of televiewers felt they were being spoken to when one of the commentators asked for "a little bit of shush" as Gary Player was lining up the putt that cost him an outright win.

It was the go-on on the greens that at first glued me to the screen.

The putts were easy from the armchair, but the champs went on so—they prowled the greens like wild dogs, eyeing the ball, measured off the distance fore and aft, and even went so far as to light cigarettes to check the wind drift from the smoke.

China's Young Yo was the only player I saw who didn't carry on about his putting. He just walked up to his ball on the green and with confidence and a magnificent nonchalance sent it spinning into the hole.

By the end of play I was so infected with the tension that I couldn't understand how he could have been so brash.

My favorite kerbstone psychologist told me that the go-on on the greens is all the result of nervous tension and a psychological reluctance to [illegible] to have the result beyond doubt.

Whether true or not, it is an interesting theory, and the high nervous tension certainly added to the televiewing.

The improvement in telecast commentating was noticeable, too. Commentators have lost most of their old radio ways.

There was no more of that "he's putting," or "he's just driving off," that is so irritating and unnecessary when you see it yourself on the screen. Instead they mostly identified players, gave the scores, or interviewed personalities.

One young man made a wonderful remark as the rain poured down steadily. He said that Kel Nagle "today couldn't get sufficiently hot to streak away from the star-studded field."

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Continuing . . .

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

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a little troublesome when they spotted the goat cheese, but a liberal spraying of insecticide fixed that. It just so happened that the liverwurst was downwind of the spray, but I wiped most of it off with a paper napkin.

I packed some ice-cubes around the wine and put the olives in a dish. It looked a little skimpy. I decided on some cream of tomato soup as a start and headed for the kitchen. It took me a little while to get going. A few pans got burned and some stuff boiled over, but the result was terrific. I was thinking about stopping for a beer when I saw Janie outside. She was wearing a blue sundress and she had a ribbon in her hair.

"Hey," she called, "I'm starving, but is there something burning?"

"Don't hustle me," I said; "this is gourmet cooking." At this point I burned myself on a pot handle.

"Something smells funny," she said, edging toward the door.

"Keep your seat, madam," I said, pouring the soup into cereal bowls. "You are about to be served."

I kicked open the screen door and emerged with the steaming plates. I set them down and pulled Janie's chair with a flourish.

She stared at the table. "Is this it?" she asked in a small voice.

"Simple but succulent," I said.

"What's that?" She pointed to the goat's cheese.



"Is he asleep or is he just playing possum?"

"What does it look like?" I asked.

"I don't think I'd better say."

"It happens to be a very superior bit of cheese. Allow me to pour the wine." It was a little tepid. Janie sipped it tentatively. "What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Nothing."

"Why is your face all screwed up?"

"Is it?"

"You don't like the wine."

"It's really too hot to eat," said Janie with a friendly smile.

She was one hundred per cent. right, but I wasn't going to admit it. I shrugged and dug in.

"I think I'll just get myelf a nice cold glass of milk," said Janie, after watching me with a slight shiver of distaste.

I looked up from my lumpy soup. "No milk," I announced.

"But I told you . . ."

"I blew the milk money on these goodies," I replied tightly.

"Ice water will be all right," she answered calmly. That's what I love about Janie. She's a switch hitter. You expect a storm; you get sunshine.

She disappeared into the kitchen. There was a moment of silence and then a cry of anguish. When she reappeared in the doorway she was pale. "What happened to the kitchen?" she said hoarsely. "There's soup on the ceiling."

"A lucky shot," I said modestly.

". . . It's on the floor, too. And the stove is covered with it and burned to a crisp!"

"I had a little trouble getting my bearings," I said, "but I'll clean it up."

"Just stay out of here," said Janie crisply. "Just sit there and drink your May wine and leave me alone."

She closed the door and I heard the clank of a pail and the sound of a scrubbing brush. By this time the flies had got their range and the sun had shifted so I got it full in the face. I wanted to go inside, but I could hear Janie muttering to herself. I decided to let the flies have me.

Two hours and fifteen minutes later Janie staggered outside. Her hair hung in sticky tendrils around her face. Her arms were red to the elbow and she smelled of ammonia and washing soap. She groaned and sank into a chair, her eyes closed. Right about then I discovered I was sunburned to the waistline, but I sensed it was no time to complain.

"Look, baby," I said in a conciliatory way, "you just relax and I'll fix us a nice cold drink. Then I'll take you out to dinner. We'll drive up the coast and have a fish dinner. Maybe we'll have a stroll on the beach. Maybe we'll take a blanket. Janie? Are you listening?"

"There was even soup in the oven," she said in a dull voice.

"I know, baby, and I'm sorry. How about this dinner thing?"

She opened her eyes. "Yes, dinner out . . . by all means."

I got up. The skin down my back cracked like a roasted turkey. I stifled a groan and kissed her.

"I think I'll have a long bath full of bubbles," she mused reflectively. "And then I'll spray myself with perfume and then I'll drift downstairs and drink your drinks. Make them strong."

I was happily engaged in squeezing limes when the phone rang. In all the hurly-burly we had forgotten to take it off the hook.

"Al, boy," boomed a familiar voice, "you mean you're in town?"

It was Bill Williams, a golf and bridge crony.

"Yeah," I said cautiously.

"Well, whadaya know? My frau and the kids are up at Big Bear. I was supposed to get up there, but my boss called an agency meeting. Boy, this is a ghost town. I've been on the phone an hour trying to hear a human voice."

"Yeah," I said.

"So you're in town. Janie, too?"

"Yeah," I said.

"Great! You folks staying right at home, huh?"

I didn't say anything.

"Man, old solitude got me. You folks doing anything tonight?"

"Well . . ." I said.

"I'll bring my own bottle," he said wistfully. He sounded like he was on the ropes. After all, we'd been in the Navy together, and were buddies.

"Listen, Bill," I said, "come on over for dinner."

"Now?" he asked, his voice cracking emotionally.

I thought about Janie in the bubble bath. "Make it forty-five minutes," I said.

I hung up. Upstairs I could hear Janie singing "April In Paris." A faint sweat broke out on my brow.

"Hey," she called suddenly, "was that the phone?"

"Mmmmmm."

"I can't hear you. Come on up."

I climbed the stairs as if they were Everest. Janie was in her slip, brushing her hair. "Who was that?"

I sat down on the bed. "Old Bill Williams," I said cheerfully.

"How did he know we were in town?" she asked.

"Just took a chance. Trudy and the kids are up in Big Bear. The poor guy's miserable. He's been all alone for a week."

"Mmmm," said Janie, putting on her lipstick. "Shall I try out my new white pique for the occasion? Are you really going to do me proud?"

"Janie," I said softly.

"Why shouldn't I wear a new dress for you?" she said suddenly. "Who am I trying to impress if it isn't you?"

"Janie," I said plunging, "I asked him over here for dinner."

The hairbrush she was holding halted in mid-air. I took the offensive. "Maybe we can just open a can. The guy doesn't care what he eats. He just wants a little company. I wouldn't have done it for anybody but old Bill Williams . . ."

"What makes old Bill Williams so special?" Janie turned to face me. Her eyes were as frosty as a deep freeze.

"We fought together," I announced in a ringing martial tone.

"That was years ago," said Janie. "And you never got out of San Diego."

"Listen," I countered with dignity, "Bill Williams has been a good solid friend. There've been a lot of times when I couldn't have got up a foursome without him."

"I don't know how he is on foursomes," replied Janie jcily, "but he is certainly queering this twosome."

"I'll make it up to you, honey," I said. "Starting tomorrow we're in the clear; we're alone at last."

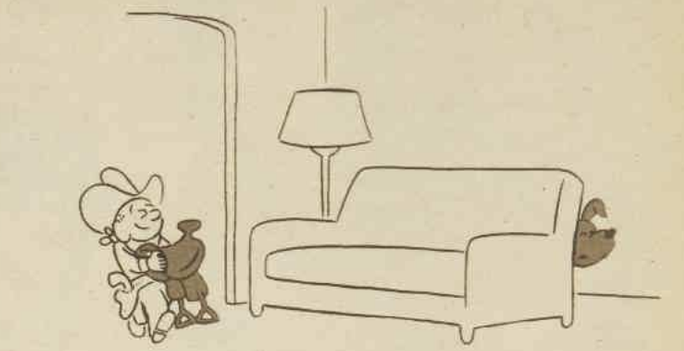
"I've heard those lyrics," sniffed Janie, "and we're having canned tuna for supper." With that she rose and snatched down an old green cotton she wears for gardening. I made a strategic retreat.

.

Everything might have worked out if Bill hadn't acted as though he were permanently

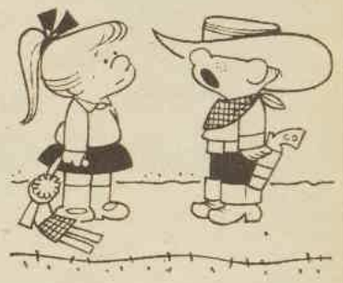
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The Joys of Boys





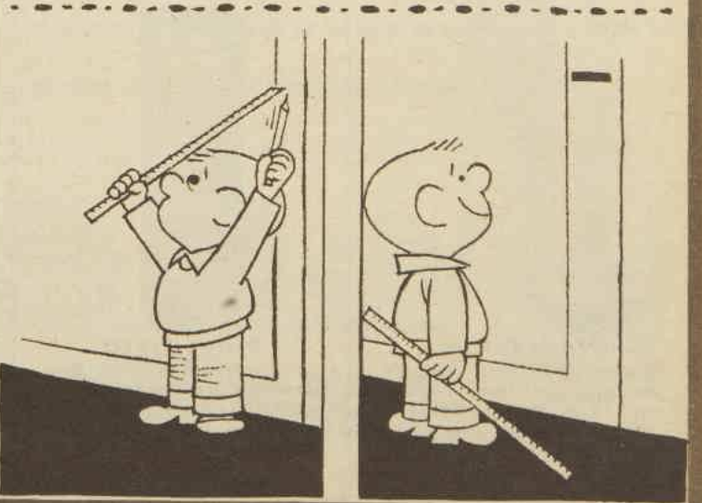
"Come on, let's eat first, and argue later."



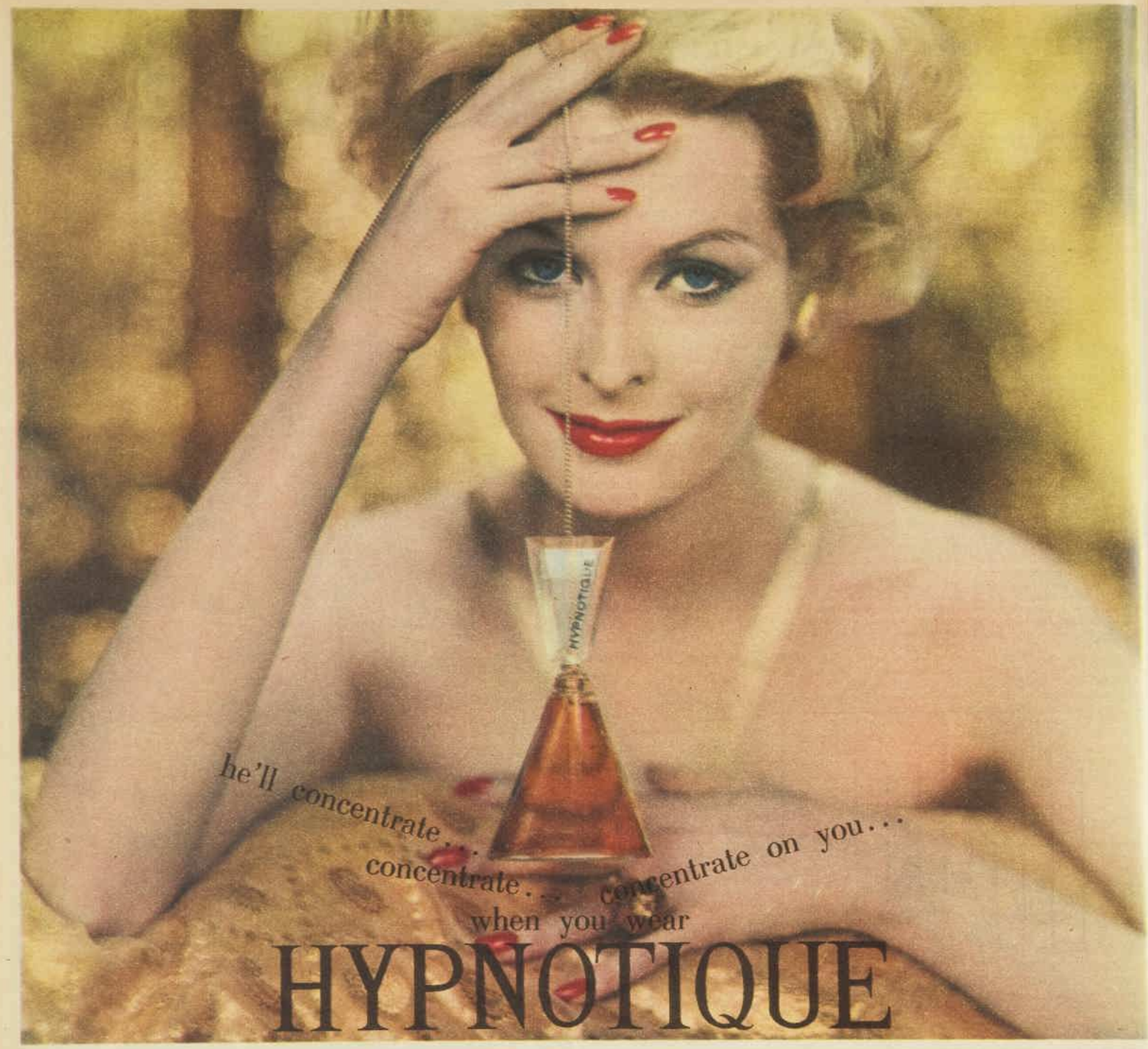
"Which way did they go?"



"There's enough stuff in here without adding water, too, Mum."



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Continuing . . .

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

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based in our living-room. At midnight he was giving our naval experiences the full "Caine Mutiny" treatment. Janie looked as if she were about to abandon ship at any moment. I decided to put in an oar.

"Well, Billy Budd," I said, "one for the road?"

He looked at us dreamily. "You know, this has been great. You guys have it made. You hole in here like two lovebirds and let the world go by."

Janie smiled wanly. "Oh, we're foxy. When I think of poor Trudy stuck up in those gorgeous green mountains . . ."

"Well," said Bill deprecatingly, "she really needed the change. She's pretty much of a gothic," he admitted.

"I'm not exactly old ironsides myself," said Janie, staring at me.

"Speaking of old ironsides," said Bill happily, "remember that Lieutenant Commander . . ."

"That's a long story," I countered nervously. "We've had a pretty full day. Got the kids off. You know."

"Yeah. It's time I was upping anchor, anyway. Well, as I said, this has been great. Everybody's out of town. You're the last of the Mohicans, you two." He beamed at us happily. "We'll stay in touch. We'll do this again."

"Sure," I said weakly, "we'll do that." I moved over to Janie and draped my arm around her. Bill shook his head in admiring approval and went out into the night.

Janie turned back into the living-room. It smelled of beer and full ashtrays. Bill had rearranged the furniture during a naval manoeuvre. She closed her eyes against the sight. "I'll think about that tomorrow," she said a trifle grimly.

"You go on up to bed, doll," I said. "I'll give the joint a clean sweepdown fore and aft. Strictly shipshape."

She looked at me gratefully. "Just dump the ashtrays," she said, yawning, and went up the stairs.

By the time I got the beer-stain out of the rug and all it was close on two-thirty. My sunburn was killing me and my mouth felt like the inside of a pair of tennis shoes. I staggered upstairs. Janie was already asleep. I paused to kiss her on the forehead; then I hit the sack. My last thoughts were, "No kids, no office, Roman holiday." I died.

When the horn began to blow at seven-thirty I thought my car had short-circuited, but then the doorbell rang. Janie sat up in bed and groped wildly for her bathrobe. "Somebody at door," she muttered.

She crawled out of bed and went to the window and lifted the blind. "It's Harry Short," she whispered, "and his wife and his children — and it's seven-thirty."

"Impossible!" I said, burrowing under the pillows.

The bell-ringing continued.

I got up and pulled on my pants. "Must be an emergency," I said. "Harry's supposed to be in Carmel." I stumbled down the stairs and threw open the front door.

"We just took a chance," said Harry, beaming on me. "I told Ethel they won't be in town and she said just stop by and see. It won't hurt to stop and see. We're on our way to Carmel. Only Judy here got carsick and Jerry needs attention, and I said why not see if we can get a drink and so forth from Al Stewart." He grinned widely. "Thought for sure you people would be out of town. Lucky for us you aren't."

"Come in," I said. I mean,

Harry Short just happens to do twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of business a year with my company. "I'll go call Janie."

But Janie emerged at the top of the stairs. She was dressed. Her hair was combed. She was even smiling. "Hi!" she said.

"Hello, sweetie," Ethel said. "Aren't we terrible barging in on you like this, but my kids . . . Have you got the teeniest bit of baking-soda in the house?"

"I think so. Were you on your way out of town?"

"Three beautiful weeks in Carmel . . . if we can get there."

"Lovely," murmured Janie. "Have you had breakfast?"

Harry and Ethel exchanged delighted looks. "No, dear," said Ethel, "as a matter of fact, we haven't."

"Have it with us then," she said. I could have kissed her on both cheeks. That was my Janie. A real sport. A real helpmeet. A man could get on in the world with a woman like that.

"Just make yourselves comfortable," she said and disappeared into the kitchen. She had breakfast on the table in a

> **We only see in a lifetime a dozen faces marked with the peace of a contented spirit.**
> **—H. W. Beecher**

flash. Harry's kids wouldn't eat anything. They just wanted to throw toast at each other. Ethel sighed.

"If you knew how I needed this vacation," she said. "My cook quit last week and the nursemaid won't stay where there's no cook, so I've had this crew on my hand for a whole week."

"More coffee?" asked Janie brightly. Somehow I couldn't bring myself to look at her.

"Not another bite. Jerry, we do not put our butter on the tablecloth." She glanced at her diamond wristwatch. "We should help you with this mess," she said listlessly.

"I'm here," I said, forcing a smile. "I'll knock these off in no time."

"Aren't you people getting away this season?" asked Ethel, putting on her lipstick.

"No," said Janie quietly, "we're fighting it out on the home front."

"You look as if you could do with a change," Ethel said, appraising Janie with a critical eye.

"I always look this way," said Janie, "it's occupational."

Ethel looked puzzled.

"We had a bad night," I explained.

"Harry," said Ethel firmly, "let's run and leave these darling people to their plans." And then she suddenly gave a little cry and wagged her finger at us. "I've just figured it out," she said. "You two are playing dead dog. You're pretending to be out of town and all the time you're right here."

"Right here," echoed Janie bitterly.

"Isn't that cute? Harry, isn't that the cutest thing you ever heard of?"

Harry smiled paternally. "It sure is. We'll have to try that dodge sometime. It looks like fun."

"Doesn't it?" cooed Ethel. "Isn't it an adorable idea?" She patted her hair into place. "Well, we have to be moving along. Bring on that sunshine," she said exultantly and followed her brood out.

I turned to Janie but she had already gone into the kitchen and closed the door. I followed her and found her scrubbing the eggy frying-pan with a kind of silent despair.

"Janie . . ." I began, making a helpless gesture.

"Al," she said in a quiet voice, "I think you'd just better leave me alone with my thoughts for a while. Go dig around the geraniums or something, will you?"

I know this mood of Janie's. I'd seen it once when I dropped fifty-five bucks of our grocery money in a poker game and once when I recited some naval limericks at a cocktail party. I made for the geranium bed. I gave her about an hour to work it off and then I went back into the house carrying a few geraniums in my hands as a peace offering.

The kitchen was clean and empty. I figured she might be flung across the bed staring at the ceiling or something. (This I have seen in the movies.) I took the stairs two at a time and burst into the bedroom. It was empty, but I saw the note pasted up on the mirror with scotch tape. It was brief but telling:

Dear Al,

I am not doing this in anger. I merely want to be where the beds are made for me, meals are served, and the bathtub is totally unfamiliar. I want to put my clothes in empty closets and use new cakes of soap. I want to hang "Do not disturb" signs on the doors. I know I'm going to have a wonderful time. Glad you aren't here.

I love you,

Janie.

For one moment I felt as if I had swallowed prussic acid. I envisioned Janie in some swank resort. She would wear that white pique number. She would take off her wedding ring. Men would buy her martinis, tan men, muscular men. Who did they think they were, moving in on my wife! I had to find her. We were married, weren't we? Okay, if anyone was going to wine, woo, and dine her, it was going to be me, old dog Tray.

I ran through the possibilities and then it hit me. There was a hotel just north of Malibu where we had gone after Sandra was born. We'd left the kids with her mother and lost a weekend. I smiled over the memory as I dumped a toothbrush and some pyjamas in an overnight kit. She'd be there all right. She had to be there.

I found her by the swimming-pool. She was wearing a bright pink bathing suit with lipstick to match. There was a glass of lemonade with a cherry in it by her side. I noted with a faint sense of shock that she had legs. Her eyes were closed, but she was smiling. I came up and knelt down beside her.

"Don't I know you?" I murmured fervently. "In fact, aren't you the mother of my two children?"

She opened her eyes and sat up with a gasp. "Al," she said.

"I didn't know you had a pink bathing suit," I said, kissing her on the ear.

"Al," she breathed, "are you furious?"

"Do I act furious?" I said.

"The cabana faces the ocean," she said, taking my hand. "It's got fluorescent lights in the bathroom and ice water in the tap. It's got sterilised drinking glasses . . . and a double bed."

I pulled her to her feet and we started around the kidney-shaped swimming-pool. "Who says," I demanded, putting my arm around her, "that there's no place like home?"

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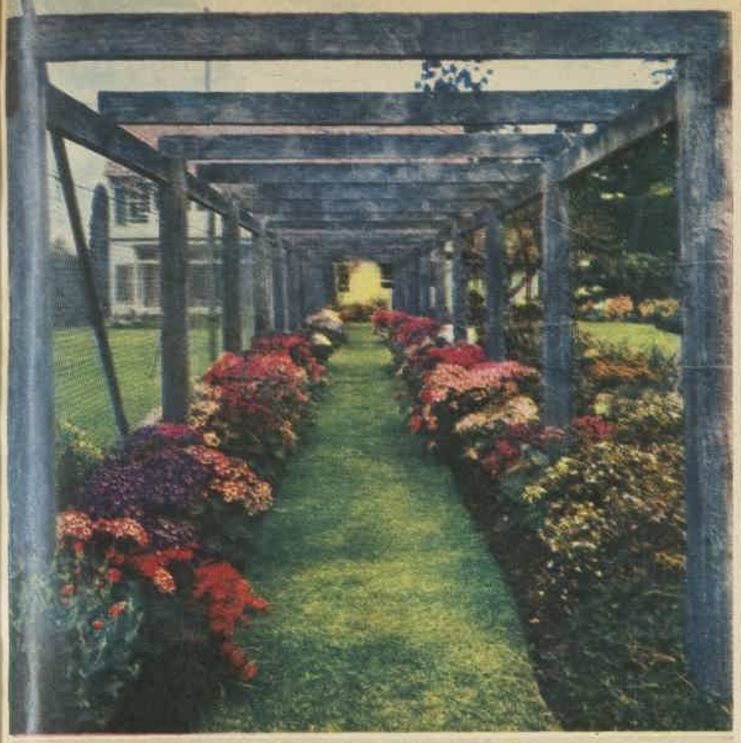


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● *Cinerarias make a bright splash of color at the base of the pergola in the garden of Mrs. J. F. Murray-Walker's home at Warrawee, N.S.W.*

PAINTED DAISIES

● Cinerarias, often called painted daisies, do best in shady corners, or on the side of a fence, house, or wall, that is shaded during the heat of the day.

ALTHOUGH they usually flower in late winter and early spring, seed can be sown in late December for winter displays or during January-February for spring color.

They are magnificent plants for massed bedding, border beds, or potting up for glasshouse decoration, or brightening conservatories, porches, glassed-in verandahs, or as table plants in windows.

Although they do extremely well indoors or under glass, they are fairly hardy under N.S.W. outdoor conditions along the coast. Frost, however, may kill them.

Seed, which is very small, should be sown on top of boxes filled with fine sandy loam containing about one-third leafmould. Cover very lightly with fine sand and well-sieved leafmould and pat down with a tile or piece of flat wood so that the seed makes contact with the moist seedbed.

Cover the box with a sheet of newspaper and then a sheet of glass. Remove the paper when the seed germinates, and gradually lift the glass to harden the plants as they grow.

When seedlings are big enough to handle, lift each one very carefully and transplant to a box filled with slightly better soil. This is known as "pricking out" and enables the plants to develop sound root systems.

They should be spaced at least 2½in. apart during this process, as the leaves grow large and are very brittle, requiring the utmost care in handling.

Seedlings that have developed three or four fairly large leaves should be potted up singly and kept moist and cool. If planting out of doors, plant about 2ft. apart and with slender stakes about 2ft. long.

Where the soil is very rich, cinerarias will grow to almost 3ft. in bloom, and, as they carry big heads of flowers, heavy foliage, and many lateral growths, they invariably need support to hold them up against wind and rain damage.

Liquid manure is beneficial after the buds appear. Double-flowered varieties can be propagated by cutting strong shoots that arise after the flowering tops are removed. In this way they can be carried over from one season to another, although they are really annuals.

Hybrid single mixed varieties are compact, free flowering, and usually include very large-flowered strains of all the brightest and richest colors, such as crimson, purples, rose reds, cerise, and many others.

Star cineraria, known to gardeners as C. stellata, is of more open habit, and runs well over 2ft. tall in bloom. The flowers are usually smaller and single.

In glasshouses cinerarias are very subject to aphis, mealy bug, and white fly attack, and must be regularly sprayed with DDT for control.

Outdoor cinerarias are ravaged mainly by leaf miner fly, which lays its eggs under the foliage. When the eggs hatch out the tiny grubs burrow into the tissue and cause spiral trails which disfigure the leaves.

Early spraying with DDT or malathion will control these pests, but if a few spirals or burrows are seen a sharp nip between finger and thumb will kill the small grubs inside.

Aphids are also very troublesome to cinerarias both indoors and out, and DDT or nicotine sulphate sprays will usually kill them. Colonies of aphids are very destructive when plants are budding and should be rigidly controlled.

Cinerarias are natives of the Canary Islands, the original species of which produced mutations that have been used for nearly a century to produce the colorful hybrids grown today.

Few gardeners bother to reduce the number of buds that appear in over-generous clusters, but if this is done much larger flowers can be obtained.

Nipping out half the buds of each cluster, followed by feeding with liquid manure, will produce flowers nearly three inches across in the bigger varieties.

When growing cinerarias in pots bear in mind that they have extensive root systems and grow fairly tall and bulky. Pots should be 9in. size at least for final potting-up.

Occasionally seedsmen import Californian Giant variety seed.

GARDENING



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Awaken lovely lady to . . . THE SHAPE OF TOMORROW.

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Continuing . . . FINAL MONDAY

from page 23

tea, her nostrils pleasantly assailed by the aroma of cinnamon toast.

"In the nature of a celebration," Mr. Conover said jovially, indicating the toast. "I felt plain biscuits were hardly suitable for the occasion."

"No, indeed," agreed Miss Perkins, blushing delightfully.

I am young enough to blush, she thought. Young enough to marry, even young enough to bear children. Why did I never make the effort before?

She looked down at her teacup, seeing herself over the long and lonely years, which seemed neither so long nor so lonely now that they were to be terminated.

"I have tickets for a symphony concert," Mr. Conover was saying. "Perhaps you would care to accompany me. That is, if you care for classical music."

"Oh, I do!" Miss Perkins assured him.

"Splendid!" he said, and made a mental note to purchase tickets that afternoon.

As they walked back to the office she told him of her doctor's appointment that afternoon.

"Nothing serious, I trust?"

Tears stung her eyes at the genuine concern in his voice.

"No," she whispered. "Just a check-up for — for indigestion."

He was looking at her sharply, seeing her perhaps more clearly than she saw herself.

"You must let me know how you fare," he said gently.

She nodded, her throat tight, her mouth bitter with the metallic taste of fear.

Calmly she had accepted the inevitable, but now she railed against a fate which gave and almost as quickly deprived.

Gravely he escorted her back to her office.

"What did I tell you?" Beryl whispered to Louise. "She has a boy-friend."

"Why not?" Louise whispered back. "She can't be more than forty."

"She could pass for less," Beryl said thoughtfully, "with some decent clothes. She has the bluest eyes and good skin."

On her way to the appointment with Dr. McPhee Miss Perkins paused at the typists' desk.

"I should be back by four o'clock," she told them. "I have some shopping to do, but that probably won't take long."

"A new dress?" asked Beryl, an avid student of fashion.

"Yes," Miss Perkins smiled. "A pink dress."

BERYL clasped her hands in delight.

"Miss Perkins, the chemise was made for you — a dull rose-pink with——"

She stopped, shocked at her own temerity, but Miss Perkins was regarding her with interest.

"A chemise," she murmured. "I don't think—"

"Oh, nothing extreme," Beryl assured her.

"Something modified. You know, slightly bloused at the back and not too long. If you have good legs you may as well show them."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Miss Perkins, who, for twenty years, had regarded her legs merely as instruments of mobility, certainly not to be shown.

Outside in the corridor she paused and made a neat note in her black memo book: "Chemise — modified."

Dr. McPhee was blunt of features and abrupt of manner.

He looked at her over the top of his glasses.

"You look better," he said. "Been taking the tablets."

She nodded.

"Any more pain?"

"No."

"You had me worried for a time," he said.

She smiled. He was young and, she suspected, more compassionate than a doctor should be. Passing sentence of death would be hard on him, she thought.

"My mother died of angina," she reminded him gently, endeavoring to ease his way.

He stared at her.

"I know. My father died three years ago in a motor accident. I still hope to die of old age."

It was her turn to stare.

He was looking at her searchingly, his eyes shocked.

He saw a gentle-faced woman, verging on middle age, dowdy, but with an air of assurance she had not possessed when she first consulted him.

He saw her coming quietly to him, having made her own diagnosis, awaiting only his confirmation. He cringed at the picture of personal valor allied with terrible loneliness.

"Your indigestion," he said gently, "is indigestion."

He looked away from her eyes and began to read to her the reports on his table — all of them negative.

Across from the doctor's surgery there was a dusty little park.

Miss Perkins sat quietly on a seat in the corner.

"I have been born again," she thought simply.

The years fell away from her, and the youth she had never had the time or the knowledge to enjoy sat upon her like a benediction.

She withdrew her little black book from her sensible handbag.

Underneath "Chemise — modified" she made another note, writing with fingers which shook only slightly.

She wrote: "Telephone Mr. Conover." Then, smiling, she crossed out "Mr. Conover" and substituted "Philip."

She closed the book and looked down the long street, and the street stretched out before her like all the years of her life . . .

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happy feet happy days

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 30

ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in ambition.

★ Aim high and hit the target. Whatever you plan to accomplish, whether in connection with your job, paid or voluntary, your social life, or personal affairs, work out a detailed schedule. You can learn from others. Observe their successes and failures, but avoid copying closely. If you're a perfectionist you'll have to work conscientiously.

TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through a disappointment.

★ Feeling sorry for yourself is no help when things go wrong. The cake you baked may have burned, the dress you remodelled is unsatisfactory, or the social arrangements you counted on have fallen through. With this prelude you'll appreciate all the more a surprise invitation, the chance to turn your talents elsewhere.

GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in leaving the initiative.

★ Any form of bossiness creates enemies, difficult situations which cause loss of face. Let others take the lead; if you feel you must act, suggest rather than command. What you do not ask for may come to you through circumstances or the goodwill of associates. In dealing with the man in your life, let him make his own decisions.

CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in routine activities.

★ Branching out, going on tangents, is not advisable at present. Stick to the beaten path. Old friends visit you or include you in their plans; your spare-time interests flourish, engagements limited to regular appointments. If a voluntary worker, you'll have all you can handle without undertaking new enterprises. Love affairs are calm, serene.

LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a speculation.

★ Only the bold will win the prize. If you are buying a few shares, a block of land, a raffle ticket, chance will be with you, but avoid risking more than you can afford to lose. If you are in love, anxious to attract a charming newcomer to your circle, show you find his company congenial, but don't overdo it or you'll frighten him away.

VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through elders.

★ An older person, possibly the boss or a relative, may use influence to promote a wish close to your heart. If there has been opposition to a love affair, this could be withdrawn. Some of you invite your beloved to your home to meet your family. This should make future dates easier; he may be asked to join in the family outings.

LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, light blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck through a friend.

★ Set out and be among those present; take one of your best friends with you. The experience, advice, personal contacts of a friend may prove exceptionally valuable. If he or she encourages your hopes and wishes, go on confidently. Your own judgment may be impulsive, unrealistic. A joint enterprise involving a friend should be successful.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in being practical.

★ You can dream your life away unless you come down to brass tacks. Ways and means to your desires must be definite, concrete, within the bound of possibilities. Whether you are planning for that glory-box, future home, or a present for your nearest and dearest, estimate costs, consider income. This applies also to holidays, travel, recreations.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a magnetic personality.

★ You can charm the birds off the trees right now, and obtain by tact and flattery success not granted to others. You can influence those around you, so make sure your ideas are worth while. Outdoor interests are important. You might win a competition or receive a trophy. If fancy free, romance will surround you in a haze.

CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wed. Luck in helping others.

★ Nurses, welfare workers, voluntary workers who visit hospitals or any institution will be under kindly stars. The organisers of money-raising schemes for the less fortunate will be congratulated on their efforts. Youth camps for January, which comes under Capricorn, will now be in the planning stage. Friendships grow from such associations.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck through group activities.

★ If you belong to a club, are about to join one, are standing for office you'll be on a social merry-go-round. You may be electioneering for a friend, presiding over a meeting, decorating a hall, or busy with supper arrangements. If ending the season a "break-up" party could be the climax of a happy chapter. For a few, a presentation.

PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in prestige.

★ You may meet a challenge and gain in importance through it. You may defend a principle, an absent friend, against the opinion of the majority. Your views may be requested on a matter of policy, either business or social. An invitation to an official reception or public occasion might mean recognition of increasing prominence in your community.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5311.—The young girl's frock, with unusual tucked front panel and tie at the back, requires 2¼ to 3¾yds. 36in. material, ¼yd. of 36in. contrast material, 1½ to 2¼yds. braid. Sizes 6, 8, 10, or 12 years. Price 3/-.

F5338.—Useful slip-and-panties set for the larger figure. Requires 4½ to 4¾yds. 36in. material and 7yds. lace trimming. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5473.—Smart sheath dress has bodice detail that flatters the bustline, and slightly bloused back. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 1/3yd. 36in. contrast material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5492.—Simple day dress to suit any age. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ⅛yd. 36in. contrast. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



F5491. — Pretty full-skirted dress has Chinese collar and front-buttoned bodice. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5474.—Teenagers' party dress has frilled neckline and ties in a big bow at the back. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 169.—MATRON'S SUNFROCK
The matron's sunfrock is available cut out ready to make in a star-spot printed poplin. Colors are green, saxe-blue, rose-pink, avocado-green, and grey, all with white spots. Sizes 38 and 40in. bust 28/9, 42 and 44in. bust 29/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 170.—TENNIS FROCK
An easy-to-make tennis frock is available cut out ready to make in a non-iron white poplin and white pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 33/6, 36 and 38in. bust 34/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 171.—SUPPER SET AND TABLE MAT
The poppy-design table mat and supper set is available clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Cloth measures 38 x 36in., price 18/9; postage 2/-. Serviette, 11 x 11in., price 1/9 each; postage 6d. Table mat, 11 x 17in., price 4/6 each; postage 1/-.

No. 172.—MATERNITY SMOCK
The easy-to-make maternity smock is available cut out ready to sew in a spotted cambric in pink and white, blue and white, red and white, aqua and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 25/6, 36 and 38in. bust 26/9. Postage 2/- extra.



* *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*



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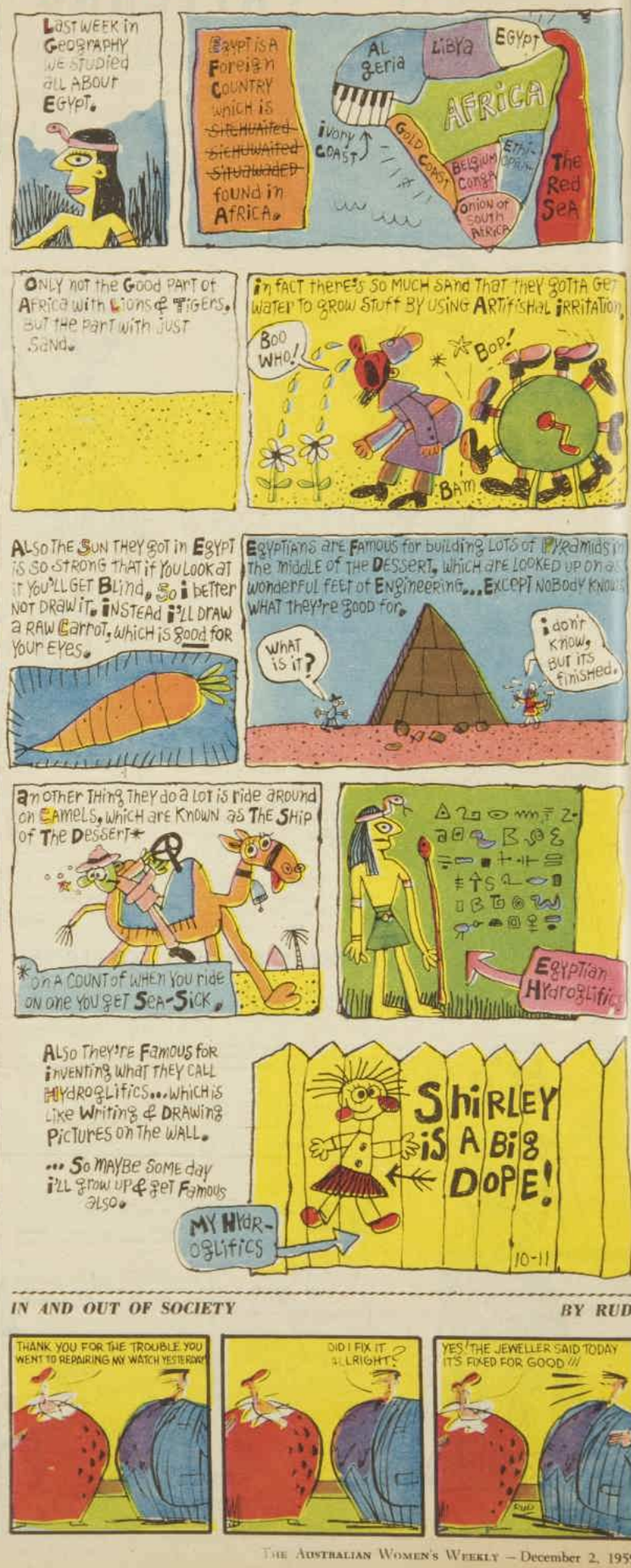
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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

BY RUD

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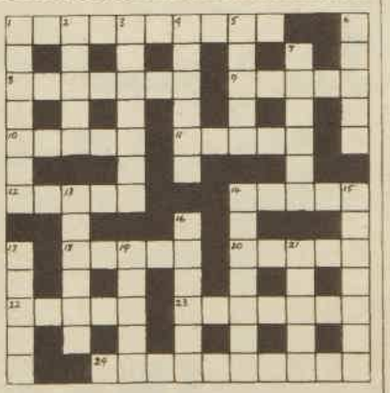
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Eve was one of them, yet she did not think that she was of subordinate importance (4, 6).
8. North American reindeer showing its rib (7).
9. Gridiron and what you broil on it (5).
10. You end this North American sluggish watercourse (5).
11. Mistake or make a mistake before (5).
12. They can be identical or dissimilar (5).
14. He who gibes omens may use this broom (5).
18. Mass of cast metal kept in reversed dress (5).
20. Dangerously fascinating woman is turned for a start (5).
22. Diving bird with lobed feet and no tail (5).
23. Workshop—i.e., later altered (7).
24. Looks like Maundy money, but it is not made in the Mint (5,3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Large bag but it can make an obsolete bass trumpet (7).
2. Boot or bowler hat; in any case, be dry for them (5).
3. Stains what umber is (7).
4. Pickled us inside (6).
5. Master of the King's Musick born at Broadheath and died at Worcester (5).
6. Lost a pound in duties (5).
7. French capacity for drinks (6).
13. One stands up for flowers (6).
14. Daub with sticky stuff as ember (7).
15. Rail men (Anagr., 7).
16. Accomplish at a tin (6).
17. Glean fish (5).
19. Once they saved Rome (5).
21. Wet in ray (5).

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